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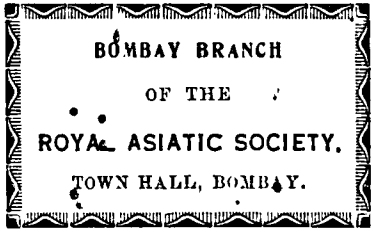

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OF

THE THIRD VOLUME.

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FREDERICK THE GREAT,

HIS

COURT AND TIMES.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Campaign of 1756—The Prussian Army enters Saxony—Attempts at negociation on the part of the King of Poland—Frederick enters Dresden—The Saxon Army encamps in a strong position near Pirna, which is blockaded by the Prussians—Conduct of Count Brühl—His Wardrobe—His Political Career—Royal Picture-Gallery—The Queen of Poland—The Emperor Francis; his character, and manifestoes against Frederick—Seizure of the Saxon State-Papers—Grounds for believing that Saxony was not a party to the confederacy against Prussia—Popularity of the King at Dresden—The Austrians take the field—Frederick marches to Bohemia to meet them—Battle of Lowositz—Retreat of Marshal Browne, the Austrian commander—Distresses of the Saxons at Pirna—Abortive attempt by Browne to relieve them—Frederick rejoins the blockading Force—Surrender of the Saxons—Their Incorporation with the Prussian Army—The King makes Dresden his head-quarters for the winter—His Occupations in the Field.

While Frederick was taking the steps detailed in the last chapter for obtaining from the Austrian cabinet a categorical declaration of its intentions in regard to peace or war, his army was concentrating itself on the Saxon frontier. Before he commenced hostilities, however, he made a third attempt to ascertain the decision of the court of Vienna: but all further answer was refused in a haughty, contemptuous manner, and in terms very uncommon between crowned heads. The moment the courier arrived

with this intimation, Frederick fell like lightning upon Saxony. Knowing that he should have nothing to fear from the Russians, he had merely assembled a corps of observation under marshal Lehwald, near Königsberg: while he purposed to attack the Austrians in Bohemia with two armies. Schwerin was at the head of one of them, 27,000 strong, in Silesia. The other, consisting of 67,000 men, was divided into three columns. The first, under duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, which had been cantoned in the environs of Halle, entered the Saxon territory on the 29th of August, 1756, on its march to Leipzig. The second, which broke up from Potsdam, to proceed by Wittenberg and Torgau to the left bank of the Elbe, was accompanied by the king himself with marshal Keith, and prince Maurice, the gallant son of the old Dessauer. The third column, under the duke of Brunswick-Bevern, crossed Lusatia, and took post on the right bank of the Elbe.

The Saxons, taken by surprise, were wholly unprepared to resist the invader. On the same day that he entered the electorate, he issued a manifesto from his head-quarters at Jüterbock, declaring that he had come solely by way of precaution, in order that he might not again have to apprehend from the Saxon troops what they had endeavoured to do to his prejudice during the last war. Count Maltzahn, his ambassador in Dresden, made a communication to the same effect to the king of Poland, promising at the same time that strict discipline should be observed; and the latter replied that he reckoned upon this with the greater confidence, as he had not the least participation in the quarrel with Austria. The Saxon general O'Meagher met the king on the 31st

at Seyda, with the same declaration. Frederick assured him of all possible forbearance, and told him, he was sorry that the king of Poland followed so implicitly the counsels of a man [count Brühl] whose malicious disposition he was too well acquainted with, and whose dangerous schemes he could prove by written evidence. On the 1st of September the Prussians crossed the Elbe, and began to fortify Torgau. On the 4th, lord Stormont, the English minister at Dresden, came, in the name of king Augustus, to repeat the message brought by O'Meagher, and to propose a complete neutrality. Frederick gave no decided answer. He wished to gain time, and not to cause the Saxon troops to be sent to Bohemia. He, therefore, merely replied that the proposal did not suit him; and that, as for himself, he had no proposals to make. Next day, lord Stormont brought a letter from Augustus, complaining that contributions were demanded, that the Saxon coffers were seized, that the fortifications of Wittenberg were demolished, and that the Saxon officers and privates found there were made prisoners. Frederick rejected the proffered neutrality, saying, that he was obliged to secure the course of the Elbe on account of supplies, and he sincerely wished that the route to Bohemia lay through Thuringia, so that he might have no occasion to burden Saxony. On the 10th, he entered Dresden, fixing his head-quarters outside the city, near his army, in the garden of the countess Moszczenska, where the magistrates and all the persons of distinction paid their respects to him; while the king sent marshal Keith to the queen of Poland, to acquaint her in the most polite manner with his arrival and that of his army.

The Saxon army, amounting in the whole to 17,000 men, with 150 pieces of cannon, had, on the approach of the Prussians, concentrated itself near Dresden, and, on the 2d of September, taken a strong position and encamped near Pirna. Thither king Augustus repaired on the following day, with the princes Xavier and Charles. The Swiss guard alone remained in Dresden. Frederick continued to hold out hopes of a compromise, till he had enclosed the camp of Pirna on all sides. His army in Saxony amounted to nearly 70,000 men. With rather more than half this force the Saxons were cut off, without hostilities, from any communication with their country. General Dyhern had fortified the naturally strong position in such a manner that a surprise was impossible. It was therefore concluded that Frederick would not stop to make himself master of this advantageous position, but push on with his whole army for Bohemia. That he might blockade and starve out the Saxon army was an idea which never occurred to any one. The king, it is true, was in great haste; but, having convinced himself that it would be impossible to reduce the Saxons by main force without great loss, and knowing that their army was provisioned only till the 20th of September, and could not break through without the greatest risk, he relinquished the intention of an attack for a blockade, cooped the enemy up more closely, and strove to prevent the approach of the Austrians by abattis and other means, as the troops were not numerous enough to form a cordon of sufficient strength, twenty miles in circumference, around the Saxon camp. The Prussian force engaged in this service amounted to 40,000 men, at first under the command of the king himself, and afterwards

of the margrave of Schwedt and prince Maurice of Anhalt. Ferdinand of Brunswick and marshal Keith were despatched with the rest of the army to meet the Austrians, who were approaching from Bohemia.

On entering the Saxon capital, Frederick declared that he had taken possession of the electorate only in trust; accordingly, pillage and violence were strictly forbidden. But though he had given a formal assurance that private property should be respected, count Brühl had sent away many of his effects from his residences: these the Prussians seized without the knowledge of the king, regarding the conduct of the Saxon minister as a doubt of the fulfilment of the royal promise. The countess Brühl complained to the king, who directed the matter to be investigated, and the property in question to be restored.

"At the same time," he wrote to her, "I cannot help reminding you that this circumstance would not have happened if you, as well as your husband, had not taken it into your head that my army had come to Saxony for no other purpose than to rob you. I beg you to relinquish an opinion so unjust to me, and to be assured that I shall never approve such proceedings, which are as discordant with my intentions as they are incompatible with my honour; and that I would rather overlook all former hostility manifested against me than revenge myself in this manner." The minister's mansion, however, was fated to be turned into a guard-house. The most remarkable part, perhaps, of its contents was the wardrobe, in which were found, according to the report of an eyewitness, "60 swords, 80 canes, 322 snuff-boxes, 528 suits of clothes, 600 pair of boots, 800 pair of shoes, and materials of various kinds not made up enough to

clothe three towns." One room was filled entirely with wigs. Frederick, when he saw them, exclaimed—"What a number of wigs for a man who has no head!"

Augustus was in fact only the nominal, Brühl the virtual, sovereign of Saxony. Without holding any high office, he had been the personal favourite of King Augustus II. It so happened that, at the decease of that monarch, which took place unexpectedly at Warsaw, the crown of Poland and the crown jewels were in Brühl's custody: with these he hastened immediately to Dresden, delivered them to the new elector, and was extremely active in securing for him the succession to the Polish throne. Augustus III. had granted his favour to count Sulkowski; Brühl, not feeling strong enough to oust the minister, courted his friendship, and shared with him the duties of government. Having married the countess Kollowrath, who enjoyed the favour of the queen, he succeeded, through the influence of the latter, in displacing Sulkowski. Appointed prime minister in 1748, he neglected no means of securing the confidence of the king, and contrived, with astonishing address, to keep aloof all who wished to approach him. Not a lacquey was engaged for the king's service without Brühl's approbation. If his majesty was going to chapel, the way thither was previously cleared of spectators. The king expected his minister to keep up a brilliant and expensive establishment; and Brühl fulfilled this wish to the utmost extent. He had two hundred servants, and his guard of honour was better paid than the king's; his table was the most sumptuous, his wardrobe the most splendid, his domestic arrangements the most magnificent. "Brühl," said the king of Prussia,

"had more suits of clothes, watches, lace, boots, shoes, and slippers, than any man of his time. Cæsar would have classed him among those frizzed and perfumed heads from which he had nothing to fear." Augustus III. was not Cæsar, and with that weak sovereign Brühl was every thing. Never had prince a more servile minister. Brühl was always in his train: he passed whole days about his person without uttering a word, while the listless monarch sauntered about smoking, and looked at without seeing him. "Brühl, have I money?" was the incessantly reiterated question. In order to be able to answer it in the affirmative, the minister drained the public coffers, loaded the country with debts—nay, even reduced the military force, so that, as we have seen, on the entrance of the Prussians, Saxony had only 17,000 men under arms.

One of Frederick's first visits, after his arrival in Dresden, was to the celebrated picture-gallery. Lost in admiration, he paused long before particular masterpieces. The inspector of the gallery trembled for the safety of his charge; he already beheld in imagination the best pictures travelling to Berlin. "I suppose," said the king, at length, inquiringly, "that I may be permitted to have copies made of some of these paintings?" These words dispelled at once the sad forebodings of the inspector.

The queen of Poland, Marie Josephine, eldest daughter of the emperor Joseph I., whom Sir Charles Hanbury Williams describes as "ugly beyond painting, and malicious beyond expression," had not accompanied her husband to the camp at Pirna, but remained with the electoral prince in Dresden. Though she was Frederick's

irreconcilable enemy, he personally conducted himself not as a foe to the elector, but as his friend and ally. He left her and her son in unmolested possession of the palace and the marks of royal state, and sent them the most polite messages. The queen, in return, invited him to dinner, and offered him the use of her chamberlains to attend upon him, but he declined these civilities. Scarcely a day passed without her sending to make inquiries after the king's health, accompanied with assurances of friendship, while, at the same time, she was in constant communication with the Austrian generals, to whom she transmitted, by various ingenious stratagems, all the intelligence she could collect concerning the state and movements of the Prussian army.

The emperor Francis, whose ruling passion was the accumulation of wealth, stooped to any means and engaged in any speculations to gratify it. He drew large sums from his Tuscan dominions, and is even said to have conveyed from Florence and disposed of many of the crown jewels collected by his predecessors, the magnificent Medici. The money derived from these sources he employed in commercial enterprises, in the establishment of manufactories, and in loans at usurious interest and on good security, even to the government of his wife, who never suffered him to interfere in public affairs. "Surrounding him," says Horace Walpole, "with the frightfullest maids of honour she could select, she permitted him to hoard what she never let him have temptation or opportunity to squander." He undertook the commissariat of the imperial army, farmed the customs of Saxony, in association with count Bolza and a tradesman named Schimmelmann — nay, contracted, on

the breaking out of the present hostilities, for the supplies of forage and flour required by the troops of the king of Prussia, who was at war with his wife.

From a prince entirely swayed by such sordid sentiments, the anathemas and denunciations levelled by him as head of the empire against Frederick came with a peculiarly ill grace. No means were omitted by the court of Vienna to prejudice the king in the public opinion. All the causes of his attack were wisely passed over, while the attack itself was represented in the blackest possible colours. The empire was inundated with mandates, appeals, exhortations, intended to rouse it to a general war against the Prussian monarch. But the masterpiece of all these manifestoes was a *Dehortatorium*, a warning, addressed to the king, by the same head of the empire, who was assisting to fill the Prussian magazines, and who most paternally admonished Frederick "to desist from his most audacious and culpable rebellion to pay all the costs to the king of Poland, and to return home quietly and peaceably." In another of these state-papers "all the generals and other military officers of the king of Prussia were commanded to abandon their unrighteous master, and not to participate in his heinous transgression, upon pain of exposing themselves to the vengeance of the head of the empire."

Frederick could not remain indifferent to this kind of attack. In order to his defence, he was desirous of obtaining the original state-papers deposited in the archives of the palace of Dresden, copies of which were already in his possession, lest his enemies might allege that the latter were false, and that he had been deceived by his

agents. The archives were deposited in three rooms communicating with the private apartments of the queen, who had the only key to them. General Wylich, whom Frederick had appointed commandant of Dresden, was ordered to secure the papers in question. He sent major Wangenheim on this errand. The queen positively refused to deliver the key. Wylich himself then repaired to the palace, but she plainly told him that he should not obtain the papers without the employment of force; and, as his master had declared to the world that he would not use any violence, all Europe would not fail to exclaim against the outrage. "Besides," she added, "you will yourself be the victim. Depend upon it, your king will not scruple to sacrifice you to his own honour." With these words, she clapped her back against the door of the archives, in the attitude of defending the entrance; and not till she was assured by the commandant that he had orders to use force, did she desist from her opposition. The door was then broken open, and all the original papers of the Saxon cabinet since the peace of Dresden, forming together more than forty volumes, ready packed to be sent off to Poland, were secured and transmitted to Berlin. From these documents, Hertzberg drew up in a week that celebrated memorial, written to demonstrate the perfidious designs of Frederick's enemies, to which the king gave with his own hand the epithet of *raisonné*. The court of Austria itself could not deny the facts which were there disclosed.

It is, however, but justice to Saxony to admit that I have not been able to discover any satisfactory proofs that the court of Dresden had acceded to the alliance of

the two imperial courts against Frederick. Count Herzberg, the author of the *Mémoire raisonné*, goes no further in reference to this subject than to say, "It is true that the court of Saxony deferred from time to time its formal accession to the treaty of Petersburg."

The same statesman in his subsequent Refutation of the Remarks on the Manifestoes of the King of Prussia, which Remarks had been published on the part of Austria, does not venture to represent the malevolent intentions of the Austrian and Saxon court, alleged to have been discovered, as having been *fully* proved: he merely says, "that the connexion between the dangerous designs of the courts of Vienna and Dresden, which have been successively discovered and almost all proved by original documents, shows that the information in question deserves the highest degree of credibility, and demonstrates with evidence the reality of the danger which has been pointed out."

A pamphlet recently published at Leipzig, containing diplomatic documents hitherto inedited,* illustrative of the causes of the war, furnishes strong grounds for assuming that count Brühl, the Saxon prime minister, and count Flemming, the Saxon ambassador at Vienna, were both unacquainted with the progress of the negociations between the imperial courts, and with the secret tendency of the treaty of alliance with France of the 2d of May, 1756. "I begin to suspect," writes the ambassador in plain terms in a despatch of the 17th of July, 1756, "that they mean to do without us, in order that they may not owe us any obligations." Again he

* The title is: Einige neue Aktenstücke, über die Veranlassung des siebenjährigen Krieges, und der in Folge desselben entstandenen Allianzen.

writes: "Studied as are the terms in which count Bestuchef has wrapped up these overtures, it appears, however, from his saying he flattered himself that he as well as count Kaunitz might be able to put an end to their reserve, that there is some important secret between the two imperial courts." The nature of their connexion was of course only matter of surmise.

Another despatch of the 28th of July shows that Flemming was still without positive information on this point: "The king of Prussia," he writes, "may be persuaded that he will not be disturbed or attacked, during this year at least, since I am sure that at present there is no concert, and still less any plan formed either with France or with Russia for invading the Prussian dominions. Still, from all that I remark, I cannot but conclude that this court [that of Vienna] must be quite sure of the friendship and the attachment of Russia."

Lastly, after the irruption of the Prussians into Saxony and the seizure of the papers kept in the privy cabinet, Brühl writes on the 20th of September as follows: "Besides this, the king of Prussia has caused the cabinet to be opened by force, and the papers by which he now pretends to justify his outrageous proceedings to be carried off. The seizure of these papers, which we could never have expected on the part of a prince who does not declare himself an enemy, is infinitely grievous to us; and it is certain that, though the king of Prussia has seen that we have not pleaded his cause, still he will not find that we had entered into any concert against him, since this is not the case."

If, however, the Saxon cabinet had just cause for inclining to the side of the enemies of Prussia, in the

existing state of political affairs, still the minister must be severely censured for having neglected the means that ought to have been employed to ward off the threatened danger. The statesmanlike views and spirited advice of Flemming furnish an honourable contrast with the apathy and helplessness of Brühl. In the despatch of the 17th of July, 1756, the ambassador, after using the expression already quoted, proceeds: "I hasten to acquaint your excellency with my suspicions, though they may not be wholly founded, that you may be able to think timely of remedies. In my humble judgment, there are but two which are adapted to our views, to the wants of our country, and to the critical junctures which threaten and which perhaps may not very soon be over: a good army, capable of acting and commanding respect from this court; 30,000 men, and perhaps fewer, would render us this essential service: a sincere and close friendship with Russia would do the rest."

Such are the grounds upon which the author of the pamphlet founds the conclusion that Saxony had taken no part in the confederacy against Frederick, and that the government was entirely ignorant of the circumstances and the result of the negociations which had taken place between Austria and Russia, and between the former power and France. "The king of Prussia," he adds, "needed a pretext for anticipating the undeniably hostile designs of the two imperial courts: the occupation of Saxony seemed advantageous to him; he boldly set about it, and then strove to justify it as well as he could to the world by his manifestoes and declarations."

The pamphlet in question affords, I think, internal evidence that it is the production of a Saxon; and as I have not set myself up for the apologist of the Prussian monarch, but aspire only to the character of his impartial historian and biographer, I wish to allow all the weight they deserve to the arguments of his enemies as well as to those of his friends.

Frederick, during his residence in Dresden, attended divine service at the Protestant church, gave frequent balls, masquerades, and concerts, at which he excited admiration by his excellent performance on the flute, and seemed, though superintending negotiations and military affairs, to be wholly occupied in gaining the hearts of the Saxons by his gaiety, good-humour, and winning manners. The principal persons of the country attended his levees, and many of them were invited to his table; while the strict discipline observed by his troops increased his popularity.

When the king took up arms, the court of Vienna was extremely backward in its preparations. The cabinet of the empress imagined that it had abundance of time; but when tidings of the events in Saxony arrived, statesmen and military commanders exclaimed in astonishment: "Who could have thought it!" All the troops that marshal Browne could collect by the end of August, in the camp at Kolin on the Elbe, were 25,000 infantry, and 7000 cavalry: the Hungarian and Transylvanian levies were on the road; and orders were issued for raising those of Brabant and Italy. On hearing that Frederick had entered Saxony, Browne detached general count Wied, with 4000 hussars, cavalry, and grenadiers, to Aussig to observe him; while prince Piccolomini,

with a corps of 17,000 foot and 5000 horse, assembled in Moravia, was to oppose Schwerin, who was penetrating from Silesia into Bohemia by way of Nachod, with 26,000 men. The king himself thereupon replaced duke Ferdinand of Brunswick at Cotta, and sent him forward as his advanced guard to Bohemia.

The Saxons, in taking their strong position at Pirna, had materially deranged Frederick's plan of operations. Winterfeld had represented to him all the advantages which might be gained by a rapid march upon Prague, and advised an attack of the position, more especially as the camp was not then entrenched, and the Saxons were in want not only of ammunition but also of provisions. The king was loth to hazard the lives of some thousands of his brave fellows: he considered that Augustus and Brühl were much too fond of indulgence to submit to fast long, and this notion maintained its ascendency over his mind. Had the king followed Winterfeld's counsel, it is possible that much blood might have been spilt, but, on the other hand, the war might perhaps have been abridged by some years.

It was not long, it is true, before impatience began to pervade the Saxon camp: its result was, that king Augustus opened a correspondence, in which he made proposals of neutrality. From former experience, Frederick knew what reliance was to be placed on Saxon promises; but he waited till one division of his army had driven back the Austrian advanced posts on the Bohemian frontiers. He then broke off the negociations, sending Winterfeld to the king of Poland, to represent to him that the vicious politics of his minister had reduced him to such a situation, as to preclude him from

pursuing a middle course; that, on the contrary, the existing state of things left him no other choice than, in alliance with Prussia, to oppose the ambitious designs of the house of Austria. Augustus turned a deaf ear to these overtures, and solicited an opportunity to retire to Poland, so that Frederick found himself left to his own unaided efforts.

The Saxons had been shut up in their camp for three weeks, as much to their own discomfort as to the annoyance of the king on account of the delay. Their only hope was that of being relieved by the Austrians. The court of Vienna made, in fact, every exertion to afford them succour. No sooner was Browne in marching condition, than he debouched from the mountains, towards the end of September, with 70,000 men, and appeared in the vicinity of Lowositz. The moment Frederick received intelligence of his approach, he left the blockade of the Saxons to the margrave Charles, and hastened with 24,000 men to join the army under marshal Keith, at Aussig.

On the 26th, the king took the command of the army in the camp of Johnsdorf, a position which he found to be most unfavourable for a battle. He lost no time, therefore, in breaking up with his troops, and went to meet Browne, whose pontoons had at length arrived, fully resolved to risk an engagement in order to prevent the Austrians from penetrating into Saxony. To observe the enemy with the more safety, Frederick marched, on the 29th September, with his advanced guard to Türmitz, where he received certain intelligence that Browne was preparing to pass the Eger, and to advance upon Lowositz. The king then formed his army into three columns,

under Keith, the prince of Prussia, and marshal Gessler, directing them by different routes upon Welmina. On the 30th, when the Prussians reached the heights of Aujest, they beheld the Austrian camp in the plain of Lowositz. This position the Austrians had taken the same morning, after passing the Eger by bridges of boats, thrown across at Budin and Doran.

The Prussian army spent the night of the 1st of October on the elevated ridge between Woparna and Prisen, before Welmina; but Frederick deemed it necessary to push on with the advanced guard to the defile between the hills of Lowos and Radostitz, and occupied those two hills, which command the whole plain south of Lowositz as far as the Eger, and which the Austrians had neglected to secure. It was midnight before the Prussians had taken the positions allotted to them, and the columns passed the rest of the night close to one another in marching order.

The Austrians were almost twice as numerous as their adversaries, and favoured, moreover, by a very advantageous position. Browne supported his left wing on a deep swamp, and covered half his army so completely by this and other accidents of situation, that there was no fear of a successful attack on that side: the right extended to the small town of Lowositz and the Elbe. He posted in the town his best infantry and a great quantity of artillery, and planted a strong battery before it; but yet he had not availed himself of all the advantages that he might have secured. After a most fatiguing march, the king was in time to occupy the great defile between the lofty hills of Lowos and Homolka, leading to the plain of Lowositz, with six battalions, and to anticipate

his adversary in this operation. Through this defile the Prussians had to march up. The wide space in which they then moved obliged the king to draw up his little army in four lines, and to support its wings upon the high hills. While the left drove the Croats out of the vineyards, in which Browne had posted them, the right advanced upon the hill of Homolka. Two different attacks made by the Prussian cavalry were baffled by the heavy fire poured into their flanks by the artillery from Lowositz and Sulowitz.

A thick fog enveloped both armies for several hours, during which Frederick conceived that he had only Browne's rear-guard before him, till the discomfiture and retreat of his cavalry, with the loss of nearly a thousand of its number, convinced him that it was the whole Austrian army with which he had to deal. The Prussian cavalry was of no further use in this engagement, the horses being not only exhausted by the two disastrous attacks, but having had neither fodder nor water for thirty hours.

The fog having cleared off about noon, Frederick was enabled to observe the Austrian line of battle from the Homolka. He resolved to trust the fortune of the day to his infantry, much as he had reason to spare it on account of the smallness of its force. Tempelhof relates that Frederick, after reconnoitring the enemy's position, determined to attack Lowositz from the Lowos, whereas all the other reports leave no doubt that he was only bent on maintaining his position, and that the Austrians were the assailants, being encouraged by the advantage which they had gained over the Prussian cavalry to attack the left wing on the hill of Lowos.

Browne had drawn together the flower of his troops near Lowositz. Colonel Lascy, with three battalions and six grenadier companies, first attempted to storm the hill of Lowos, while a detachment of Croats was directed by Welhota upon the left flank of the Prussians. The situation of the latter was the more critical, as some of the regiments posted here, though supplied with sixty rounds of ball-cartridge, had wholly expended their ammunition in an action which had already lasted six hours. The duke of Bevern, who commanded in this quarter, was informed of the circumstance, and asked what was to be done, Lascy and his troops being already half way up the hill. "For what purpose," exclaimed the duke, "have the lads been taught to charge with fixed bayonets?" No sooner was the idea suggested, than it was carried into execution. The Prussians poured like a mountain torrent upon the enemy, overturning all before them. Lascy was wounded in this attempt; and part of his troops were driven into the Elbe. Lowositz was set on fire, and all who defended that post were obliged to make a precipitate retreat. This decided the victory about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Preuss tells us that, when the Prussian infantry took Lowositz, not only had the cavalry quitted the field, but Frederick himself, on receiving intelligence that the left wing had expended all its ammunition, that it had sustained considerable loss, and that the enemy was continually reinforcing his troops in the vineyards on the Lowos, had given up the day for lost, and retired with the garde du corps to the village of Bilinka, half way to Welmina, where major Oelsnitz, who had highly distinguished himself, overtook him with the news of the victory.

As little more than the Austrian advanced posts had been engaged, Browne effected his retreat in excellent order, the Prussian cavalry being too much exhausted to pursue the enemy. The force of the Austrians exceeded 40,000 men; Frederick had only 24,000, but a much more powerful artillery, the fire from which, as well as from that of the Austrians, was incessant. The loss of the Prussians is stated by Gaudi at 2864, killed, wounded, and missing; and it is curious that the Austrians admitted the loss of one less than the same number of men, 475 horses, two standards, and three pieces of cannon.

It was at the commencement of this battle, immediately after the first unsuccessful charge of the Prussian cavalry, that a garde du corps, covered with blood and without hat, came galloping straight towards the king, who, with his retinue, had posted himself on a rising ground. He strove to turn his horse, but to no purpose; some of the king's aides-de-camp, therefore, placed themselves in the way, and stopped the animal. The rider was angry at their interference. "I will turn my horse, I'll engage, without any help of yours." So saying, he turned about to dash again upon the enemy. "My dear fellow," cried the king, "stop and have your wound bound up. Your horse, too, is wounded on the head." "Why, your majesty," replied the man, "I have no fear that the devil will fetch me, and the jade has four sound legs yet." With these words he was preparing to gallop off. "Wait one moment," said the king, and, taking his handkerchief from his pocket, gave it to an aide-de-camp, and ordered him to bind up the man's head with it. "I thank your majesty," cried

the garde du corps; "you will never get your handkerchief again; but you shall be paid for it, and I will be revenged." Away he galloped direct for the enemy. When the battle was over, as this man did not appear in his rank, the king was curious to learn what had become of him. After long search, he was found dead upon the field, having received many cuts and shots, and grasping his discharged pistol in his right hand. The king's handkerchief was still about his head; and near him lay two Austrian horse-soldiers, one of them dead, the other severely wounded. "That fellow," said the latter to those who came to look for the man, "had the devil himself in him. He cut away, in his turban, at such a rate that nobody durst go near him. A ball brought him down at last, and then he shot my comrade here." The king surveyed the body with emotion for some time, and exclaimed: "That fellow deserved a squadron!"

The victorious army remained upon the field of battle. The king took up his head-quarters at Kinitz, and caused the defile near Welmina to be immediately occupied. Browne kept his troops under arms in the position which he had taken immediately after the battle. The king, apprehensive of a new conflict, was disposed to retreat at night, on account of the superior force of his antagonist; but Oelsnitz, who had been promoted for his share in the victory, dissuaded him from the intention, and about midnight a deserter brought tidings of Browne's retreat. The marshal caused the bridge over the Elbe, at Leitmeritz, and that across the Eger, to be broken down behind him, and next day took possession of his old camp beyond the latter river, alleging

want of water as a plea for his retreat, though, in his report of the engagement, he admits that his right wing was supported on the Elbe, and his left on the ponds of Tschischkowitz.

On the 2d, Frederick removed his head-quarters to Lowositz; he rewarded 47 officers, from captains up to colonels, with the order of Merit; and on the 3d the victory was celebrated with Te Deum and *feux de joie.*

In a letter written the day after the battle to Schwerin, the king admits that he "has not found in the enemy the Austrians of old." From what occurred yesterday, he adds, "I see that these people only aim at involving us in fights of posts, and that we must take care not to attack them precipitately. They are more artful than they formerly were, and you may believe me when I assure you that, unless one can bring a great quantity of heavy artillery against them, it will cost innumerable lives to beat them. Never," he continues, "have my troops performed such prodigies of valour since I have had the honour to command them, both cavalry and infantry;" and in another account of the battle he says: "I see from this effort what my troops are capable of doing."

The Austrians, on the other hand, are said to have exclaimed, while looking at their wounds: "We have met again with the old Prussians!" It is worthy of remark that Browne released the Prussian officers who were taken prisoners, and the king followed his chivalrous example.

On the other side of Bohemia nothing of consequence had taken place. Schwerin had encamped, on the 22d

of September, at Aujest, near Königingrätz; while Piccolomini occupied a position that was unassailable, at no great distance, looking carelessly on while the Prussians carried off all the forage they could find in the villages, in sight of the 'Austrian camp, and levied supplies and contributions wherever they could. Such was the situation of the two armies, till Schwerin returned, on the 20th of October, to Silesia.

By the retreat of Browne to Budin, Frederick had indeed thwarted the original design of the Austrians to penetrate into Saxony and relieve the army of the king of Poland, which was still blockaded at Pirna; but he was too weak to attempt anything against the enemy. He, therefore, contented himself with strengthening his camp by fortifications, and observing the Austrians. To advance and cross the Eger was out of the question, as, in that case, he would have exposed his rear to the Austrian corps stationed at Leitmeritz.

The results of the battle of Lowositz rendered the situation of the unfortunate Saxons encamped near Pirna more hopeless than ever. Closely blockaded by 40,000 Prussians, stationed on both sides of the Elbe, who cut off all supplies, they had not the least chance of success if they attempted to break through the line of their adversaries. In this time of distress, the Saxons exhibited the most striking proofs of loyalty and devotion to their sovereign; though it must be admitted that he had done nothing to deserve such attachment, but, on the contrary, imposed heavy burdens on his Protestant country, for the maintenance of a luxurious Catholic court and prodigal courtiers. So much the more praiseworthy is the fidelity with which the nation

in general, and the military in particular, adhered to the person and cause of the sovereign in this trying emergency.

The troops composing the force at Pirna had been assembled in the greatest haste. Horses of all sorts had been put in requisition for drawing the artillery, and artisans and labourers taken as drivers of the train; hence arose great confusion and disorder. By the express command of Brühl, the army was supplied with provisions for four days only; and supplies, which were on the way, were left behind. The idea entertained was that a convention of neutrality, or a speedy retreat to Bohemia, would render the expense of collecting stores of this kind unnecessary. On the 10th of September, when the blockade of the camp was formed by the Prussians, it contained scarcely a fortnight's provisions. The king and his court would not submit to any abridgment of their usual enjoyments; and on this account the rations were at once reduced one third. The selfish monarch took good care to provide for his personal comfort; for, at his request, Frederick allowed him to send a cart to Dresden once a week to fetch supplies for his own table.

A participator in the distress which the faithful Saxons had here to endure for five weeks has left a simple, natural, and affecting picture of their sufferings, in his diary, from which I shall make two or three extracts.

"September 19. We had been scarcely ten days in the camp, when the infantry ceased to be allowed any more rations, but each was obliged to keep his horse alive as well as he could. Accordingly, the horses were

turned out to graze, and each of them had to provide for his own subsistence; nay, at last, it went so far, that the rations of the cavalry also were cut off; of course they too were forced to turn out their horses, and these absolutely ate up the moss which grows on the dry hills, so clean that, as there was no pasturage left, their riders were obliged to go into the woods and gardens, and pluck leaves, and also green twigs from the trees, to feed their cattle with them. The allowance of bread for the men was likewise reduced; for, instead of receiving six pounds every three days as formerly, they now had but four. The most plentiful thing was meat; but not a morsel of any vegetable was to be had. We hoped, from day to day, that the Prussians would leave us and march off to Bohemia; for, as we saw so many troops constantly marching in different columns towards Bohemia, we concluded that those which were blockading us would not stay long, but soon follow the others."

"October 3. Things grew worse and worse every day; for the horses which were turned out to grass, finding nothing more to eat, dropped down and died of hunger, which was lamentable to see. Out of a total of some thousands, several hundred dropped in this manner; some of them died immediately, but others rolled about and could neither live nor die; some even got up again, ate the mould for very hunger, dropped again, and kicked, and struggled, and rolled about till they died. Each soldier was now forced to make shift six days with four pounds of bread; of meat they could get what they wanted, as the peasants in general disposed of their cattle."

"October 13. We had crossed the Elbe in a thick fog, with the intention of attempting to break through and join the Austrians. The fog turned to very heavy rain, which lasted for two days and nights. Provisions were extremely scarce; for the little there was in our old camp we had entirely consumed, and taken nothing with us, because we had been assured that, as soon as we were across the Elbe, we should fall in with the Imperialists and find plenty of every thing. As this was not the case, we went into the fields to collect any cabbage-stalks that were still standing there, and boiled them without salt or other seasoning. But, as these scarcely sufficed to appease our hunger for the first day, we had to starve for it on the following days. Bread was not to be had, even if we would have paid ten dollars for a mouthful. During the last days, so much as a florin and a dollar was paid for a single cabbage-stalk. Meat was no longer to be got for money."

Browne had, so early as the 22d of September, acquainted Count Rutowski, the commander-in-chief of the Saxon army, that he intended to descend the Elbe, for the purpose of supporting the Saxons in an attempt to break through the Prussian lines on the right bank of the river. The day fixed for this joint operation was the 12th of October. Though he had since lost the battle of Lowositz, and would gladly have deferred the execution of this plan for a few days, yet, on learning the extreme distress which prevailed in the Saxon camp, he determined to adhere to the original design. Having reinforced general Macguire at Leitmeritz, he left count Luchesi in command of the camp at Budin, and set out on the 7th of October with 8000

men and twenty pieces of cannon, crossed the Elbe in boats at Raudnitz, in spite of the bad weather and wretched roads arrived on the 9th at Kamnitz, and, in the afternoon of the 11th, was, according to his promise, on the heights between Lichtenhain and Mitteldorf, about three miles from Schandau. On the evening of that day, the Saxons were to have thrown a bridge of boats across the Elbe, under the guns of the impregnable fortress of Königstein, near the village of Thurmsdorf; but they could not accomplish that purpose till the following night. The Saxons, exhausted with hunger and cold, actually crossed the river in the night of the 13th; but the violence of the wind prevented Browne from hearing the two guns fired at Königstein, as the preconcerted signal that Rutowski was ready for the attack. He wrote that same night to inform the Saxon commander that he could not wait for him later than nine on the following morning, and he actually quitted his position at that hour, to return to Bohemia.

Rutowski, having crossed the Elbe, broke down the bridge, and, pursued by the Prussians, lost his rear-guard, baggage, and half of his artillery. The state of his troops was truly pitiable. "All the ravines and rocks," says the writer whom I have already quoted, "through which we had to pass, were occupied in great force by the enemy; and Browne, from whom we expected assistance, was gone. We had passed seventy-two hours, for forty-eight of which it had been raining incessantly, without bread and provisions, in the open air, and under arms. Few had any other food than the roots of vegetables, which had been long consumed; boiled hair-powder, seasoned with gunpowder, was a

treat; and wood, [sawdust, I suppose,] was the fodder of the horses."

All hopes of succour were at an end. King Augustus and count Brühl, enjoying themselves in ease and security at Königstein, gave orders for a desperate attack. All the generals, on the contrary, agreed that they had no other course left but to treat with the enemy. The conqueror prescribed humiliating conditions. Famine and distress compelled submission. Rutowski invited general Winterfeld to the Saxon camp, and on the 14th agreed upon an armistice, which was proclaimed to both armies just at the moment of the king's arrival at the camp of Struppen. He had left Lowositz on the preceding day, having only just then heard of Browne's expedition. Next morning, Winterfeld brought the king's answer to the articles of capitulation. His proposal that the Saxons should join him and march against Austria was rejected: they chose rather to surrender themselves prisoners of war. On the 16th, the capitulation was exchanged, and on the following day, the king crossed the Elbe by the bridge of boats at Raden, to wait on the heights of Waltersdorf for the Saxons, who marched that morning from Ebenheit. Before they reached Raden, they halted to form into regiments, for the purpose of crossing the river, taking the oath on the other side, and marching to Struppen. All the regiments were obliged to lay down their arms. Frederick himself met them, rode along the ranks, and when the Saxon generals took off their hats as they came up to him, he courteously bade them welcome, and invited them to dine with him. A liberal allowance of bread was distributed among the half-famished

soldiers. The officers rejected the most advantageous offers of service, and were allowed liberty to go wherever they pleased, on giving their word of honour not to serve against Prussia. The privates and subalterns were forced to swear fidelity to the Prussian colours. Those who were not to be intimidated into compliance were distributed among the Prussian troops; with the rest were formed ten new regiments, to which were assigned new uniforms and new commanders. The impolicy of this measure was soon apparent; for the Saxons, who had borne their deplorable fate with such fortitude, that scarcely one hundred deserters had gone over to the Prussians during the blockade, were filled with implacable hatred against their conquerors, seized the first opportunity of deserting in whole divisions, and either returned home or sought some other service. The same spirit animated the recruits, to the number of 9000, raised in Saxony in the following spring to complete those regiments.

King Augustus, who had witnessed from Königstein the captivity of his army, solicited passports from Frederick; and on the 20th of October, accompanied by his two younger sons and count Brühl, he left that fortress, which was declared neutral, for Warsaw. The queen, and their eldest son, the electoral prince, with his consort, would not quit Dresden. Frederick wrote a polite farewell letter to the king of Poland, whom he addressed, "Sir, my brother," and took care that his majesty should receive no molestation on his journey from Prussian troops.

Frederick now returned to Bohemia, and marched his army into Saxony, where it took up its winter quarters.

Schwerin also quitted his camp on the 21st of October, and led his troops into winter-quarters in Upper and Lower Silesia; while Winterfeld and Lestwitz kept up the communication between the two armies, in the line from Zittau to Hirschberg and Landshut. Marshal Browne also put his army into winter-quarters, and went to Prague; while Piccolomini's troops were cantoned in Bohemia and Moravia.

Frederick, having made Dresden his head-quarters, organised the administration of the Saxon territories, levied recruits, and lived exactly as he was accustomed to do in Berlin. He read, composed verses, played on the flute, went to operas, concerts, and assemblies, and even attended a sermon delivered by superintendent am Ende, in the church of the Cross, on the text: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's," and was so well pleased with it that he sent the preacher a present of champagne, requested him to publish the sermon, and accepted the dedication. He visited the Catholic church also to hear Hasse's music. The rich treasures of art in the Saxon capital were left untouched; and it was only by permission of the court of Dresden that Frederick had a copy of Battoni's Magdalen made for him, and that he visited the Japanese palace. It is true that he would have been glad to see the queen follow her family to Poland; but she would not stir, and died in Dresden in November, 1757, after her court had, with her knowledge, endeavoured to put Meissen and Dresden into the hands of Frederick's enemies. The only revenge taken by the philosopher of Sans-Souci was on count Brühl, as one of the instigators of this

unhappy war. His mansions, Belvedere, near Dresden, Nischwitz, near Wurzen, and Grochwitz, near Hertzberg, suffered severely; and at a later period, Pförten, another of his seats in Lower Lusatia, was burned by a detachment of hussars sent by the king for the purpose.

In the field, Frederick was even more indefatigable than in time of peace. On his arrival at head-quarters after a march, his first care was to post the vedettes and to inspect the camp; the maps and plans were then spread out; and, when he had accurately acquainted himself with the ground, he instructed some of his hussar officers how to spy out the enemy. Then came his cabinet councillors, Eichel and Cöper. The rest of his time till dinner was devoted to his journal. If any thing occurred at the advanced posts, he hastened thither himself, and interrogated deserters. At table, gaiety and good-humour prevailed, as in quiet times; but the conversation mostly turned upon military matters. After dinner, the cabinet councillors came again, and when the army halted for a few days, the reader was at hand to entertain him. For supper, the king was accustomed for some time to take soaked biscuits, with French cheese and Tyrolese wine, and to sleep five hours. If any thing, however trivial, occurred at the advanced posts, the officer on duty had orders to cause him to be waked. Two horses were kept constantly saddled for such occasions. During the whole war, Frederick never used a tent, and he would put up with the meanest cottage, if it was but in communication with one wing of his army.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Campaign of 1757—Proceedings of the Diet of Ratisbon against Frederick—Activity and Schemes of Austria and France—Frederick's Allies—The Queen of Poland and Countess Brühl—Sufferings of Mecklenburg—Affair of Glasow—Forces of the Belligerent Powers—The Prussians enter Bohemia—Battle of Prague—Death of Marshal Schwerin—The Austrians seek refuge in Prague—Blockade of the City by the Prussians—Abortive attempts of the Austrians to escape—Furious Thunderstorm—Bombardment of Prague—Sufferings of the inhabitants—Carelessness of the Austrian Generals—Expedition of Colonel Mayr in South Germany—Frederick leaves Keith before Prague and marches to meet Daun—Battle of Kollin—Stipulations of the Secret Treaty between France and Austria.

Frederick's enemies had neglected no means to swell the ranks of his opponents. They accused him of violating the law of nations, of disturbing the peace of the continent, because he had not suffered himself to be taken by surprise, of committing unheard-of atrocities; in short they did all but brand him as a robber against whom the whole world ought to unite. The Aulic Council in Vienna commenced a formal process against the king, for the purpose of causing him to be put to the ban of the empire, that is to say, proclaiming him to have forfeited his dominions and his dignity as a sovereign, and getting an army of execution sent against him by the Diet. According to ancient custom, Dr. Aprill, an imperial notary, was sent to Plotho, the Prussian envoy at Ratisbon, with two citizens as witnesses, to serve upon him, as the king's representative, what we should call the bill of indictment, and a summons to appear before the tribunal of the fiscal. Plotho refused to receive the papers, and thrust the bearer of

them out of doors. As this interruption of the formalities delayed the process, France advised that the antiquated resource of the ban should be relinquished, and that in its stead the Diet should set in motion a numerous army against Prussia. This recommendation was followed; and the German princes were required to furnish their respective contingents for the purpose of forming an imperial army of execution, the command of which was given to prince Joseph of Saxe-Hildburghausen. In the resolution of the Diet for raising this army, it was called a hasty or rather hastening (*eilende*) army of execution; but in the public notification of that resolution, by a whimsical typographical error, arising from the omission of a single letter, the German word *eilende* was changed into *elende* (signifying wretched, miserable,) and all its operations proved that a more characteristic epithet could not have been found for this contemptible force.

To instigate France to increased exertion, the court of Vienna reinforced the influence of Pompadour with the complaints of the dauphiness, a daughter of the unfortunate king of Poland's, and with the persuasions of marshal Belleisle, a hoary intriguer. The empress Elizabeth of Russia was only in want of means to afford active proof of her enmity to the king of Prussia; to remove that obstacle, Maria Theresa borrowed of France two millions of dollars, which she transmitted to the czarina. In Sweden, the Diet, likewise bribed by French gold, declared against the king, upon the pretext that Sweden had guaranteed the peace of Westphalia. Austria even strove to disseminate the notion that Frederick was aiming at the overthrow of the

Catholic religion. By such means the princes of Germany were induced to grant the empress-queen an auxiliary force of 60,000 men, to which was given the appellation of an imperial army of execution. Russia promised to furnish 100,000 men, France 150,000, and Austria the same number. Sweden was to take the field with 40,000; while the Netherlands, Denmark, and Poland, took no part in the crusade. Frederick's dominions were again partitioned before-hand: Austria was to have Silesia, Russia the Prussian provinces, Sweden Pomerania, Saxony Magdeburg and Halberstadt, and France stipulated for the Westphalian provinces; the rest the king was to be allowed to retain if he made proper submission.

Frederick was not without respectable allies: England, duke Charles of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, whose sons held commands in the Prussian army, the landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, the duke of Gotha, and the count of Bückeburg. By the treaty of January 11th, 1757, the king united himself more closely with Great Britain, and the English nation was filled with the warmest enthusiasm for him. Pitt, then secretary of state, whose master mind exercised so powerful an influence on public affairs during this war, omitted no opportunity of expressing, either in public or private, his sense of the importance of this alliance, and his warm admiration of the Prussian monarch. Thus in March he writes to Sir Andrew Mitchell: "I feel the most grateful sentiments of veneration and zeal for a prince, who stands the unshaken bulwark of Europe, against the most powerful and malignant conspiracy that ever yet has threatened the independence of man-

kind." Still the cabinet of St. James's never supported Frederick so powerfully as it might have done, neither did it send a squadron to the Baltic, as stipulated in the fourth article of this new treaty. When he found that his plans for the energetic defence of Germany were not listened to in London, and the mission of general Schmettau to Hanover on the same account produced no effect, he was obliged to abandon Wesel for the purpose of concentrating his force. Saxony, meanwhile, was so administered by a Prussian war-directory that it was chiefly the rich resources which it afforded, together with the English subsidies, that supplied him with the means of carrying on the war with half of Europe. During this first winter, Saxony had to furnish flour, fodder, and horses, to pay a considerable war contribution, to levy 9000 recruits; all the military stores were conveyed to Magdeburg; the salaries of the electoral functionaries were greatly reduced, many cut off entirely; and Schimmelmann, the merchant who was afterwards minister of Denmark, purchased of the king Saxon porcelain to the amount of 200,000 dollars.

The king endeavoured at the same time to remove some dangerous enemies from Dresden. We have seen that the queen was obstinately bent on remaining in the Saxon capital, where she might possibly find opportunities to revenge herself on Frederick for the humiliations to which she and her family had been subjected. He was informed that the Austrians purposed to surprise the neutral fortress of Königstein, in concert with the Saxon commandant; and it was discovered that the queen and the countess Brühl were engaged

in a treacherous correspondence with the enemy. The latter was ordered to leave Saxony. She was extremely reluctant to comply, and, in answer to her repeated remonstrances, the king thus wrote: "The suspicion against you, madam, is too strong for me to suffer your presence any longer in Dresden. Do not imagine that I am to be offended with impunity. Nothing would be easier than to revenge myself if I pleased: but I am content to let people know that I have it in my power to do so. Let both your husband and yourself beware of tiring out my patience, or you may feel the terrible consequences of your conduct. I will nevertheless intimate to you that the queen, the Austrians, and the French, are planning the downfall of your husband. If you will take the trouble to investigate the matter, you will find that this is founded on truth. This communication is not made because I desire your friendship: I despise it too much, and have means of conquering my enemies, both open and secret, without being obliged to have recourse to meanness and cruelty."

Mecklenburg was suffering at this time still more severely than Saxony. The duke had insisted at Ratisbon more warmly than any other prince of the empire that Frederick should be put to the ban. The Prussians thereupon entered his country, but the duke fled, and his unoffending subjects had to suffer for his folly. They were compelled to furnish fodder, cattle, a contribution of some millions, and 16,000 recruits.

Frederick having, in the month of November, performed a pilgrimage to the field of Lützen, memorable for the death of his favourite hero, Gustavus Adolphus,

where, he stayed some hours, while a survey of the ground was made by engineers, repaired in the first days of January to his own capital. Here he passed only eight days, from the 4th to the 12th, and then returned to Dresden, the centre of his cares. Having ordered the reserves in Pomerania, originally destined for marshal Lehwald, to join the troops in Saxony, he hastened towards the end of January to Hainau in Silesia, to concert with Schwerin the plan of the ensuing campaign.

During the whole winter, the two hostile armies enjoyed almost undisturbed repose. The prisoners of war were exchanged at Peterswalde, and bloodless skirmishes occasionally took place. An affair of rather more consequence, when Lascy attempted to surprise the Prussian posts in Lusatia, cost major Blumenthal of prince Henry's regiment his life. Infinitely more injurious was the aversion already manifested by the Saxons to the Prussian service. Excited and encouraged by Frederick's enemies, many even of the officers forfeited their word, and were received with open arms by the Austrians.

Towards the end of March, the Prussian head-quarters were fixed at Lockwitz. Here occurred a circumstance which excited a great sensation. The king had taken a soldier named Glasow into his service as chamber-hussar, and afterwards made him his valet de chambre. He placed great confidence in this man, and even entrusted him with the care of his privy purse. Glasow was suddenly sent off to be imprisoned in Spandau, without any official intimation of his crime. Surmise was not long in deciding its nature. Archen-

holtz, the historian of the Seven Years' War, and many other writers after him, relate as an undoubted fact, that Glasow had formed the atrocious design of poisoning his master with a cup of chocolate, that other persons were acquainted with this intention, and that the secret was revealed by one of them. Some, with a more poetical imagination, represent the attendant, disconcerted by the piercing look of the monarch, throwing himself with the poisoned chocolate at the feet of his master, and confessing his guilt. The reader will rejoice with me, for the honour of human nature, to learn that this story is pure fiction. Glasow had made an improper use of the king's seal, and, with the assistance of the keeper of a coffee-house, named Völker, forged several orders in the name of his master. Glasow died in the fortress before the expiration of his twelve months' imprisonment.

This circumstance shows how little Frederick cared about the stories circulated respecting him. No prince, perhaps, was ever more misrepresented, slandered, and vilified in print; yet he steadily pursued his course, regardless of these effusions of private rancour. But he did not always disdain to defend himself from political charges, especially when they had a tendency to make the world believe that he was actuated by designs of ambition and conquest. Thus, on the 16th of January, 1757, he caused a pamphlet to be burned by the hand of the public executioner in Berlin, in which the author pretended to furnish incontestable proof of his right to the kingdom of Bohemia. Since 1741, indeed, several malicious publications of this kind had appeared, setting

up claims in behalf of the Prussian monarch to territories belonging to other princes.

Frederick calculated that all his enemies would not be ready for some time to act jointly against him, and upon this assumption he founded his plan of operation. He hoped, by a sudden attack on the Austrian army in Bohemia, to gain all those advantages which he had been unable to obtain in the preceding year. To this end he strove to encourage a belief that, not feeling himself strong enough to attack, it was his intention to wait for the enemy in Saxony. To heighten the illusion, he caused Dresden to be fortified. His real object was to lull the Austrian generals into security, and to induce them to form magazines on the Bohemian frontiers.

Thus too, when duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, as governor of Magdeburg, reminded the king that this fortress was in want of many things which would be indispensably necessary in case of a siege, Frederick replied that he hoped the duke was not under any apprehension of a siege of Magdeburg, as they must all be put out of the way before such a thing could happen. "Adieu," he wrote to the same prince, on another occasion: "with firmness and vigilance, with energy and prudence, we will drive the devil himself out of hell, if there is one."

The Prussian army, amounting, at the commencement of the war, to 154,000 men, was increased during the winter to 210,000, including about 22,000 Saxons, whose patriotism, it is true, soon taught them the way to Poland. The imperial army, too, was so considerably reinforced that an old warrior could not refrain from saying: "With this army the king of Prussia would

drive the devils themselves out of hell." "Ay," replied another Austrian, "but with his own he would drive them all into it again, if twice as many of them as there are of us and our allies were marching against him."

The numerical force of the armies actually brought into the field by the belligerent powers in 1757 was as follows: Austrians 143,000, French 134,000, Russians 100,000, troops of the empire 32,000, and Swedes 22,000, forming a total of 431,000. To oppose these Frederick had but 152,000 men, besides 45,000 English and Hanoverians — that is altogether no more than 197,000; but he counterbalanced this excessive disproportion by those powers of genius concentrated in his single person, by which he imparted harmony and unity to his operations, while his adversaries, acting separately, crossed and paralyzed each other's efforts.

The king committed the defence of Prussia to marshal Lehwald, and the protection of Pomerania to general Manteuffel. The rest of his army destined to take the field was thus distributed: in Silesia and the county of Glatz 33,000 men under Schwerin; the duke of Bevern with 22,000 in Upper Lusatia; 36,000 under the king in person near Dresden; and prince Maurice with 18,000 in the Saxon district of Voigtland. The Austrians, on their part, had collected 36,000 men in Moravia, under marshal Daun; 20,000 near Reichenberg under count Königseck; 50,000 near Budin, under Browne, who was to advance upon Dresden; and 20,000 at Eger, under the duke of Ahremberg, who had directions to march through Voigtland, and to effect a junction with Browne and Königseck, near Dresden.

It was originally proposed that the chief command of the imperial forces should be conferred on Browne, a commander of great experience and reputation; but, through the personal influence of the empress-queen, her brother-in-law, duke Charles of Lorraine, whose previous ill success had deprived him of the confidence of the troops, was placed at the head of the Austrian army. Browne was to assist him. No precise plan of operations had been determined upon, but it was generally admitted that an attack would be made upon Saxony and Lusatia. Considerable magazines were accordingly formed at different points of the Bohemian frontiers. When, in the beginning of March, duke Charles purposed to concentrate the distant regiments, Browne and Neipperg opposed that intention. The former even wished that Frederick might be induced to make some attempt, conceiving that it could only be ruinous to him: and, as duke Charles was detained by illness in Vienna, no precautionary measures were for the present adopted by Browne, though warned by prince Kaunitz, who recommended a rational defensive.

The four Prussian divisions broke up between the 18th and the 21st of April, to penetrate at so many different points into Bohemia, with a view to cut off in detail the scattered corps of the enemy, or to drive them back upon Prague, to decide by a victory the fate of that capital, and to pursue the beaten foe into the Austrian provinces. According to Frederick's calculations, his whole force was to be collected in the environs of Prague on the 5th of May. He himself entered Bohemia by way of Aussig; Maurice marched direct for Eger: and as the duke of Ahremberg was concentrating

his corps there, Maurice suddenly turned about, and proceeded through the passes which the enemy had neglected to occupy, by way of Commotau to Linay, where his division joined that of the king. The duke of Bevern's column, which was to have joined Schwerin's at Turnau, on the Iser, came by the way upon Königseck's entrenched camp near Reichenberg, attacked it under very disadvantageous circumstances, and stormed it in spite of batteries, ditches, and abattis. The enemy fled with the loss of a thousand men, several pieces of cannon, and three standards, to Liebenau, where, secured by the defiles from further pursuit, Königseck rallied the fugitives. Schwerin, who had crossed the Elbe at Königshof, was on the point of turning the beaten general, when the latter retreated upon Prague, abandoning the magazine at Jung-Bunzlau, with several millions of florins, to the Prussians.

Meanwhile the king was advancing upon Prague, to attack Browne and drive him from his strong position at Budin, before Ahremberg should bring him reinforcement. Having crossed the Eger, the imperial general, fearing lest he should be cut off from Prague, retreated upon that city, closely followed by Frederick, and was on the 30th of April at Tuchomierschitz. Here prince Charles, who had arrived at Prague on the preceding day, joined the army. Browne approached him with tears in his eyes. "I am very unfortunate," said he; "I wish I were dead." The enemy, he continued, was advancing, and they must absolutely attack him. The duke strove, in vain, to cheer him; indeed despondence pervaded the whole army. All the generals were of opinion that they ought to fall back upon Prague, lest

the Prussians should get thither before them, and cut off their communication with the magazines in the rear, with the corps of Königseck and Serbelloni, and with part of Bohemia. Browne alone, intent on seeking death, was for attacking the enemy, as the advantage of the ground was on the side of the Austrians; but his advice was not adopted. On the 1st of May the Austrian army retired upon Prague, the left wing under duke Charles in person, the right under Browne. The former passed through Prague, and encamped at Nusle, on the right bank of the Mulde; the latter crossed the river below the city, and took post at Malleschitz: the two divisions numbered 45,000 men. Count Thürheim occupied Prague, which, however, was utterly destitute of the means of resistance.

The Austrians had taken so favourable a position that it would have been very difficult to come at them. Their left wing was supported upon the hill called the Ziskaberg, and protected by the works of Prague; a declivity of several hundred feet covered the centre; the right wing occupied an eminence, at the foot of which lay the village of Stjerbohol, and this was the most accessible point. Frederick impatiently awaited the arrival of Schwerin. He had but few troops, and the strong Austrian army opposed to him might have handled him roughly. No sooner was he joined by the marshal than the king informed him, on the 6th of May, that he was determined to attack prince Charles without delay; that, to render the victory complete, prince Maurice should throw a bridge of boats across the Mulde above Prague, cross the river with the whole right wing of Keith's corps, which was blockading what is called the *little*

side of the city, and fall upon the rear of the enemy, while he himself (the king) would attack him in front and flank. Schwerin and the other generals would have dissuaded him from the execution of this plan, which they thought too bold. The marshal's troops had made a long march and were fatigued: the ground on which the battle was to be fought seemed unsafe, and had not been sufficiently examined. Frederick, however, silenced all scruples by observing that it was necessary, under all circumstances, to attack, adding, "the freshest eggs are the best." Schwerin, now seventy-three years old, with that youthful vivacity for which he was remarkable, pulling down his hat over his brow, exclaimed, "Well, if a battle must be fought to-day, I will attack the Austrians at once on the spot where I see them." It was with difficulty that he was restrained from an act of precipitation; the king having directed general Winterfeld first to reconnoitre minutely the position of the enemy's right wing.

In executing the commission, Winterfeld is said to have examined but superficially the ground on which the right wing of the Austrians was drawn up. According to his report, it was possible enough to get at the enemy there; but his opinion would have been greatly modified, had time and circumstances permitted a more particular examination. Near the village of Stjerbohol ran a small stream, in which ponds were formed by means of dams. These ponds had been let off, and the ground sown with oats, to serve at first as food for the young carp with which these ponds were to be stocked again after the harvest. The oats gave the appearance of solid ground to spots which were afterwards found to be deep quagmires.

At nine in the morning, the Prussian left wing marched in silence along the declivity to attack the enemy's left. As soon as the Austrian commander perceived this, he ordered up the cavalry and part of the infantry of the left wing, to give a warmer reception to the Prussians, when their cavalry should have advanced between the narrow passes and the swamps near the village of Bichowitz. After a most difficult march, the Prussian cavalry, nevertheless, took up a position in a plain, which, cooped up by the village and a pond, left them but just space sufficient and at the same time covered the two wings. Thrice they charged the Austrian cavalry, and at length threw them into confusion. So dense a cloud of dust had enveloped the combatants during these three attacks as to produce great confusion: two Prussian regiments even fired upon one another. In vain did prince Charles strive to rally his beaten troops: he was hurried away by the fugitives, and so exhausted by excitement of mind and bodily exertion that he fell senseless from his horse. Seized with violent cramp in the stomach, he was carried to Nusle and bled; but the Austrians were driven from that place by the Prussian cavalry, and it was not till all was lost that the prince was able to return to the field of battle.

Meanwhile, the first eight grenadier battalions of the Prussian left wing advanced across meadow-ground towards the enemy. They had to contend with the greatest difficulties before they could reach him, sometimes sinking up to their knees in mud and swamp, at others having to march upon narrow dykes and paths scarcely a yard wide: so that it was impossible for them to form till they arrived at the plain near Stjerbohol. They had

yet to pass a ravine, and to proceed a little distance, in order to join the advancing army. They had been ordered by Schwerin and Winterfeld, who commanded them, to push rapidly forward without firing. They were gallantly following their leader, when, just as the first grenadiers issued from the ravine upon the glacis-like ground, a tremendous fire of canister-shot mowed down rank after rank. At first the brave grenadiers continued to advance; but when Winterfeld, at the head of Schwerin's regiment, sank wounded from his horse, and the fire grew fiercer, they turned in confusion and fell back. "When," relates Winterfeld, in a narrative in his own handwriting, "in a few minutes I came to myself, and lifted up my head, I saw none of our men near or about me, but all behind me in full retreat. The enemy's grenadiers had halted about eighty paces from me, not venturing to pursue us. I got up as quickly as my weakness permitted, and overtook our confused masses: but neither entreaties nor threats could induce a single man to turn his face towards the enemy, and still less to halt. In this embarrassment I was found by the field-marshal, while the blood was streaming from my neck. As I was on foot, and none of my people about me, he gave me the led horse which he had with him."

The Austrian grenadiers did, however, attempt to pursue the beaten Prussians, and Browne himself was riding before them to lead them on to victory, when a cannon-ball shattered his right leg. He fell from his horse, and, like prince Charles, was carried insensible from the field. Hence the Austrian army was, during the greatest part of the battle, without any commander-

in-chief; so that there was no unity of purpose, each of the generals of divisions acting independently of the rest.

The veteran marshal Schwerin, seeing with deep chagrin his own regiment giving way, called to the men and induced them to halt. Snatching from captain Rohr the colours which he had taken from an ensign for the purpose of rallying the troops, he cried, "Come on, my lads!" and the brave Prussians, accustomed to obey the orders of their beloved commander, were ready to follow him. But scarcely had they formed for a new attack, scarcely had Schwerin advanced a dozen steps with the colours in his hand, when he sunk to the ground pierced with five balls, and the colours covered the body of the dying hero. Most of the officers were soon killed or wounded. The troops again gave way, and twelve field-pieces and several pair of colours fell for a short time into the hands of the Austrians.

Frederick now put himself at the head of the left wing. His second line, consisting of fourteen battalions, had formed anew. Sixteen pieces of heavy cannon and howitzers played from the heights of Lower Potschernitz upon the enemy. The Prussian centre had advanced unmolested, and threatened the left flank of the Austrian right wing, which, seeing its own cavalry in flight, turned quickly about, and, unable to maintain its former position, fled after the beaten cavalry. The impetuosity of the attack of the Prussians was irresistible. The troops were inflamed to fury by the fall of Schwerin, and the commanders of brigades dismounted and led their heroes on foot to meet the enemy.

The duke of Bevern had meanwhile passed the defile

of Hostawitz, and, after driving back the enemy in a most sanguinary conflict, he advanced upon Malleschitz and took a battery beyond that village, which, however, his troops were obliged to abandon to the Austrians under Königseck.

The attack of the Austrian right wing upon the Prussian left produced a gap in the enemy's order of battle, into which the king immediately penetrated with his right wing. While prince Ferdinand of Brunswick stormed the principal Austrian redoubt on the height of Hlopetin, and pursued the fleeing foe along the tops of the hills, prince Henry proceeded against three entrenched Austrian divisions, which, possessing such important advantages of ground, and seconded by a far superior artillery, sought to maintain their position. But general Manstein, with Wedel's, Fink's, and Canitz's grenadiers, and the regiments of Itzenplitz and Manteuffel, was not to be deterred by any obstacles. These heroes, with lowered arms, ascended the heights against the entrenched enemy, and it was not till they could discern the white of their eyes that they used their muskets, and then with such effect that the Austrians immediately fled. Seven redoubts were stormed, after a sanguinary conflict; and when the regiment of Itzenplitz was checked in the pursuit of the enemy by a broad, wet ditch, and was preparing to cross it by means of poles, prince Henry, crying, "Follow me, my lads!" instantly leaped with his horse into the ditch, when the whole regiment waded through and pursued its victorious career in wet clothes. The storming of the redoubt on the height of Hlopetin cost Winterfeld's regiment a thousand men, and, notwithstanding this

loss, it would not desist from the attempt. "Comrades!" cried the grenadiers of prince Maurice and Manteuffel, "stop! Let us come on! You have won honour enough!" and, presently, they too covered the blood-stained field, till at length prince Henry's brigade took the redoubt.

The flank fire of this battery, being turned against the Austrians, soon dislodged them from that position, so that Bevern was enabled to retake the redoubt near Malleschitz, and the resistance of the retreating Austrians became fainter. Four times Königseck strove to maintain himself; every new height afforded him occasion to form a new line of battle: but the Prussians steadily followed him, so that his only chance of protection was in Prague.

The left wing of the Austrians still occupied its original position on the Ziskaberg, without having fired a shot, or drawn a sword. These now sought to make head against the advancing Prussians. A cavalry attack, though not without a severe sacrifice, gave the infantry time to draw up before Wolschau in several lines. The Prussian cuirassier regiment of Schönaich now advanced from Malleschitz, and was on the point of charging the enemy, when, by some unaccountable accident, the Prussian infantry fired upon it. The Austrians, taking advantage of the confusion occasioned by this circumstance, threw themselves into Prague with less loss than they would otherwise have suffered. Their left wing poured in horrible confusion through the gates, which were not wide enough to admit the pressing throng, while the beaten right wing fled to Beneschau. Vineyards and gardens prevented the pursuit. The cavalry of the

Prussian right wing could not come up in time, owing to the difficulty of the ground, while that of the left lay too drunk to be fit for battle around the casks of the sutlers in the camp of the Austrians. Zieten assured the king that he had not above a hundred sober hussars at his disposal: they had been celebrating, in their way, their victorious attack, by which the first success had been gained.

About three in the afternoon the bloody conflict terminated. The Prussian army extended from the Ziskaberg to Branik, on the Mulde, above Prague, enclosing that city. Its success would have been more important, if prince Maurice, of Keith's corps, had thrown a bridge over the river, as the king had directed, or only crossed it with the cavalry, and fallen upon the rear of the routed enemy. As it was, all that Keith could do was to place his troops in the best manner for preventing the escape of the Austrians from Prague to the left bank of the Mulde. It was here that Seydlitz, then only colonel of the regiment of Rochow, had nearly lost his life in the Mulde, when, to ascertain whether it really was impossible to ford the river, he attempted to pass it, and sank with his horse up to the holsters in a quicksand. He was saved by his men, who adored him, at the risk of their own lives, and soon became one of the most distinguished leaders of the Prussian army.

The loss of the Austrians amounted, according to their official account, to about 13,000 men, and above 400 officers; but, according to Frederick's statement, it was not less, including prisoners, than 24,000. Field-marshal Browne died of his wounds on the 25th of June. A great number of pontoons, the baggage and tents of the

army, 71 standards, and 33 pieces of cannon—according to the king's account, 60 pieces—fell into the hands of the conquerors.

The numerical loss of the Prussians was little short of that of the enemy, and far exceeded it in importance. "The loss of the Prussians," says the king, "amounted to 18,000 men"—according to the report of the general staff, 12,169 men, and 340 officers—"besides field-marshal Schwerin, who alone was worth 10,000. His death withered the laurels purchased with such valuable blood. On that day fell the pillars of the Prussian infantry." Among these were, besides Schwerin, generals von Amstel, Herault, Schöning, and Blankensee; colonels the duke of Holstein-Beck, Manstein, Rohe, baron Goltz, Sydow, Winterfeld, and Löben, most of whom were mortally wounded, and died soon after the battle. Generals Fouqué, Winterfeld, and Plettenberg were very severely wounded, but recovered. The officers had certainly done their duty in the most exemplary manner. "Those about the king," says Küster, who was then chaplain of a regiment, "spoke with admiration of his personal intrepidity. One of them had his arm shattered, and the other received a ball which lodged in the breast-bone. Both fell insensible close to the king. They assured me that, when they came to themselves, and were told that the king was alive and well, all their pains were greatly alleviated."

Schwerin, who had learned the art of war in the school of Marlborough and Eugene, had been in the service of Holland and Mecklenburg before he entered in 1720 into that of Prussia. Frederick, as we have seen, took him for his instructor and adviser in the wars of

Silesia. Kind and affable to his soldiers, whom he called his children, Schwerin was celebrated, long after his death, in popular songs and books; and some of the former are still sung by the Prussian soldiers. It would almost appear that he had a presentiment of his approaching end; for, ten days before the battle, he thus wrote to his wife: "God, who has manifestly led us so far, will continue to assist us. If the enemy does not give way, I shall vigorously oppose him, that I may conclude my career happily, and end it with honour, for which I pray to God fervently every day, and also that he may grant you health and preserve you." The body of the hero was found with difficulty among the heaps of slain and wounded, conveyed to the Margaret convent outside the city of Prague, and laid before the altar. There Frederick gazed with evident emotion, and tears in his eyes, at his deceased general. "Schwerin," he says, in that passage of his works which has just been quoted, "still possessed all the fire of youth, notwithstanding his advanced age. Deeply mortified, he saw the Prussians obliged to give way, and with extraordinary courage opposed the enemy."

The remains of the field-marshal were conveyed to his estates in Pomerania, and deposited in the family burial-place at Wusseken. Frederick honoured the memory of the veteran hero by a marble monument in the Wilhelms-Platz in Berlin, and even his enemies did him justice. When the emperor Joseph II. was holding a review near Stjerbohol, in September, 1776, he had a triple salute of small arms and cannon fired by five grenadier battalions on the spot where Schwerin fell, and, at each discharge, himself and all his officers respectfully took off their

hats. On the same spot, some Prussian officers erected, in 1824, a pyramid of red marble as a monument to Schwerin. The colours which the hero was carrying when he fell are preserved at St. Petersburg as a sacred relic. How they came into the hands of the Russians is not known; perhaps at Kunersdorf.

In the night which succeeded the sanguinary battle of Prague, upwards of 50,000 fighting men, including the garrison, with 140 pieces of cannon, were cooped up in that capital. Through general Krockow, whom Frederick sent the same evening to summon the place, he learned the force of the Austrians in the city, and conceived what Napoleon has characterised as "one of the boldest and most prodigious plans that ever was conceived in modern times," namely, to repeat at Prague what he had executed at Pirna, starve the Austrian army into surrender, and then, annihilating the last troops of the empress, dictate peace on the ramparts of Vienna before his other enemies had completed their armaments. He therefore enclosed the strongly fortified city by a line fourteen English miles in length, on both banks of the Mulde. He himself on the right bank, and Keith on the left, distributed the troops in the most judicious manner for preventing the escape of the enemy. Above and below Prague, two pontoon bridges were thrown across to preserve the communication, and forty-eight redoubts sprang up out of the earth around the city. On the 9th of May, colonel Straus, with a thousand brave Prussians, stormed the Ziskaberg, which was scarcely a thousand paces distant from the works; but this conquest, won with considerable ease, cost the Prussian commander his life. Such, however, was the

irresolution of the leaders, and the despondency of the Austrian troops, that, though the 50,000 men shut up in the city included 4000 horse and 1400 artillerymen, abundantly supplied with arms and military stores, they suffered themselves to be closely blockaded for several weeks, without seizing any occasion to escape a disgraceful captivity, and never thought of forcing a passage, but only once or twice of sneaking away.

At first Frederick was without siege-artillery; the communication between the different divisions of the Prussian troops was incomplete, and it would have been easy to break through, and to effect a junction with Daun, who now commanded Serbelloni's corps, and had advanced to Böhmisch-Brod. Preparations for this purpose were several times made. In the night of the 14th and 19th of May, the Prussian posts were disturbed; but the enemy, finding them upon their guard, on the least motion in the Prussian camp, relinquished all thoughts of a serious attack, and returned to the city, concluding that their plan had been betrayed.

On the 17th, the Prussian siege-artillery arrived, and preparations were instantly made to bombard the city. Duke Charles resolved to make an attempt to get away in the night between the 23d and 24th. But this time his intention was really betrayed to the Prussians by a deserter; and when the Austrians, 12,000 strong, sallied from Prague, about ten o'clock, against the left wing of Kleist's corps, the besiegers were quite ready to receive them. The darkness of the night, in which their attacks on the Prussian redoubts were made without concert, still more their own blunders and neglect, since, for instance, the soldiers who had to climb walls in the gar-

dens were not provided with ladders, the confusion in which the grenadiers fired upon their own troops, together with the bravery and presence of mind of the Prussians, frustrated this attempt also; so that, after a nocturnal conflict of four hours, the besieged were obliged to return to the city with the loss of a thousand killed and as many wounded.

On the 29th of May, the Prussians had completed their preparations for bombarding just at the moment when a tremendous thunderstorm brought frightful hardships upon both besiegers and besieged. A deluge of rain which accompanied the storm swelled the Mulde to such a degree, that it overflowed its banks to the distance of a hundred paces, inundated the camp of the Prussians, and carried away their baggage and the two pontoon bridges. The flood did not less damage to the people of Prague, pouring into their magazines and cellars, and spoiling their provisions. Now, when the pontoons, beams, and planks carried down by the current proclaimed that the communication between the divisions of the Prussian army on both banks of the river was totally destroyed, would have been the moment when an attempt of the besieged to force their way out might, if ever, have succeeded. But the Austrians were too busily occupied in saving the provisions threatened by the water to think of such an attempt at that time, and the bombardment meanwhile opened by Frederick threw a fresh obstacle in their way.

Scarcely had the thunder ceased when, about midnight, a rocket gave the Prussians the signal to open their fire. A terrific night for Prague ensued. The inhabitants, alarmed by the flood, were lamenting the

loss of their provisions, when the peals of the artillery, and the shower of red-hot balls, threatened them with new calamities. From the Ziskaberg and two other points, three hundred bombs and eight hundred red-hot balls were thrown into the city, and produced conflagrations in different places. The shrieks and lamentations of the terrified inhabitants were heard in the Prussian camp. Defenceless men, women, and children fled from their burning homes, and were crushed in the streets by the falling bombs, or wandered about without shelter, exposed to the horrors of war. Numbers wished to leave the city, where death threatened them in so many different forms—disease, famine, fire, inundation, bombardment. The churches were filled with the dying; the starving people complained in the streets; flames were ascending in all quarters to heaven; and the fugitives were not safe any where from the balls, which fell now in one place, and now in another.

In the next and the following night, the horrors of these scenes were infinitely aggravated. By the violence of the flames, which could not be quenched in some parts of the city, whole streets were converted into ruins. In the space of three weeks more than 180,000 bombs and red-hot balls were thrown into the city. The new town and the Jew's town were totally destroyed; nine hundred houses had already been reduced to ashes. The people of Prague bestowed particular care on the church belonging to the palace, which was set on fire upwards of thirty times during the siege, and saved as often through the vigilance of one of the canons. The silver coffin of St. Nepomuck, the patron saint of Bohemia, and the other valuables of the church,

were removed to a place of safety. The citizens, under these severe trials, implored the general, but to no purpose, to put an end to their miseries by a speedy capitulation; and Frederick refused permission for their departure. To no purpose did the Austrians drive out of the city 12,000 famished houseless wretches; the power of inhuman war compelled Frederick, the philanthropist, to send back these children of despair, in order that increasing famine might force his enemies to a more speedy surrender.

It was not till the morning of the 2d of June that the besieged ventured to make a sally from two different sides. That from the Wissehrad totally failed, as the Prussian batteries could reach the flank of the Austrians and render it impossible for them to form their troops: but on the little side some advantages were gained, and the assailants even stormed part of a redoubt, in which they took three pieces of cannon. It was a gratification to the dying field-marshal to learn that it was his son, colonel Browne, who, by his valour and judicious measures, won the only trophies on this occasion, though he, too, was compelled to return to Prague.

Prince Charles, adhering to the instructions which he had received from Vienna, ventured upon no further attempts against the Prussians. "The honour of the whole nation," wrote Maria Theresa, "and of the imperial arms, depends on the resolute defence of Prague; nay, the salvation of the whole Roman empire is at stake. Field-marshal Daun will come to your relief; his army is receiving daily reinforcements. The French, too, are in full march; and so, by the help of God, the state of the sufferers will soon assume a different aspect."

Meanwhile, famine and misery increased from day to day in the populous city. The ready money of the wealthiest inhabitants was already exhausted, and tin coins were made for the purposes of ordinary life. Though the fire of the besiegers had not destroyed the principal magazine of the Austrians, there was a dearth of the most indispensable necessaries; and even horse-flesh began to be scarce, when famine destroyed the animals by hundreds. The generals in Prague, indeed, felt none of the hardships of war. They lived in safety in a massive building, the windows of which were secured by planks and bulwarks, in the Clementinum, the Jesuits' College; and their well-supplied tables, their social games and amusements, and even the ceremonies of the mass, with which they are reported to have dispelled their mortal ennui, must have formed a strong contrast with the famine in the streets, the exhausted state of the starving garrison, and the prayers of the wretched inhabitants. One might be disposed to regard such accounts as the inventions of national animosity, but Archenholz, who furnishes these particulars, appears to be but too well informed on the subject; for he tells us that the hereditary prince of Modena was an honourable exception to the other generals, by his beneficence and goodness of heart towards the distressed and wounded, and that he deserved by his active piety the blessings and attachment of all the necessitous—a piety widely differing from that of Charles of Lorraine, of whom he only says, that he attended mass every day, and that he neglected to perform none of the external duties of religion. It has even been asserted that, at the very commencement of the blockade, the preservation of the

city, exposed, from the negligence of the garrison, engaged in exercises of penance, to a surprise by the Prussians, was owing solely to the vigilance of a monk. This man is said to have watched from an observatory the movement of a Prussian column towards the north side of the city, and to have given such warning to the Austrians as induced them to take precautions against an attack in that quarter. This anecdote, if authentic, bespeaks at any rate the unparalleled carelessness of the disheartened Austrian army, as well as the daring spirit of the Prussians, who deemed it possible, even in broad day, to surprise a city defended by 50,000 men.

Meanwhile, colonel Mayr, who, in the preceding winter, had raised a partisan corps in Lusatia, set out with his own troops, Kalben's corps, and 200 Szekely hussars, in the whole about 1,500 men, on a daring expedition, which struck no little terror into the princes of South Germany. The news of the battle of Prague, which nearly dissolved the army of execution, followed by the appearance of Prussian troops, who gave themselves out for the advanced guard of a corps of 20,000 men, scattered the diplomatists composing the diet of Ratisbon in all directions. The elector of Bavaria, who had not only urged the expediency of extreme measures against Frederick, but promised to send a separate auxiliary corps to the Austrians, protested against the march of Prussian troops into his dominions. Regardless of his complaints, Mayr destroyed the enemy's magazines in the circle of Pilsen and the Upper Palatinate, levied military contributions wherever he came, even in Nürnberg and Bamberg, broke down

bridges, and did all the mischief he could to the enemies of Prussia. The elector of Bavaria and several other princes sent envoys to Frederick; the whole empire inclined to his side; and the French, staggered by the victory of Prague, might probably have changed their line of politics, had not the king been destined so soon to experience the fickleness of Fortune.

The detention of the Prussian army before Prague was as mortifying to the king as to the inhabitants of that unfortunate city. He lost through it, as in the preceding year at Pirna, valuable time that was not to be retrieved. Threatening intelligence reached him from Westphalia and Prussia: on the one side, 100,000 French were advancing; on the other, the like number of Russians; while marshal Daun, with an army increased to 54,000 men, was at Böhmisch-Brod, and might, with that force, easily raise the blockade of Prague. So early as the 9th of May, Frederick had sent Zieten, with 43 squadrons, to observe the Austrian army, and afterwards detached the duke of Bevern for the same purpose, with a corps which, including Zieten's cavalry, amounted to about 17,000 men. Before this so inferior force, Daun retreated beyond Kollin, and even to Kuttenberg, leaving only 7000 under Nadasdy at the former place. This corps was of course inadequate to the protection of the magazine at Kollin, which, after an unsuccessful action, it was obliged to abandon to the Prussians. Daun, in obedience to his instructions, continued to retreat, and Bevern, reinforced to 24,000 men, drove the Austrian advanced guard from all its positions as far as Kuttenberg.

Frederick, filled with overweening confidence by his

knowledge of the Austrian plan of operations, which had been betrayed to him, and most unaccountably underrating the strength of Daun's corps, which he regarded as numerically inferior to that of Bevern, recommended the offensive to the latter. But, when informed of the real state of things, he was aware that Daun might, by two days' march, place him between two fires and accomplish his destruction. To prevent such a catastrophe, he resolved to take all the troops that could possibly be spared from before Prague, to join Bevern, and to give battle to Daun, a victory over whom must necessarily lead to the surrender of the city. Accordingly, transferring the command of the blockading army to marshal Keith, he set out with 10,000 picked troops to join the corps of the duke of Bevern, and to execute in person those plans for which the latter had not felt himself strong enough.

On the 13th of June, Daun advanced upon Kuttenberg, Bevern fell back to Kollin, and was joined, on the following evening, at Kaurzim, by the king. His army, reinforced by prince Maurice with six battalions and ten squadrons, now amounted to 34,000 men. On the 16th, the imperial general, with an army of 54,000, had encamped in a very strong position at Krichenau, protected by ponds and marshy meadows, which rendered him unassailable. Here Frederick discovered him at noon on the 17th; and, resolving to risk an attack on his left flank, encamped in the evening between Kaurzim and Wrptschau.

On the right of the road, coming from the little town of Kollin, on the left bank of the Elbe, extends a plain farther than the eye can reach. On the left is a gentle

eminence, which, near the village of Chotzemitz, forms a kind of knoll. From the right side of this eminence, when you face it, runs a long deep ravine with precipitous sides, opening, at a considerable distance, into a valley between hills. On the left, also, this eminence subsides into a narrow valley enclosed by steep hills, and in the rear only it gradually slopes to level ground. In the evening of the 17th, Daun changed his position, so that his right wing occupied the above-mentioned knoll, and the rest of his army was covered by the ravine running to the left. Hence, on the morning of the 18th, nothing was to be seen of him, so that it was uncertain what might be his intention. To the king a battle was desirable; he resolved, therefore, to go to Kollin, where he knew that he should find enemies. General Treskow started at five in the morning, with five battalions and twenty squadrons, to open the march and to cover it against the Croats at Planian. He took the village. Zieten followed with four battalions and thirty-five squadrons, and then the rest of the army; while Manteuffel's grenadier battalion was left behind at Kaurzim with the baggage.

From the heights beyond Planian, the king perceived Daun's army most advantageously drawn up in order of battle on the heights behind Chotzemitz. The batteries of his numerous artillery were so placed as to sweep the foot of the heights. Frederick, bent upon a decisive engagement, continued his march along the Emperor's Road to the inn called the Golden Sun, where the army halted at ten in the morning, on account of the intense heat. The cavalry dismounted. The king and all the generals entered the house, and went up stairs to recon-

noitre the enemy's position from the windows of the room on the left. In an hour Frederick opened the door of the opposite room. "I have made the dispositions for battle," said he, to the assembled aides-de-camp. "I have ordered General Hülsen, with seven grenadier battalions, to march forward on the Emperor's Road; the whole army, bearing to the left, is to follow him, to ascend the heights and to endeavour to turn the right wing of the enemy, in order to support Hülsen more effectively. When he has commenced the attack, the cavalry of the left wing is to take a position at a suitable distance in his rear, and not to attack the enemy till he has begun to give way. As the right wing is to refuse, most of its cavalry also is to go to the left wing."

Daun was on the height behind Brzistwy, and guessed the king's intention. He, therefore, reinforced his right wing, so as to form a strong line on a spot where his antagonist expected to find only a weak flank; and he gave orders that the troops should not leave the heights, even if the attack of the Prussians should be repulsed.

It was half past one when Hülsen attacked Krzeczhorz. The king halted the main body of the army to await the result of the attack of the advanced guard, and paid no attention to the remark of prince Maurice that the army ought to continue its march in order to reach the destined point of support of the left wing. Hülsen met with a vigorous resistance, and the king sent three grenadier battalions to strengthen him; but, before their arrival, he had taken the village and seven pieces of cannon. On pushing forward, he found Daun's re-

serve advantageously posted, and waited for the king before he ventured upon a further attack. Frederick was still halting, till he heard that Zieten had driven back and was pursuing Nadasdy. He then gave orders to advance. Prince Maurice again remonstrated. He observed that the movement could not succeed; that the left wing was still too far from the intended point of support; that in this manner it would be impossible to gain the enemy's right flank, but that they would come direct upon his strong front. The king repeated his order, and, as Maurice still remonstrated, Frederick drew his sword, and, with threatening look, angrily asked the prince whether he would obey or not. Accordingly, the infantry marched up opposite to the height of Chotzemitz, nearly parallel to the front of the Imperialists, about 1500 paces from Hülsen. The king immediately ordered the left wing to advance. General Manstein was again instructed not to engage with his brigade and the sixteen squadrons on the right wing; and General Pennavaire was to remain with twenty squadrons at the foot of the height of Brzistwy, till the infantry should have gained an advantage.

In order to reach Hülsen, prince Maurice was obliged, in advancing, to bear to the left, which was difficult under a heavy fire of artillery. Two of Hülsen's grenadier battalions had taken the Oak Wood, and eight others had gained ground upon a great battery situated on the right, which was likewise taken before Maurice came up. The first line of the enemy was giving way; and the battle might possibly have been won, had Zieten and Pennavaire supported Hülsen's efforts. The favourable moment was lost; the Prussian grenadiers were

dislodged from the Oak Wood; and Zieten, attacked by Nadasdy, who had been reinforced, was driven back to Kutlirz. By some, the inactivity of Zieten's troops at this critical moment is ascribed to an accident that befel their commander. These relate that, while the general was encouraging his men to renew the attack, a case-shot from the Austrian batteries grazed his head, and carried away his cap. Insensible from the contusion, he was falling from his horse, when he was caught by a cornet, placed upon another horse, and afterwards in the carriage of prince Maurice, where he recovered his senses and remained till the battle was over.

Meanwhile, just as Hülsen and prince Maurice were making their attack, general Manstein, most unseasonably and contrary to orders, attacked the village of Chotzemitz, thus depriving the left wing, at the decisive moment, of the requisite support, besides crippling the other battalions of the right wing. It was now past three o'clock. Hülsen and prince Maurice maintained most gallantly the height which they had ascended, when two lines of Austrian cavalry appeared upon their left flank; these retired, when Pennavaire at length advanced by command of the king; but his ten squadrons of cuirassiers were in their turn obliged by the fire from the Oak Wood to fall back behind Krzeczhorz.

Seydlitz, in the sequel one of the most distinguished generals of cavalry in the Prussian army, appeared here for the first time at the head of a brigade. By the king's order, he hastened to the support of this point with the regiments of Rochow's cuirassiers and Normann's dragoons, overthrew an Austrian infantry regi-

ment at the first charge, dispersed two of cavalry, and broke into an infantry regiment of the second line and took its colours: but the fire from the Oak Wood, from which the Austrian cavalry advanced upon his left flank, obliged him also to fall back with his exhausted troops behind Krzeczhorz.

Pennavaire brought up his cuirassiers a second time, to support Hülsen's left flank by a bold attack; but; though the king himself was at their head, they were so disheartened that they fled at the first shots fired from the fatal Oak Wood, without halting till they were beyond the Emperor's Road.

It was now four o'clock. The discomfiture of the Prussian cavalry had left Hülsen and prince Maurice to their own unaided efforts on the blood-stained height between the Oak Wood and Chotzemitz. For two hours the brave Prussians had maintained their ground, in spite of the tremendous fire of the enemy. Their ammunition was now expended; and no fresh troops were at hand to relieve them or to keep up the line with the main body of the army, so that, completely isolated, they were exposed every moment to flank attacks.

But if Hülsen was not supported by the rest of the Prussian army, this was owing to the alteration made by the king in his dispositions and the untimely ardour of general Manstein. Instead of making the army proceed further to the left upon the Emperor's Road, Frederick had, after Hülsen's first successes, led his whole force against the Austrian front; and while his brave fellows were there attempting in vain to climb the steep acclivities, he was unable to support Hülsen at the right time. "These attacks," says the Austrian

veteran Cogniazo, "were of no advantage to the enemy, though frequently repeated with all imaginable spirit and intrepidity. I mean not to say that they were baffled chiefly by the far greater bravery of our troops; for it was not very difficult for us to repulse attacks which, under such extraordinary and almost insuperable difficulties of the ground, could not be made but in broken divisions, and without order or combination. Neither the Prussians nor the Austrians can boast that they ever saw the white of each other's eyes. We saw, in fact, nothing but the tin caps shimmering above the high corn; and as often as these brave unfortunate fellows had climbed a third or mid-way up the steep hill with incredible toil, they were received and hurled back again by a regular fire from the infantry, and a tremendous shower of case-shot from the batteries crossing in all directions."

Troops might, it is true, have been drawn from the Prussian right wing for the support of Hülsen, had not these also involved themselves in a most destructive conflict. We have seen that, at the time when Hülsen and prince Maurice were making their attack on the great Austrian battery, Manstein had taken three battalions from the centre to attack the village of Chotzemitz. Captain Varenne, one of the king's aides-de-camp, had observed in riding past the general: "Those Croats ought to be driven out of Chotzemitz." This accidental expression the brave and ambitious Manstein took for an order from the king; and of course not only were more battalions involved in the battle, but the advance of the whole right wing was rendered indispensable: so that these troops were fight-

ing on most unfavourable ground, without the least hope of success, at the critical moment when they were needed in another place. They stormed Chotzemitz, indeed, with great loss, and then Manstein advanced against inaccessible heights, where in the space of an hour he lost 1800 out of 3000 men.

Meanwhile prince Maurice, who strove in vain to restore the communication in the Prussian line of battle, perceived five squadrons of cuirassiers not far from his weakened and exhausted troops. These were sent, after the failure of Seydlitz and Pennavaire, to support the infantry and to make head against the Austrians till succours should arrive. But no sooner had Maurice led them through the intervals of his infantry towards the Austrian grenadiers, than they were saluted with a most furious fire of case-shot, and fled, throwing into confusion the regiments of prince Henry and Bevern, and hurrying them along in their precipitate flight. Taking advantage of this disorder, the Saxon lieutenant-colonel Benkendorf broke in with two squadrons among the Prussian infantry: the other Saxon regiments followed, and attacked in front and rear the fourteen battalions of the Prussian left wing. With a fury increased by the disgrace of Pirna, they cut down the Prussians, disheartened, exhausted, and fleeing in confusion. "This is for Striegau!" they shouted, plying their sabres without mercy—"this for Pirna!"

Frederick, in a state of desperation, had led his cavalry six times against Daun's positions; but as often had it been repulsed. He strove to rally the fugitives. His eyes flashing with indignation, and pointing to the bat-

teries, he exclaimed: "Blackguards, do you expect to live for ever!" His body guard and prince Henry's regiment still continued the conflict after the others had fled. Whenever they were broken, the squares again closed, and the enemy's horse who had penetrated into them paid for their temerity with their lives. But at length the incessant fire levelled whole ranks, so that out of thousands only a few hundred survived. Thus perished the flower of his army, with which he had till then achieved exploits all but miraculous.

Frederick collected on the Emperor's Road a small body of the fugitives. With music playing, he was advancing at the head of forty men towards a battery, in hopes that his example would excite to imitation; but those few forsook him when the enemy's balls began to whiz about their ears. His aides-de-camp alone remained near him. Still he rode on, till major Grant, who had just returned from London as bearer of the news of the victory of Prague, or, according to other accounts, Mitchell, the English ambassador, asked: "Is your majesty going to storm the battery by yourself?" The king halted, reconnoitered the enemy's position once more with the telescope, and then coolly rode off to the left wing to give the duke of Bevern orders for the retreat.

Convinced that the battle was irretrievably lost, the king sent for the duke of Bevern and prince Maurice, and directed them to lead the retreating army through the pass of Planian to Nimburg, and there to cross the Elbe. He himself, accompanied by his garde du corps, rode forward for that place. But, before the troops could be withdrawn from the field of battle, another

sanguinary conflict took place. Daun had ordered his left wing to proceed to Brzesan; and the Prussians of the right wing under Bevern, listening only to the suggestions of their valour, fell upon the enemy, in spite of the most tremendous cannonade. The regiment of the guard alone lost 24 officers and 475 men, and the regiments of Maurice and Kalkstein, 2,100. The heroic regiment of Meinecke dragoons charged eight times, and though it was almost entirely destroyed, it saved the infantry, which was enabled to quit the field while it kept the Austrian cavalry in check. About seven o'clock this wing left the field, without being pursued, but in great confusion. Seydlitz and Pennavaire had retired along the Austrian front to Planian, and the left wing retreated to the same place. Zieten alone, having repulsed three attacks by Nadasdy, kept his ground on the field of battle till night, when he too retired unmolested.

The loss of the Prussians on this disastrous day exceeded 13,000 men, including 326 excellent officers, and the flower of their infantry, besides 45 pieces of cannon and 22 pair of colours; but their greatest loss was that of confidence in their own strength and invincibility. The conqueror lost only 8,110 men.

Frederick himself appeared overwhelmed with despondency. When he beheld the remnant of his fine regiment of guards, which was reduced to 250 men, the tears came into his eyes. "My lads," said he, with forced cheerfulness, "you have had a sad day of it; but only have patience; I will make amends for all." In stopping to water the weary horses in the way to Nimburg, the king first felt the want of refreshment. An old

horseman, with wounds yet bleeding, took up some water with his hat, and handing it to the king, said: "Drink, your majesty. After all, a battle is but a battle. But 'tis well you are alive. God Almighty is alive too, and he can give us the victory another day." Frederick looked kindly at the man and drank out of the hat; he then pursued his way to Nimburg. On another occasion, a grenadier comforted the king in this manner: "What signifies it if the empress has for once gained a victory! The devil will not fetch us the sooner for that."

On reaching Nimburg, he was seen seeking a resting-place where he might reflect undisturbed on his situation. Seated on the side of a well, lost in thought, he was found drawing figures with his stick in the sand. Like Marius of old on the ruins of Carthage, Frederick here mused over the fortunes of his country. All the hopes of a speedy peace, generated by his previous successes, were destroyed at one blow. But his countenance soon displayed the expression of a tranquillity of mind, which failed not to have a beneficial influence on those about him; and when he rose with cheerful look and issued his orders, any one would have taken him for the victor instead of the vanquished. "I conclude," says Walpole, in one of his letters at this time, "the next we hear of him will be a great victory; if he sets at night in a defeat, he always rises next morning in a triumph."

While Frederick was thus engaged in the field, his enemies were busy in the cabinet planning the division of his dominions among them and other territorial changes. On the 1st of May, a secret treaty between

Austria and France was concluded and signed, the principal stipulations of which were these.

France shall furnish 105,000 men and 10,000 Bavarian and Wirtemberg troops as an auxiliary force to the empress Maria Theresa.

It shall pay to Austria a yearly subsidy of twelve million livres.

It guarantees to Austria the restitution of Silesia, the county of Glatz, the principality of Crossen, and the addition of such districts as are suitably situated for the empress.

The duchy of Magdeburg, the principality of Halberstadt, and the circle of the Saal, were promised to the king of Poland, as elector of Saxony, by way of indemnity for the losses sustained from the invasion of the king of Prussia; and that king was moreover to be obliged to cede Hither Pomerania and his Westphalian provinces.

Austria, on her part, promised, as soon as she should be in possession of Silesia and the other provinces assigned to her, to cede to France in the Netherlands the principalities of Chimay and Beaumont, the towns of Ostend, Nieuport, Ypres, Furnes, Mons, Fort Knoque, and a district of a league round it.

In like manner, the empress ceded to the Infant Don Philip, duke of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, all the rest of the so-called Austrian Netherlands, with the exception of the duchy of Luxemburg, where the fortress was to be demolished at the expense of France.

Don Philip, on the other hand, ceded the above-mentioned duchies to the court of Vienna.

Such were the gains which, in the confidence of their strength, Frederick's powerful foes reckoned upon making by their league to crush him. We shall see how soon the indomitable spirit, skill, and perseverance of the man whom they had in imagination already trampled in the dust, baffled their united efforts, and compelled them to abate their ambitious pretensions.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Campaign of 1757 continued—Dejection of the Prussian Army after its defeat at Kollin—The King proceeds to Prague and raises the Blockade, —Despatch of Sir Andrew Mitchell, relative to the disaster at Kollin—Letter from the King to Lord Marischal on the same subject—Exultation at Vienna—Death of General Manstein—The Austrian General, Loudon—Death of the Queen-mother—Grief of Frederick.—Extracts from Letters of his to d'Argens—Letters from the Margravine of Bayreuth to Voltaire—Duplicity and Malignity of the latter—Disastrous Retreat of the Prince of Prussia from Bohemia through Lusatia—Destruction of Zittau—Displeasure of Frederick with his Brother—Narrative of the latter—He retires from the Army—His Death and Character.

Extreme was the dismay of the whole Prussian army after the defeat at Kollin: the spell of its invincibility was broken. The troops, especially the infantry, who had lost 12,000 out of 18,000 men, marched in sullen silence across the Elbe to Lissa, whence they were to continue their retreat to Prague. Their baggage was saved by colonel Manteuffel, through the negligence of Daun, who, though he had proved himself an able general during the battle, knew not how to follow up his victory. Instead of pursuing active measures for the total destruction of his beaten adversary, he contented himself with returning to his old camp at Krichenau, and singing Te Deum for his glorious victory. Many of the Prussians, nevertheless, abandoned their colours, and quitted an army which they deemed devoted to ruin. In the night after the battle, nine hundred deserters presented themselves at the Austrian

advanced posts, and the army before Prague lost, in like manner, one thousand men in a single night.

Frederick, leaving the relics of his garde du corps in Alt-Bunzlau, arrived before Prague on the 19th of June, and was still so low-spirited that he was obliged to leave the necessary preparations for retreat to his brother, prince Henry. In the blockading corps the news of the disaster had produced the utmost consternation. "I was witness," says Retzow, "of the extraordinary dismay of all the generals assembled there. They, who were wont to be so proud of their own valour and the discipline of their troops, could scarcely disguise their feelings. A silence of some minutes was the sure sign of extreme despondency: the prince of Prussia alone, otherwise so mild in disposition, broke out into loud lamentations over the conduct of his royal brother." The prince had been adverse to the war from the first. He hated in Winterfeld one of its prime movers, and would have been glad if Frederick had not relinquished his alliance with France. So far back as in October, 1756, he wrote to the marquis de Valori, the French ambassador in Berlin, that "his children would probably be the victims of these injudicious measures:" and now he expressed his apprehensions loudly and unreservedly. Officious persons reported his words to the king, who withdrew his confidence entirely from his brother.

Frederick at first attributed his disaster to prince Maurice, to general Manstein, and to disobedience to his orders. On the Sunday after the battle, in the camp at Leitmeritz, Küster, chaplain to the staff, was directed not only to employ in his sermon all the rational arguments of religion to raise the depressed courage of

the troops, but also to reprove most unsparingly both officers and privates who had behaved ill on the day of battle for neglect of their duty. At the same time, colonel Balbi intimated to the chaplain that an accurate report would be made to the king of the manner in which this order was fulfilled. The task was none of the easiest, as this sermon was to be delivered in the tent of prince Maurice, who immediately afterwards vindicated himself in such a manly and straightforward manner, that in less than an hour the guard of honour, which had been withdrawn from him, was restored.

"The king," writes Sir Andrew Mitchell, in his despatch to his court, "ascribes the loss of the battle to the ardour of his troops, who, contrary to his orders, attacked the enemy in front: for, according to his directions, the Prussian left wing alone should have attacked the right of the Austrians in flank. This was done with great success: the Prussians took some batteries, advanced two hundred paces beyond them, gained the enemy's flank, and threw them into great confusion. The king's intention was, in case of emergency, to draw troops from his right wing to his left; and if the former had remained in the position assigned to it, it would have kept the Austrian left wing in check, so that it could not have acted. But the good effect of these dispositions was totally frustrated by the ardour of his troops in the centre. When these perceived the success of the left wing, they were desirous to participate in the victory which they considered as certain, and attacked a village, situated a little to the left of the Austrian centre. They took it; and thus the whole Prussian right wing was drawn into the fight, and ex-

posed to the fire of the batteries..... Unaccustomed to reverses, the king probably relied too much on his good fortune. Eight victories that he had won—so he himself admitted—had given him a notion that the Austrians might be dislodged from the most advantageous positions; and, in fact, any one must be more than man if, after such a series of victories, he could be wholly free from presumption."

On cool consideration, the king discovered and acknowledged that he was himself in fault. Three days after the battle, he thus writes to Lord Marischal in Neufchatel: "The imperial grenadiers are admirable troops. One hundred companies defended a height which my best infantry could not take. Ferdinand, who led it, made seven attacks, but in vain. The first time, he gained possession of a battery, but could not keep it. The enemy had the advantage of a numerous and well-served artillery, with which the Prussian alone is capable of competing. I had too few infantry. All my cavalry were present, and stood by inactive, excepting a single attack, which I made with the horse and some pieces of cannon. Ferdinand advanced without firing; so much the less did the enemy spare their fire. They had two heights, two redoubts, and an astonishing artillery. Some of my regiments were entirely destroyed. Henry performed prodigies. I trembled for my worthy brothers. They are too bold. In truth, I must have more infantry. Success, my dear lord, frequently inspires us with a dangerous confidence. Twenty-three battalions were not sufficient to drive 60,000 men from an advantageous position. I shall know better another time. Fortune on that day turned her back

upon me. It was no more than I might have expected: she is a female, and I am not galant. She declared herself for the ladies who are at war with me. What say you to the league against the margrave of Brandenburg? How the great Frederick William would be astonished, if he could see his great grandson battling it with the Russians, the Austrians, almost all the Germans, and a hundred thousand French to boot! I know not whether it will be a disgrace to me to be conquered; but this I know, that there will be no honour in having conquered me."

The same sentiment is expressed by Voltaire when alluding to the contest in which the Prussian monarch was engaged. "Louis XIV. has been admired," he says, "for having resisted the united force of Germany, England, Italy, and Holland; but we have seen in our days an event incomparably more extraordinary than that—a margrave of Brandenburg alone, and single-handed, making a successful resistance against Austria, France, Russia, Sweden, and the greater part of Germany. This is a prodigy, which can be attributed only to the discipline of the troops and the superiority of the general who commands them. Chance may gain a single battle: but when a weak power resists so many strong ones for the space of seven years, and in an open country, and is able to repair the greatest reverses, this cannot be the work of good-fortune. It is, indeed, in this point that the war of which we are about to treat differed from all that had hitherto desolated the world."

Great was the exultation in Vienna for the victory of Kollin. Entertainments, illuminations, medals, promo-

tions, and increase of pay, expressed the joy of the court and the people at the discomfiture of their foe, to whom they hoped this stroke would prove fatal. In honour of the victory, the empress founded the order of Maria Theresa, as a reward for valour; and marshal Daun was directed to make such promotions in the army as he thought fit.

On the 20th of June the blockade of Prague was raised. The unfortunate inhabitants, after a great part of their city had been destroyed, and the calamities of war had been aggravated to the utmost, beheld the enemy march away from their entrenchments in the best order, without any particular loss, excepting that of the wounded and deserters. That portion of the army under the king himself proceeded without molestation to join the corps of the duke of Bevern near Lissa. Marshal Keith, who did not quit his camp before Prague till the afternoon of the same day, was pursued by duke Charles, and in a warm action with him had 400 men killed and wounded. When the king was quitting the corps of the duke of Bevern, he left general Winterfeld as superior in command to the duke. The general asked for a reinforcement. "In my opinion," rejoined the king, "the army is strong enough: do not *you* command them." At his departure, he rode away to a little distance, then suddenly turned back, leaped from his horse, and said to Winterfeld: "I had almost forgotten to leave you your instructions. I have nothing more to say than—Take care of yourself for my sake."

The next concern of Frederick was to recruit the beaten army left at Nimburg under the command of

prince Maurice. The king thereupon led one part of his force to Leitmeritz; the other, which encamped on the 27th at Jung-Bunzlau, on the right bank of the Iser, was expressly ordered not to fall back any further upon Zittau. The command of this corps was transferred on the 29th to the prince of Prussia. In this position the Prussian army remained three whole weeks waiting to see what steps the enemy would take.

Daun and duke Charles meanwhile continued inactive in their respective positions, and it was not till eight days after the victory which they neglected to follow up, that they united their forces in the vicinity of Prague. Their light-troops, under Nadasdy and Loudon, then ventured on some petty enterprises—the former chiefly aiming at intercepting the communication between the two Prussian camps, about forty miles distant from each other; the latter scouring the high roads. While thus engaged, Loudon fell in with general Manstein, whose left arm had been shattered in the battle by a musket-ball, and thirty other wounded officers, proceeding by the king's command from Leitmeritz to Dresden. They had arrived on the 27th of June, under an escort of 200 Saxons, at Welmina, when they were met by Loudon and his Pandours. They might perhaps have effected their retreat to Leitmeritz; but Manstein was weary of a life which, after the fault that he had committed, held out no very agreeable prospect. Determined to defend himself to the last extremity, he ordered the convoy to draw up on the next height. The Pandours appeared, and the escort, unwilling to risk their lives for a few Prussians, ran away. Manstein prepared to defend himself; and, as

he would not hear of surrender, he was cut down by the Pandours.

Laudon, or Loudon, whose name will hereafter appear among the most conspicuous of the Austrian generals, was of Scottish extraction, but born in Livonia. He entered the Russian army, and had seen a good deal of service, when he was dismissed with the rank of captain. During the first Silesian war he obtained a commission in Trenk's Pandours. He fought in Bavaria and on the Rhine, at Hohenfriedberg and Sorr, but, having incurred the enmity of his commander, was obliged to quit the Austrian service, on which he denounced Trenk, and caused him to be confined in a fortress, where he died. After living many years in poverty and obscurity, Loudon obtained a majority in a Croatian regiment, married, and embraced the Catholic religion. He next became lieutenant-colonel of the light troops sent to the assistance of the army of the empire. Arriving in Browne's camp the day after the battle of Lowositz, he had the fortune, on the 8th of October, with 800 Croats, to surprise the Prussian major Strozzy, with a detachment of green hussars, who lost a number of men killed and horses taken. This was the first successful attempt of the Austrians against the Prussians, and opened the career of glory to the enterprising commander. After the battle of Kollin, he was promoted to be major-general: his commission fell into the hands of Frederick, who forwarded it to him with a most flattering letter of congratulation.

The defeat at Kollin was the commencement of a series of misfortunes, which deeply afflicted the Prussian monarch. While encamped at Leitmeritz, he received

intelligence of the death of his adored mother, on the 28th of June, at Mon Bijou. Frederick had, as we have seen, always manifested the fondest affection for this princess, and lightened her widowhood by the most dutiful attentions. His grief for her loss was, therefore, expressed in every possible way. "The king," writes Sir Andrew Mitchell, on the 2nd of July, "has seen nobody since the arrival of the mournful tidings, and I hear that he is deeply afflicted. His sorrow is certainly sincere, for never did man give more proofs of duty and affection than he has shown to his mother on every occasion, and never did mother more deserve the love of all her children." Again he writes on the 4th of July: "The king sent for me yesterday; it was the first time that he spoke to any one since the news of his mother's death. I was deeply touched to see how he indulged his grief, and gave way to the most tender, filial sentiments, while calling to mind the manifold obligations which he owed to his mother, how she suffered, how she bore her sufferings, how much good she did to every body, and what a comfort it was to him that he had contributed to make the latter part of her life easy and agreeable." In the later years of his own life, the king often recurred to this painful subject. In 1779, in a conversation with Garve on happiness, he asserted that he had experienced, in his time, the acutest sorrows of the heart, "adding," says Garve, "in a tone of kindness and familiarity more affecting than I had known him use in any of his conversations with me, 'Did you know what I felt, for instance, at the death of my mother, you would see that I have been unhappy as any other, and more unhappy than others, because I have

had more sensibility.'" In his works, also, Frederick has erected monuments of gratitude to his mother.

The manifold afflictions of this period are painfully expressed in his letters to d'Argens. "Consider, my dear marquis," he writes to him in June from Leitmeritz, "that man is more sensitive than rational. I have read the third canto of Lucretius over and over again; and have found nothing in it but the necessity of evil and the insufficiency of the remedy. The alleviation of my sorrows lies in the daily business that I am obliged to go through, and in the incessant occupations which the number of my enemies imposes upon me. Had I been killed at Kollin, I should now be in a port where I should have no more storms to fear. Now I must be tossed upon a tempestuous sea, till some small spot in the universe affords me that ease which I have not been able to find in this world. Farewell, my friend. I wish you health and every kind of happiness that I have not."

Again he writes to the same friend from Leitmeritz on the 19th of July: "Look upon me, my dear marquis, as a wall in which, for two years past, Fate has been battering a breach. I am shaken on all sides. Domestic misfortunes, private sorrows, public distresses, fresh impending annoyances—such is my daily bread. Do not imagine, however, that I shall give way to them. Were all the elements to be dissolved, I would bury myself under their ruins with the same coolness that I am at this moment writing to you. In such trying times, one must provide one's-self with bowels of iron and heart of brass, in order to divest one's-self of all sensibility. Now is the time for stoicism. At this moment the poor disciples of Epicurus would not have a word to say for

their philosophy. The next month will be a terrible one, and very decisive for my poor country. I, for my part—firmly resolved to save or to perish with it—have contracted a way of thinking suitable for such times and circumstances. Our situation is to be compared only with the times of a Marius, a Sylla, the triumvirates, and the most cruel and atrocious scenes of the civil wars. You are too far distant to form any conception of the crisis in which we find ourselves, and of the horrors which surround us. Consider, I beseech you, the exceedingly dear persons that I have successively lost, and the adversities that I see advancing with hasty strides. What is wanting to place me completely in the situation of tormented Job? My otherwise weakly constitution withstands these storms, I myself know not how; and I am astonished at my own endurance in situations which, three years ago, I could not have contemplated without shuddering. This is indeed a letter in which you will find little joy and little consolation; but I pour out my whole heart, and write more to ease it than to entertain you. Philosophy, my friend, is good for alleviating past and future evils, but it falls short when employed against the present."

Before I return to the events of the war, I must advert to the margravine of Bayreuth, the beloved sister of Frederick, whose letters to Voltaire express in the liveliest manner the impression made by that unlucky day and its results on the female relatives of the king, but at the same time the generous sympathy which they felt for him. On the 19th of August she writes: "I am in a frightful situation, and shall not survive the ruin of my house and family. That is the only comfort

which is left me. You will have some fine subjects for tragedies." On the 12th of September, she pens this doubly beautiful testimony: "Nothing is left me but to follow the destiny of the king, if it is unfortunate. I have never pretended to be a philosopher; but I have done my best to become one. The little progress that I have made has taught me to despise grandeur and wealth; but I have found in philosophy nothing that can heal the wounds of the heart, excepting the means of ridding ourselves of our troubles by parting with life. The state in which I am at present is worse than death. I see the greatest man of the age, my brother, my friend, exposed to the greatest danger. I see my whole family exposed to storms and perils, my native land torn in pieces by a ruthless foe, and the country in which I live threatened, perhaps, with similar danger. O that Heaven would visit me alone with all the evils that I am here describing to you! I would endure them with fortitude."

And how did Frederick find his friends in these days of adversity—Finckenstein, Winterfeld, countess Camas, d'Alembert, but above all d'Argens? all faithful and sympathizing. At the head of the traitors must be placed Voltaire. The former exchange of ideas between him and the king was too gratifying to both not to have been long since renewed, but the arrow still rankled in the wound of the poet; he did homage to the conqueror of Prague, after he had enlisted with his pasquinades under the banners of the foes of Prussia. On the 13th of September, 1756, he thus wrote to count d'Argental: "Madame Denis hopes that 24,000 French will soon pass through Frankfurt; she will recommend to them a

certain Monsieur Freytag, the agent of the Solomon of the North, who at times takes it into his head to order soldiers with fixed bayonets into a lady's bed-chamber. I wish marshal Richelieu commanded this army. After the French have beaten the English, they will surely be able to overthrow the ranks of the Vandals."

A similar vein of gall and venom runs through all his letters to Richelieu himself; for instance, that of the 6th of October, 1756, in which he relates that Frederick invited him to Prussia four months before, holding out to him, at the same time, magnificent promises. On the 10th of October, he wishes to inform the marquise de Pompadour, through Richelieu, that the king was not accustomed to pay her any compliments, but that Maria Theresa had a month before spoken of her in terms of the highest praise. Nay, more—in a letter to Richelieu, of the 1st of November, he boasts of having invented a destructive machine to be employed against Frederick's army. To the margravine of Bayreuth he nevertheless wrote, on the 8th of February, 1757: "The king, your brother, has had the goodness to write me a letter, in which he assures me of his gracious favour. My heart has always loved him, my mind has always admired him, and I believe that I shall admire him still more. The empress of Russia wishes to have me in Petersburg, to write the life of Peter I.; but Peter I. is no longer the greatest man of this age, and I will not go to a country whose army the king, your brother, will beat.—I know not whether the ministerial change in France has yet reached your royal highness. It is believed that the abbé de Bernis will have the greatest confidence. You see what comes of writing pretty verses."

A tone of enmity to Frederick pervades likewise all Voltaire's letters to d'Alembert. They show no sympathy with his misfortunes; nay, on the 6th of December, 1757, he writes—"He will lose his own dominions, together with the countries which he has conquered." He had, in fact, had the insolence to prepare the king for cessions, and to offer him comfort on the prospect of being obliged to submit to them. Hypocritical friendship is indeed occasionally expressed by his pen, but his heart had no share in it: for, at the same time that the king was dedicating to him his best poems, on existence and non-existence, and on the duties of princes, he was thus writing to d'Argental: "I have enjoyed the revenge of consoling the king of Prussia, and that satisfies me. He beats and is beaten, and will be ruined, without a new miracle. It were better for him to be a philosopher, as he boasted of being." Lastly, with the malignity of a demon, he calls the king, in all his letters written after the 12th of December, either to d'Alembert or to other acquaintance throughout all France, nothing but Luc, in allusion to an odious charge against Frederick, probably of his own fabrication, which it is impossible for me even to hint at.

The two imperial generals, after uniting their forces, agreed to direct them against the corps of the prince of Prussia, which was destined for the defence of Silesia and Lusatia, and which we left encamped at Jung-Bunzlau. On the first of July they crossed the Elbe; Nadasdy was already within five miles of the Prussian camp. Unable to resist the superior force of the enemy, the prince was obliged to fall back, which he did, but not by the direct road to Zittau, according to the inten-

tions of his royal brother. At Böhmisch-Leipa he took a strong position behind the Pulsnitz, while Zittau and Gabel were occupied by several battalions. On the 14th of July, Daun and duke Charles, having crossed the Iser, advanced to Niemes, within five miles of the left flank of the prince of Prussia, which they turned and gained a day's march towards Gabel. Here was posted general Puttkammer, with four battalions and 500 hussars, to protect the convoys coming from the magazines at Zittau to the Prussian army. Having defended himself with the greatest obstinacy for three days against the attacks of 20,000 men, he was obliged, as no relief arrived, to surrender, with his detachment of 2000 and seven pieces of cannon. After the loss of this position, the prince could not maintain his ground at Leipa. To prevent the capture of his magazines, he was forced to continue his retreat to Zittau by circuitous routes of such difficulty that the loss of the baggage was inevitable. Many of the troops, exhausted by efforts, privations, and hardships, fell ill on the march; others forsook their colours in sight of the enemy. The army was five days in advancing less than 25 English miles; for, in the hills of Lusatia, the roads were so narrow that the waggon-train was obliged to halt every moment. Besides, hourly actions were taking place with the light troops of the enemy. The drivers of the train unharnessed the horses, broke in pieces the pontoons and baggage-waggons, and blocked up the way against the artillery which followed, till it could be cleared again with great labour. More than 2000 men deserted in this short distance; the provision-carriages, all the pontoons, and even many of the ammunition-waggons were lost,

and the last spark of confidence was of course extinguished.

When arrived on the 22d before Zittau, they found the enemy already posted on the Eckartsberg, and took a strong position opposite to them. General Schmettau had succeeded in throwing himself into the town, and in despatching, with Winterfeld's assistance, a convoy of provisions to the famished Prussians. Schmettau had again quitted the place, leaving there colonel Dierecke, with four battalions. The main army of the Austrians at length arrived on the 23d, and bombarded the town so violently that they set it on fire, and in a short time four-fifths of the houses, including the Prussian magazine, were reduced to ashes. Colonel Dierecke defended the place till the destruction of the magazine had rendered it of no value; and, unable to endure the excessive heat caused by the conflagration, he would have retired, but, through the treachery of a Saxon battalion, which opened the gates to the Austrians, he was made prisoner with 250 pioneers. The rest of his men effected their escape and joined the Prussian army.

Zittau was at this time the next most important commercial town to Leipzig in the Saxon dominions. It was the seat of many manufactures, and its destruction is considered an act of wanton cruelty on the part of duke Charles, as it possessed scarcely any means of defence. The damage done by it to Saxon subjects was estimated at ten millions of dollars; while the Prussians lost provisions sufficient for the supply of 40,000 men for three weeks.

The prince of Prussia now proceeded without molestation, by slow marches, to Bautzen. The disasters

which he had experienced called the king to his support. Having crossed the Elbe at Pirna, and there left prince Maurice, with 10,000 men, to protect Dresden against Loudon, he marched with the rest of his force to join his brother at Bautzen, where he arrived on the 29th of July. Frederick treated the prince, to whose blunders and incapacity he attributed the losses which he had sustained, with unmitigated contempt, and the generals of his corps came in for their share of the royal indignation. General Warnery, who himself belonged to the corps of the prince, and cannot be reckoned a panegyrist of the king's, calls this retreat "one of the most disastrous that ever was made; that cost more than a battle, merely because it was conducted contrary to all rules and to common sense. It deprived the Prussian army of more than 10,000 men." Perhaps this may moderate the censure that we might be disposed to pass upon Frederick's anger, though we may acquit the prince for having, contrary to better conviction, by the express command of the king, tarried too long in Bohemia, and consider him chargeable only with having, on false reports that the Emperor's Road was intercepted, marched in a curve along narrow, stony, hollow ways, allowing the enemy to get before him by the direct route.

The account given by the prince himself of the conduct of Frederick on this occasion is interesting.

"About ten o'clock, the king came to the right wing of our army. He was accompanied by the life-guard and some quarter-masters, whom he directed to mark out the camp for the regiments which he had brought with him. I mounted my horse and went to him, with dukes Augustus William of Bevern and Frederick of

Wirtemberg, and the principal generals. As soon as the king saw us, he turned his horse, and continued for a quarter of an hour in that position. But at length he was obliged to turn about, to make way for the quartermasters. I went up to him to pay my respects. He said not a word, neither did he condescend to look at me, and hardly took off his hat. The duke of Bevern and the other generals were no better received. He called general von der Goltz, and said to him—'Tell my brother and all his generals, that were I to do what is right, I should have all their heads off!' This was a most unpleasant compliment. Some of the generals were disconcerted, others piqued, and these last made a joke of the matter. I learned that the king had forbidden the regiments which he had brought with him to hold any intercourse with those under my command, alleging that my officers and soldiers had lost all courage and all sense of honour. He drove from his presence general Schulze, whom I had sent to him for the parole for my army. And when I carried him myself the lists and reports of the army, he snatched them out of my hand and turned his back upon me. General Schmettau received orders to keep out of the king's sight, and to go with the first opportunity to Dresden. After this degrading treatment, I resolved to leave the camp and to go to Bautzen. Next morning I wrote the following letter to the king:—

"'My dear brother—The letters you have written to me and the reception which I yesterday experienced, sufficiently indicate that in your opinion I have lost honour and reputation. This grieves without humbling me, as I have nothing to reproach myself with. I am

certain that I have not acted from obstinacy. Neither did I follow the advice of persons incapable of giving good counsel, but have done all that I thought most beneficial for the army. All your generals will do me this justice. I deem it useless to solicit you to let my conduct be investigated—for that would be doing me a favour. Of course I must not expect it. My health is impaired by the fatigues of war, and still more by vexation. I have taken lodgings in the town to recruit myself. I have requested the Duke of Bevern to lay before you the reports of the army. He can explain every thing. Be assured, my dear brother, that notwithstanding the misfortune which bows me down, but which I have not deserved, I shall never cease to be devoted to the state, and, as a faithful member of it, my joy will be perfect when I hear of the happy issue of your enterprises.'

"The king gave me the following answer in his own handwriting:—'My dear brother—Your misconduct has been extremely injurious to my affairs. It is not the enemy, but your vicious measures, that occasion all my vexation. My generals are inexcusable, whether they gave you such bad advice or suffered you to take such injudicious resolutions. Your ears are accustomed only to hear the words of flatterers. Daun did not flatter you, and you see the consequences. In this melancholy situation, I have nothing left me but to prepare myself for the utmost extremity. I will fight, and if we cannot conquer, we will all perish together. I complain not of your heart, but of your incapacity and your want of judgment to choose the best means. He who has but few days to live needs not dissemble. I wish you

more prosperity than I have had, and that all the misfortunes and unpleasant circumstances which have befallen you may teach you to manage important matters with more care, reason, and resolution. The greater part of the disasters which I foresee proceed from you alone. You and your children will suffer from them more than I shall. Be assured, nevertheless, that I have ever loved you, and that in these sentiments I shall die.'

"I thought it best not to make any reply to this letter, but requested permission, through colonel Lentulus, to go to Dresden. The king answered that I might go wherever I pleased."

Thus ended the military career of Prince Augustus William, eldest brother of the king, and heir presumptive to the crown of Prussia. After living some time at Dresden, the unfortunate prince went, at the beginning of October, to Leipzig, and then retired to Oranienburg, his residence near Berlin, where he died on the 12th of June, 1758, deeply lamented and respected by his brother Henry and those officers of the army who were united by a particular bond of attachment; whereas, the party of Winterfeld and Fouqué were implicitly devoted to the sovereign. Not even the tidings of his death seem to have reconciled Frederick with his brother, who, though no doubt deeply mortified by the treatment which he experienced from the king, is erroneously said by some to have died of a broken heart; for the surgeons who opened his body found all the nobler parts in a perfect state, but on the left side of the head six ounces of extravasated blood. In 1744, during the siege of Prague, his head had been hurt by

a fall from his horse, and since that time he had frequently complained of pain on that side of the head which had received the injury. An army surgeon, named Puchterl, was the only medical attendant of the prince till the end of May, 1758, when the derangement of the stomach by ewes' milk, pancakes, and cherries, and the accession of a tertian fever, caused doctors Meckel and Muzel, the two most eminent physicians in Berlin, to be called in. They entertained very different views respecting his complaint. Their report calls the dangerous fall a secondary cause of death, though Meckel thought nothing of it; and the medicinal councillor Augustin, who published a highly interesting statement of the case, is of opinion that the prince died through the skill of the doctors.

The king, when he heard of the death of his brother Augustus William, appeared to be little more reconciled to him than at first. When lieutenant Hagen, the prince's aide-de-camp, brought him the melancholy tidings, Frederick coldly asked: "What disorder was it that my brother died of?" "Grief has shortened the prince's life," replied the officer. The king turned his back upon him. Hagen was remanded to the regiment from which he had been taken at the commencement of the war, and fell at Burkersdorf.

The prince of Prussia was rather tall than short, and well made: he was a capital horseman, excelled on the violoncello, and was fond of painting, in which he received instructions from Pesne. The sciences, especially mathematics and metaphysics, had improved his mind, and the works of the best writers his taste. Noble manners and virtues rendered him a universal favourite.

We have seen how desirous his father was to divert the crown from the head of his eldest son and to appoint Augustus William his successor; and he created for him, in 1731, the dignity of stadtholder of Pomerania, which has since devolved to each succeeding heir to the throne of Prussia. He served, during the Silesian wars, so much to the satisfaction of his royal brother, that Frederick dedicated to him, in 1751, his Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg; and in that dedication he expressed with touching fondness, in the face of the whole world, the high hopes which he cherished of the heir to his crown. Augustus William, whose consort it will be recollected was sister to Frederick's queen, left three children—Frederick William, the successor of the great king; Henry, the especial favourite of the latter; and Wilhelmine, married to the Stadtholder of Holland. Another prince, born after his death, lived but a few months. Frederick selected his own old preceptor, marshal Kalkstein, to superintend the education of the other two sons, and on the 21st of June, 1758, he thus wrote to him from the camp at Prosnitz: "My dear marshal, a series of misfortunes, which has pursued me for some years past, has bereft me of my brother, whom I fondly loved, notwithstanding the vexation that he occasioned me."

Much of that unsparing rigour with which Frederick treated his brother must undoubtedly be ascribed to his personal situation at the time and its influence upon his temper. He was certainly wrong in imposing upon the prince a task to the performance of which perhaps none but his own powers were adequate. We have seen how keenly he was affected by his mother's death,

which happened only ten days after the disastrous battle of Kollin; and the subsequent reverses of his armies were not likely either to raise his spirits, to allay irritation, or to bespeak indulgence. Only five weeks back the empress had trembled in her capital; now her proclamations were calling upon the people of Silesia to submit again to her sceptre. That province was unprotected; new enemies were arming on all sides, and of his own troops Frederick had lost 50,000 in four months. The bravest of them had fallen before Prague and at Kollin; the survivors were disheartened; while hostile forces, advancing on two opposite sides, threatened to wrest from him his hereditary dominions and Saxony. Great allowance must therefore be made for the king, if, under these trying circumstances, he did manifest undue acrimony against his unfortunate brother; especially when it is known that in this time of tribulation he more than once expressed his determination not to survive his ruin, and wrote these memorable words:

"Pour moi, menacé du naufrage,
Je dois, en affrontant l'orage,
Penser, vivre, et mourir en Roi."

"Let tempests threat, impending ruin lower,
Still be it mine as king to think, live, die!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

Campaign of 1757 continued—Military Operations in Western Germany—Action at Hastenbeck—Retreat of the Duke of Cumberland—Convention of Kloster-Zeven—The Russians enter Prussia—Battle of Gross-Jägersdorf—Retreat of the Russians—Their savage excesses—The Swedes overrun Pomerania—Marshal Lehwald retakes nearly all their conquests—Frederick advances from Lusatia against Daun—Intercepted Correspondence of the Queen of Poland—The King transfers his Army to the Duke of Bevern, and marches against the French and the Troops of the Empire—Action at Jäkelberg, and death of Winterfeld—Grief of the King for the loss of that Officer—His firmness—Seydlitz surprises the French at Gotha—Occupation of Berlin by the Austrians and Russians—Noble sentiment of the Duke de Crillon—Battle of Rossbach—Defeat and flight of the French—Courtesy of the King to the Prisoners—Wanton barbarity of the French—Extracts from Letters of Frederick's, relative to his situation—Effects of the Victory of Rossbach.

While Frederick was scarcely able to make head against the Austrian force alone, his two other formidable foes were advancing to overwhelm him. A French army of 100,000 men, penetrating into Germany on the north-west, had taken possession of Cleves, Wesel, and East Friesland, in the beginning of April. Their principal rendezvous was Cologne. Here count d'Etrées, the ablest of marshal Saxe's pupils, arrived early in May, and encamped on the 26th, with his whole force, near Münster. The duke of Cumberland, who had collected the allied troops at Bielefeld, with instructions to protect the electorate of Hanover, retreated before the French across the Weser, and left d'Etrées master of all Hesse. At length, on the 26th of July, the two armies met near the village of Hastenbeck, south-eastward of Hameln; and, though the hereditary prince of Brunswick and the Hanoverian colonel von Breitenbach

had won the victory, the duke would not keep his ground, but relinquished the field of battle to the beaten enemy, and continued his retreat to Stade, on which the French exultingly took possession of the territories of Hanover and Brunswick.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that at Hastenbeck neither of the hostile commanders seems to have been seriously desirous of gaining laurels. While the one was intent only on running away, the other showed no disposition to do any thing at all. It was not till d'Etrées received hints from his friends in Paris, that if he meant to earn any fame he had no time to lose, as the duke de Richelieu was already appointed to supersede him, that the equivocal victory was in a manner forced upon him; and, on the 7th of August, the new commander arrived at Münden to reap the convenient fruits of it. Richelieu immediately detached the prince de Soubise, a favourite of the king's mistress, the marquise de Pompadour, with 25,000 men to Erfurt, to join the army of the empire, and to drive the Prussians out of Saxony, while he himself pursued Cumberland, who fled without stopping, to Stade.

The tide of war had now rolled so near to the Danish territory, that the court of Copenhagen could not expect a more favourable occasion either to join the rest of Europe against Prussia, or generously to assist Frederick in his distress. But the minister, count Bernstorf, hated the court of Berlin, and his sovereign, Frederick V., hated war. With these dispositions, the Danish monarch undertook the office of mediator, and count Lynar, governor of Oldenburg and Delmenhorst, who resided in the former town, was directed to negociate a truce between the French and the allied armies. This was an easy task,

for Cumberland had run away from the lists. Richelieu had something else to do than to seek battles. So excessive was his rapacity, that his own soldiers were scandalised by it, and called him by no other name but "Le petit Père la Maraude;" and so far was he from wishing to conceal the fruits of his numberless extortions during his six months' command, that he built with them a splendid palace in Paris, which, to his disgrace, is called, to this day, by the people, "Le Pavillon d'Hannovre." In short, on the 8th of September, the pious Danish mediator concluded the convention of Kloster-Zeven, according to which the troops of Hesse, Gotha, Brunswick, and Bückeburg returned to their respective countries, while the Hanoverians were to remain quietly at Stade, on the right bank of the Elbe. Nothing further was stipulated, and the approval of the two great courts was not even waited for. Neither, indeed, could it reasonably be expected, as both Richelieu and Cumberland had betrayed their employers. The former prepared for an incursion into the principality of Halberstadt, while the latter hastily shipped himself for England without permission.

The duke of Cumberland, the second, and, after the death of the prince of Wales, the only son of George II., had been from his youth the favourite of the king. The deeper was his majesty's chagrin at the signal disappointment of his hopes on this occasion. He received his son with freezing coldness, and publicly observed, "Here is my son, who has ruined me, and disgraced himself." But this was not the first time that he had branded his name with infamy. The cruelties practised by him after the victory of Culloden had for ever crushed the party of the Pretender, but had gained him the execration of all hu-

mane minds. On the 15th of October, he resigned all his military appointments, and died in 1765 without issue.

What different views may be taken of the same thing is proved by a letter from count Lynar to his father-in-law, Henry XXIV. Reuss, count of Plauen, who resided at Köstritz: "The idea of concluding this convention [that of Kloster-Zeven], was an inspiration of Heaven. The holy Spirit has given me power to stop the progress of the French, as Joshua of old did that of the sun. Almighty God made me his unworthy instrument to prevent more of this Lutheran, this precious Hanoverian, blood from being spilt."

Meanwhile the Russians, on the opposite side of the Prussian dominions, showed much more activity than their allies in the West. Their army, about 83,000 strong, broke up in May, under the command of field-marshal count Apraxin, and advanced in four columns towards the Prussian frontiers. Three of these columns proceeded through Poland, the fourth marched through Samogitia upon Memel. That fortress was taken after a bombardment of five days, and served the enemy for an excellent *place d'armes*. The invaders pursued their course to Wehlau, and during this march committed atrocious cruelties. The Prussian marshal Lehwald, a veteran of 72, who had no more than 22,000 men at his disposal, was charged with the defence of the country. He was posted at Insterburg. Notwithstanding the inferiority of his force, he resolved, on the 30th of August, to attack the enemy in his entrenchments near Gross Jägersdorf. The Russians, on perceiving his intention, set fire to the villages situated before their front, that the smoke rising from them might conceal their movements.

Lehwald drew up his army in a line of battle running parallel to the Russian camp, and meant to have planted heavy cannon on a height which had been found unoccupied on the preceding day; but the enemy had anticipated him, and already taken possession of the height. Military skill and discipline compensated the Prussians for their inferiority in number. Their cavalry on both wings drove back the enemy's horse upon their infantry, but the wings were too well covered to permit them to follow up the advantage. The Prussian infantry then advanced to the attack, and its left wing, penetrating the ranks of the Russians, took a great quantity of artillery. The right wing, which should have made the real attack, was less successful; being turned, its flank was completely exposed to the enemy's line. The confusion arising from this circumstance was not a little increased when the second line, which afterwards advanced, unable to distinguish friend from foe, on account of the smoke from the burning villages, fired upon the first line. The battle had lasted ten hours: more than 6000 Prussians lay dead or wounded on the field of battle, when Lehwald issued orders for the retreat, which was effected in the best order.

A week afterwards, Apraxin quitted Prussia, which his troops had completely drained, retaining possession of Memel and its environs only. A favourable circumstance had occasioned this retreat, which the public at that time could not account for. Frederick's mortal enemy, the empress Elizabeth, was attacked by so dangerous an illness, that there was no prospect of her recovery. Under these circumstances, Bestuchef, the high chancellor, at the instigation of the grand-duke Peter,

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an enthusiastic admirer of Frederick's, recalled the Russian army: English gold probably contributed to this effect. Lehwald pursued the Russians to the frontiers. They left behind them 15,000 sick, 80 pieces of cannon, and a great quantity of camp equipage. Plunder, murder, conflagration, and other savage excesses, marked their route. They hung innocent inhabitants from trees, ripped open their bodies, tore out their hearts and their intestines, cut off their noses and ears, broke their legs, fired villages and hamlets, formed a circle round the burning houses, and drove back their fleeing inmates into the flames. Their wanton brutality was especially wreaked on the nobles and the clergy: these they tied to the tails of their horses, and dragged them after them, or stripped them naked, and laid them upon blazing fires—nay, they were very near devouring them into the bargain. Their senseless revenge was exercised even on the dead; they opened the graves, and scattered abroad the mutilated corpses. The small-pox ridded Prussia of the Calmucks, the most savage of these cannibals. Being attacked by this disease, with which they were unacquainted, and swept off by thousands, the rest hurried back without orders to their own country: a few only continued with the army, and accompanied it in the sequel to Germany.

No sooner was Prussia cleared of this enemy than a Swedish force of 22,000 men, under the command of baron Ungern Sternberg, landed in Pomerania. In the struggles between the two great political parties of that time, known by the designation of the hats and the caps, the former, which sided with France, and was led by count Gillenborg, had gained the ascendency over the

latter, headed by count Horn. The senate, therefore, under the influence of France, but upon the pretext of guaranteeing the peace of Westphalia, resolved upon this expedition against Prussia, notwithstanding the close family alliance between the sovereigns of the two countries. This army pushed forward across the Peene; and, as the garrison of Stettin, about 8000 strong, under general Manteuffel, could not leave that place without danger to the province, Demmin, Anclam, Usedom, and Wollin, fell into the hands of the enemy. For the rest, the Swedes were content with levying military contributions and plundering the defenceless inhabitants; while, at the same time, they were as timid as hares. At the commencement of the campaign, one of their divisions had penetrated into the Ukermark. One night five postillions, in the uniform of hussars, armed with pistols, fired into a wood where several hundred of these plunderers were lurking: seized with a panic, the whole detachment fled to Prenzlau, and excited such consternation there, that the army evacuated the Ukermark on the following day. In October, Lehwald, who was relieved from the Russians, advanced against the Swedes, wrested from them nearly all their conquests, and forced them to take shelter under the guns of Stralsund. As the marshal had been obliged to send part of his small force to join the new-formed allied army under duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, he was not able to reduce Anclam and the fort of Peenemunde till the following March. Individual members of the senate at Stockholm made the severest remarks on the useless operations of the Swedish army, which was continually changing its generals; and in 1758, count Palmstierna thus wrote

to count Hamilton, who then commanded it: "You sneaked like a fox into the enemy's country, and ran out of it again like a hare."

We left Frederick in Lusatia, whither he had repaired from Bohemia on learning the disasters that had befallen his brother, the prince of Prussia. He was occupied for a fortnight in procuring fresh supplies of provisions. Then, threatened on the right by the French, on the left by the Russians, he first advanced against Daun. At Bernstädt he learned that Nadasdy was at Ostritz, and despatched general Werner against him. The hostile commander himself narrowly escaped; his baggage and its escort were taken; and among the former were found original letters from the queen of Poland at Dresden, proving the existence of treacherous designs, and these the Prussian commander, general Fink, showed to her in her own handwriting. In his manuscript autobiography, that officer relates how painful it was to him to observe the communication kept up by the queen, by letter and by confidential persons even, with Frederick's valet, the perfidious Anderson. Countess Ogilvie, gouvernante of the queen of Poland, with many other persons of her household, were obliged to quit Dresden; countess Brühl was sent under escort to Poland; and Schönberg, one of the pages, to Berlin. But neither these examples nor urgent remonstrances could deter the queen from prosecuting her intrigues.

Meanwhile Daun maintained his inassailable post near Eckartsberg. The king had no time to lose. He knew that the French were in Erfurt, Cumberland at Staade. Magdeburg and the Old Mark were threatened by the French; Rosen and his Swedes had crossed the Peene;

the troops of the empire were advancing upon Saxony, and Bavaria and Wirtemberg coming to reinforce the Imperialists. As Daun was not to be drawn from his position, the king returned to Bernstädt, encamped on the heights between Jauernick and the Neisse, beyond which Winterfeld's corps extended to Radmeritz, transferred his army of 36,000 men to the duke of Bevern, and, conceiving the frontiers of Silesia to be thus sufficiently covered, he marched with 18 battalions and 30 squadrons to meet the French, under Soubise, who had formed a junction with the troops of the empire commanded by the prince of Hildburghausen, and with a corps of Austrians.

After the king's departure, Bevern encamped on the Landeskron, near Görlitz, while Winterfeld's detachment was on the Jäkelberg or Holzberg, on the other bank of the Neisse, near the village of Moys. On the 7th of September the two generals held a conference at Görlitz. Nadasdy seized the opportunity to attack the Holzberg. Winterfeld hastened thither to avert the annihilation of his corps, but in vain: he was himself mortally wounded. The action cost the king 1900 men and many brave officers; but the consequences were still more deplorable than the disaster itself. On the following day Bevern broke up his camp, marched by Naumburg to Liegnitz, weakened himself by detachments amounting to 15,000 men, and continued to retreat before Daun and prince Charles of Lorraine as far as the Lohe, near Breslau, while the enemy took post opposite to him near Lissa.

Frederick had, meanwhile, gone to Dresden; and, having united his corps of 12,000 men with the 10,000 under prince Maurice, had proceeded to Naumburg, and

across the Saale to Buttstädt. It was during this march that tidings reached him nearly at the same time of the death of his friend and of the convention of Kloster-Zeven. "I shall find means," he exclaimed, "to make head against the multitude of my enemies, but I shall find but few Winterfelds again;" and tears trickled from his eyes. Richly did the deceased officer deserve this regard by his indefatigable zeal and his unbounded devotedness to his sovereign, with whose patriotic ideas his own exactly coincided. The rapidity with which the king had raised him to the highest military ranks, and the unlimited confidence that he placed in him, had no doubt excited jealousy and envy. At any rate, there were not wanting those who were ready to speak ill of him, especially the brothers of the monarch. The prince of Prussia was on his death-bed when he received intelligence that Winterfeld had fallen. "Now," said he, "I shall die much more contented, since I know that there is one bad and dangerous man less in the army;" and in his last moments he exclaimed: "My life is drawing to a close; the latter part of it has been full of afflictions, but Winterfeld is the man who has shortened it." Wherever party-spirit prevails, there will be prejudices on both sides; but even Winterfeld's enemies say that he rushed upon death in despair, because he could not conquer; and the tears of a great king over such a sacrifice ensure immortality to the victim.

On the 14th of September the king arrived at Erfurt. The vainglorious enemy began already to retreat, and deemed themselves fortunate to find a strong position near Eisenach. Without pursuing them, Fre-

derick remained near Erfurt with 10,000 men, and sent duke Ferdinand of Brunswick with 4000 into the principality of Halberstadt to drive out the French, and prince Maurice with 8000 to Saxony, to observe the movements of the Austrians between the Mulde and the Elbe. With this insignificant force he waited three weeks in his position near Erfurt, to see what prince Soubise would attempt against him.

As for the convention of Kloster-Zeven, Frederick thus expressed himself in a letter to duke Ferdinand: "The disgraceful convention which the duke of Cumberland has been misled by the Hanoverian ministers to conclude is another unlucky circumstance for me; however, we must do our duty." In this letter he could not state what he might himself attempt; but the duke was directed, "in case all cords should break," to throw himself into Magdeburg. "In our situation," he wrote to the same prince on the following day, September 21st, "we ought to feel convinced that each of us is equal to four other men." But the feelings of his soul are most clearly expressed in the poems composed during this time of tribulation, the finest that he ever wrote, especially the incomparable epistle to d'Argens, commencing: "Friend, now the die is cast!" and the noble effusion addressed to Voltaire on the 9th of October, in answer to his arguments against a voluntary death, concluding with those expressive lines already quoted:

> "Let tempests threat, impending ruin lower,
> Still be it mine as king to think, live, die!"

The same spirit breathes in the Elegy addressed by the illustrious poet to his country—"O, my beloved people, whose welfare is the object of all my wishes, whose hap-

piness duty commands me to study, I see thee surrounded with dangers! Thy lamentable condition deeply afflicts and bows me down. How gladly would I forget the splendour of my rank, how gladly would I spill every drop that circulates in my veins, to help thee! Yes, to thee belongs this blood, and my agitated heart cheerfully offers the vital stream as a sacrifice to my country!" It was this noble spirit that saved the state, near as it was brought to the brink of perdition.

But though the courage of the king was upheld by a generous confidence in his own powers, he despised not the insinuating arts of flattery. He knew Richelieu's political sentiments; he knew that he was, like the celebrated cardinal of his name, an enemy to the house of Habsburg, and an admirer of the philosopher of Sans-Souci; he wrote him a soothing note, and addressed to him a poetical epistle, in which he is styled the peacemaker, the preserver of Genoa, the conqueror of Minorca. Richelieu actually entertained the proposals for peace, submitted by the king on the 7th of September, and referred them to his court, which, influenced by revenge, refused to listen to them. Nothing daunted by this rebuff, Frederick sent colonel Balbi, disguised as amtmann, to Richelieu's camp, with a present of 100,000 dollars for the duke, with whom he had made some campaigns in Flanders. If peace was out of the question, still this well-timed bribe gained some alleviation for the Prussian territories, and Richelieu remained inactive.

When Frederick marched from Dresden, on the 12th of September, for Erfurt, Soubise retreated to Eisenach. The king followed him, cleared Gotha from the enemy, and left Seydlitz, who had been promoted to the rank of

major-general for his services at Kollin, with 1500 horse, to observe the enemy, that he might himself approach nearer to the Elbe, for the protection of his threatened capital. Seydlitz took a position between Gotha and Erfurt. On the 19th, Soubise and Hildburghausen advanced with 10,000 men to Gotha. They were met by Seydlitz, who drew up his cavalry in such a manner as to make the enemy believe that the whole force of the king was opposed to them. They turned about and fled, evacuating Gotha with the utmost precipitation. Seydlitz entered the town, and he and his officers sat down in the ducal palace to the dinner prepared for Soubise and his staff. So sudden was the surprise, that the French left behind them all their baggage. The booty exhibited a curious collection of the numberless articles employed for the toilet:—pommades, perfumes, powdering and dressing-gowns, bag-wigs, umbrellas, parrots: while a host of whining lacqueys, cooks, friseurs, players, and prostitutes, were chased from the town to follow their pampered masters to Eisenach. Three officers and 150 soldiers were made prisoners. Unimportant as was this surprise in itself, it was remarkable for the judgment and resolution of the Prussian commander, and for the confidence with which it inspired the cavalry. On this account, the king, in his History of the Seven Years' War, treats with particular complacency of this event; which furnishes a proof, he remarks, that the talent and intrepidity of a general are more effective in war than the number of the troops. Seydlitz, fearing lest he should be surrounded, quitted Gotha on the 22d of September, to rejoin the king, and the town fell again into the hands of the French.

Towards the conclusion of this year, a foe that in past ages had been deemed the most formidable of any was foiled in a manner which appears almost ludicrous. This was the ban of the empire, which the imperial Aulic Council assembled at Ratisbon was making the most strenuous efforts to get voted against the king. On the 14th of October, the advocate of the council repaired, in the character of an imperial notary, with two witnesses, to the residence of baron Plotho, the Prussian ambassador at Ratisbon, to serve him with fiscal citation or summons, requiring the attendance of the elector and margrave of Brandenburg, to hear and see himself put to the ban of the empire, and deprived of all his territories, fiefs, grants, rights, immunities, and expectancies. Plotho received the notary in his dressing-gown; and the latter described the interview in an official document to this purport:—"And his excellency baron Plotho flew into such a violent passion that he could no longer control himself, but, with trembling hands and flushed face, and extending both arms towards me, at the same time holding the citation in his right hand, he exclaimed—'What! you think to serve it, do you, scoundrel!' I replied that it was my duty as notary, and I must execute it. Nevertheless, he fell upon me with the greatest fury, seized me by the fore-part of my cloak, and cried, 'Will you take it back?' As I declined to do so, he forcibly thrust the citation under the breast of my coat, and, still holding me by the cloak, pushed me out of the room, and ordered two of his servants who stood by to fling me down stairs." The ban of the empire had in fact become like the anathema of the Vatican, an antiquated, ineffective formality, when launched against a

sovereign of Frederick's spirit and genius; and his subsequent victories caused the Aulic Council to drop all further proceedings.

Meanwhile a corps, detached from the French main army in Westphalia, was advancing through Hesse upon Langensalza; and reports arrived that an Austrian partisan corps was penetrating from Upper Lusatia into the Mark. The king therefore left Erfurt, and, crossing the Saale near Naumburg and the Elbe at Torgau, marched to Annaberg, where he learned the fate of his capital. Four thousand Croats, under general count Haddik, belonging to the Austrian corps in Upper Lusatia, commanded by general Marschall, had appeared before Berlin on the 16th of October, and demanded a ransom of 300,000 dollars. The garrison of the city consisted of only five weak battalions of provincial militia, two of which, with their leader, major Tesmar, were cut in pieces at the Silesian gate, while general Rochow, the commandant, who had made no dispositions for resistance, with the others, escorted the queen and the royal family to Spandau. The sum required by Haddik could not be raised within the specified time: he then increased his demand to 500,000 dollars, but was at length content to take 185,000. No sooner was Haddik in possession of his booty, than he retired precipitately to Cottbus. A few hours afterwards, Seydlitz arrived with 3000 cavalry to the relief of Berlin, and he was followed the next day by the whole corps of prince Maurice.

With a view to cut off Haddik's retreat, the king had taken a position at Hertzberg, where he remained some days to learn what were the further intentions of the French, by which he should himself decide whether to

oppose them or to go to Silesia and protect Schweidnitz against Nadasdy. Unforeseen events intervened, and he did neither. After the departure of the Prussians from Erfurt, Soubise had crossed the Saale and was approaching Leipzig, where marshal Keith had the most urgent need of assistance. He declared to the magistrates that he was determined to defend himself to the last man, and to burn down the suburbs if the enemy should approach any nearer. The magistrates accordingly sent a deputation to the prince of Hildburghausen and Soubise, intreating them not to come nearer to the city. Meanwhile the king hastened forward, and arrived in Leipzig on the 26th; prince Henry and prince Maurice joined him with their corps on the following day, and duke Ferdinand on the 28th. He had thus collected an army 24,000 strong, composed of troops, which only a week before had been widely dispersed in Saxony, the Mark, and Magdeburg.

On the 30th of October, the king, dividing his army into two columns, marched with one of them, and took up his head-quarters at Lützen, while the other, under Keith, proceeded to Merseburg. On the morning of the 17th, the duke de Crillon was to retreat with 17 French grenadier companies across the bridge of Weissenfels, and to occupy certain cantonments. The bridge was set on fire, but Frederick was, with his advanced guard, at the heels of the French. Crillon had posted two trusty officers, Canon and Brunet, on an island in the Saale, which had a communication with the left bank, to observe the Prussians; while he himself, with the rest of his officers, sat down to breakfast on the greensward. Brunet presently came to him, and

asked if his men might shoot the king of Prussia, who could be seen by them, from their ambush, close to the pillars of the destroyed bridge. Crillon handed a glass of wine to Brunet, and sent him back to his post with this remark: "I placed you and your comrades there to see that the bridge was properly burned down, not to kill a general who might come singly to reconnoitre; still less the sacred person of a king, which ought always to be respected."

The Prussians, having found all the bridges over the Saale destroyed, were obliged to construct others of boats, by means of which they passed that river on the 2d of November at Halle, Merseburg, and Weissenfels; and, on the morning of the following day, the corps under the king, prince Maurice, and marshal Keith, concentrated themselves in the camp on the heights of Braunsdorf. The enemy had encamped behind the brook near Mucheln. Frederick reconnoitered his position, which was injudiciously chosen. His hussars penetrated, out of bravado, into the midst of the French, and carried off horses and even soldiers out of the tents. He resolved to attack the following day: but in the night Soubise changed his position, and encamped opposite to the king in a better, where he had thrown up redoubts, which rendered the attack far more difficult. Frederick then took a strong camp between Bedra and Rossbach.

On observing this retrograde movement, Soubise pushed forward his pickets with artillery, and cannonaded, but without effect. All his trumpeters, drummers, and fifers, were ordered to play, as after a victory, to the annoyance of the brave Prussians. Some of the

French officers, indulging their national vanity, remarked: "It is doing Monsieur le marquis de Brandebourg too much honour to carry on a sort of war with him;" and their commander, reckoning upon not merely defeating but taking the king and his whole army, despatched a courier to Paris to announce his certain captivity.

Early in the morning of the 5th of November, count de St. Germain, with 6000 men, took post at Gröst, opposite to the camp of Rossbach, to cut off the Prussians from Merseburg; while the army itself moved to the right upon Buttstädt to turn their left flank, and to fall upon their rear, as soon as they should attempt to retreat to Weissenfels. Seydlitz started very early, with the hussars and a detachment of Meyer's partisans, to reconnoitre the enemy, but was prevented by a brisk cannonade from the heights of the village of Schortau. About eleven in the forenoon, the enemy were seen striking the tents, and marching off to the right. Frederick conceived that they were retreating upon Freiburg, and was for attacking the post on the heights of Schortau, under the idea that it was the rear-guard. Captain Gaudi, who had been charged to watch the enemy from the castle of Rossbach, where the king had his head-quarters, perceived that the enemy were not retiring, but approaching. Angry at this false intelligence, as he considered it, he went, with all his generals, to the uppermost rooms. It was some time before he could convince himself that Gaudi was right; and he formed on the spot the plan for the attack. It was now half-past two. "Forward!" was the word of command given, and by three o'clock there was not a man

in the village. Soubise had reached Buttstädt with the heads of his columns.

The Prussians, about 22,000 strong, appeared to be hastening back to Kayna on the Merseburg road. The enemy, amounting to 64,000, cannonaded. Frederick posted his little army behind the Janus hill, on the right of Rossbach. Seydlitz, with the whole of the cavalry, formed the advanced guard. He was to turn the cavalry of the enemy's army, and to fall suddenly upon the heads of their columns before they had time to form. The two armies marched side by side, and approached nearer and nearer to one another. Frederick occupied the Janus hill; Soubise moved through the valley. The Prussian battery, under colonel Moller, played with decisive effect; that of the enemy, in the hollow, was inefficient.

By singular accident, a great number of hares were enclosed between the two armies; terrified by the sound of the cannon, these timid animals attempted in vain to escape either on one side or on the other. One of the first balls fired by the French killed one of these hares before the front of the Prussian troops, on which these jocosely cried out: "We are sure to beat—the French are killing one another!"

Seydlitz had now turned the right of the enemy before they were aware. Halting with his brave squadrons on the height, he perceived a favourable moment, and resolved to attack without waiting for the infantry. Riding forward to some distance in front of his squadrons, he flung his tobacco-pipe into the air, as a signal for the attack. For some minutes two Austrian cuirassier regiments withstood the Prussians, man to

man, and horse to horse: they were supported by two French regiments only: these brave fellows were almost entirely cut off. The infantry of both armies was yet in march, and their heads were only five hundred paces apart. The king was rather further from Reichardtswerben, which he was anxious to reach. Keith was sent thither, with the five battalions which formed the second line, while Frederick himself kept approaching nearer and nearer to prince Soubise. Daring and skill on the one hand, heavy, irresolute, lifeless masses on the other, left the vital question for Prussia not long undecided. By six o'clock, the cavalry had dispersed the confused crowd of the enemy's infantry; and night threw a veil over their precipitate and ludicrous flight. The king's right wing, under duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, had not quitted the morass of Braunsdorf; the troops of the empire had taken to their heels after a few rounds of artillery; and ten Prussian battalions had not fired a shot. Only seven of the king's battalions had been in the fire. An hour and a half sufficed to decide the victory. The fugitives ran in lamentable disorder to Freiburg, and crossed the Unstrut. Five thousand prisoners were taken; among these were 5 generals and 300 officers; besides 67 pieces of cannon, 7 pair of colours, 15 standards, and a great quantity of baggage. Altogether the loss of the allies amounted to 10,000 men; that of the conquerors to 165 killed, and 376 wounded.

In wretched plight the runaways fled through Thuringia towards their own homes, the troops of the empire by way of Erfurt, the French by Weissensee, and with such breathless haste, that the last of them reached

Langensalze, 52 miles from the field of battle, on the 7th. The road to Erfurt was strewed with cuirasses and cavalry boots, with muskets and fragments of weapons. It is asserted that two Prussian dragoons made prisoners of more than one hundred troops of the empire, who were attempting, in their flight, to hide themselves in a garden. Many of them dispersed over the country of Eichsfeld, plundering wherever they went, till the peasants collected and took summary vengeance upon them. The fugitives then assembled at Nordhausen and Heiligenstadt, whither they were summoned by bills posted in the villages.

Frederick returned solemn thanks to his army for this victory. From the youngest major-general, Seydlitz was deservedly promoted to lieutenant-general. His very enemies, the officers whom he had been instrumental in making prisoners, could not help remarking, "Ce garçon était né général." If Seydlitz reminds us of the most brilliant period of Rome's military glory, so his romantic character raises him to an elevation which few of Frederick's generals attained. Independent and victorious, as at the head of his centaur squadrons, we see him at court, and at the table of the king. Great by his own merit, he was ready to award the laurel to the feats of others. General Meinecke, his senior in the service, and like him, wounded at Rossbach, was a worthy partner in the honour of the victory. Seydlitz was charged to assure him of the king's favour; but he told him at the same time that he should never forget the respect which he owed to one of the bravest officers, who was older than himself, and whose friendship he was anxious to possess.

Balke, appointed in 1761 chaplain-general of the army, owed that post to the recommendation of general Seydlitz. The conversation at the king's table turning one day on the battle of Rossbach, Frederick declared that for this victory he was chiefly indebted to Seydlitz and his regiment. The general rejoined, that not only had the officers and the regiment, but also Balke the chaplain, laid lustily about them; and that the latter, buckling on a spare cavalry sword, had undauntedly charged along with the men. "The devil he did!" exclaimed the king; "then he deserves to be rewarded for it too. The chaplain-general is just dead, and he shall have his place."

Frederick was far from retaliating upon the enemy the arrogance shewn towards himself. When the captive officers were introduced to him the day after the battle, in the new camp which he had taken at Burgwerben, he addressed them thus: "Gentlemen, I cannot yet accustom myself to consider the French as my enemies." This courtesy won all hearts. He perceived a handsome young man, with one arm in a sling, inquired his name and rank, and said: "You are wounded, I see."—"I owe this wound to your majesty's brave cavalry," replied the officer, in the most complimentary manner. "It procures me the happiness of seeing closely so great a monarch as your majesty."—"I am sorry for you," said the king; "but I hope you will soon recover; and, that we may see one another the oftener, will you dine with me to-day?"

Another prisoner, lieutenant-general count de Mailly, received permission to go to Paris on his parole. In the following year, when he solicited a prolongation of

his leave of absence, Frederick thus wrote to him: "I grant you further leave of absence the more cheerfully, because it affords me pleasure to render service to a man of merit, and because I have always thought that the untoward events which befall kings should be as little injurious as possible to private persons. Take as much time as you require to arrange your affairs. Should the cabinet of Vienna become rather more pliable, as I have reason to expect, and consent to a cartel, you might wholly spare yourself a disagreeable journey, as the exchange might take place without your shifting your place of abode."

According to Thiebault, many of his countrymen taken at Rossbach proved themselves wholly unworthy of the favour that Frederick was disposed to show them. He says that prince Henry sent the three hundred French officers taken prisoners on that occasion to Berlin. All of them were admitted at the queen's on court-days. Some of the younger in particular behaved with the greatest indecency, cracking and eating nuts even behind her majesty's chair, and flinging the shells on the floor. The queen never would complain of this conduct. But they posted up, in several quarters of the city, a list of the ladies of the court, with the prices at which, as they alleged, their favours might be bought. Their swords were then taken from them again, and they were sent to the fortress of Magdeburg, a punishment in which the queen had no hand, but which proceeded from the government alone.

Many years after the battle, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood erected a monument in memory of this victory, and which, at the same time, recorded the

atrocious inhumanities committed by the French on defenceless Germany. Napoleon, when he viewed the field of Rossbach, ordered this monument, a pillar, to be removed to Paris, and set up near one of the churches. On the 30th of May, 1814, the day before the first entry of the allies into Paris, the invalids rushed out of their hotel, and flung the pillar into the Seine, that it might not fall again into the hands of the Prussians. After the battle of Leipzig, however, several Prussian officers caused a new iron pillar to be set up on the field of battle.

The dastardly conduct of the troops of the empire at Rossbach drew from the Prussian monarch a piece of pleasantry that is worth recording. A few days after the battle, Frederick asked one of his generals at table, which of the princes of Germany lived in the most magnificent style. Some of the company guessed one, some another, but none of them hit upon the right person. "It is the prince of Hildburghausen," said the king at last, "for he keeps 30,000 *runners*."

The enthusiasm kindled throughout all Germany in behalf of the Prussian monarch by this seasonable victory is not to be described. It was universally hailed as a national triumph over foreign hordes, which had proved themselves, whether among friends or foes, more destructive than a cloud of locusts, more savage than the most ravenous beasts. Of the two, indeed, their allies perhaps suffered most from their wanton barbarity. "It is not the Prussians," says a Saxon memoir of that time, "who have laid waste our fields, our vineyards, and our gardens; it is not the Prussians who have trampled down our growing crops, who have robbed us

on the highway, who have plundered our houses, who have carried off and destroyed our provisions. It is not the Prussians who have desecrated our churches, and made a mock of all that is sacred. No, it is our *friends*, the French and the troops of the empire, our so ardently wished-for deliverers, who have plunged us into these miseries." Whatever they could not consume or carry away, was destroyed or rendered useless. They broke in pieces household furniture, casks and other vessels; tore up papers and books; ripped open beds, and strewed the feathers over the fields; and slaughtered cattle which they could not remove, and left them to putrify in the deserted farmyards. Twenty villages around Freiburg were rendered desolate, because the French had sojourned in them. Nor were the private soldiers alone to blame for these wanton excesses, of which their officers set them the example. Thus it is related that the marquis d'Argenson, who commanded the French in Halberstadt, whenever he was about to leave a house in which he lodged, was accustomed to break in pieces the furniture, and to destroy the looking-glasses with a diamond. Of the manner in which the clergy were treated by these marauders, some idea may be formed from this fact. An engraving of the time represents a clergyman in full paraphernalia upon all-fours on the ground, while a French officer is stepping on his back to mount his horse. The circumstance happened at Weichschütz, near Weissenfels; the clergyman's name was Schren.

But, lest these statements, as coming from Germans, may be thought exaggerated, let us hear the account given of the cowardice and rapacity of the French by an undeniable witness, one of their own superior officers, the

same count de St. Germain whom we have just seen taking part in the battle of Rossbach. Writing to his friend Du Verney, in Paris, on the 11th of November, he says: "I head a band of robbers, of murderers, who deserve to be broke upon the wheel, who ran away at the first musket-shot, who are always ready to mutiny . . . . . Never did army behave worse: the first cannon-shot decided our discomfiture and disgrace:" and on the 19th of the same month he writes: "The country is plundered and laid waste for thirty leagues round, as if fire from heaven had fallen upon it: our marauders have scarcely left the very houses standing. I have had much to suffer from the licentiousness and wantonness of our troops; I hope the court will put an end to the disorder. Strong remedies are required, and if the knife is not put to the root of the evil, we must abstain from war. Our loss in the battle has not been so considerable as the regimental reports at first represented. One was said to have lost 80 officers, and has really lost but four or five; they have all made their appearance again in from five to eight days; and so the soldiers in proportion. Would you believe that an ensign, with his colours and five or six soldiers, has got to Göttingen, and that kettle-drums which have been thrown away have been picked up there? I should never have done, were I to attempt to relate all the circumstances of this kind. The country for forty miles round was covered with our soldiers: they plundered, murdered, violated women, robbed, and committed all possible abominations. Had the enemy pursued us briskly after he had thrown me into confusion, he might have annihilated our whole army. No doubt he had no wish

to do so: and it is certain that the king of Prussia issued orders to spare our men and to crush the Germans. His hussars have sent back several of our soldiers, after treating them kindly. It is impossible to add to the generosity and the delicacy which he has shown to our prisoners. When they sent their letters unsealed, requesting that they might be forwarded, the king said: 'I cannot accustom myself to consider you as my enemies, and have no mistrust of you; so seal your letters, and you shall receive the answers unopened.' He also assured them that he should have no rejoicings on account of the victory; that it grieved his heart; that, for the rest, the French were not well commanded, and that, as they had not been in order of battle, they could not bring their valour to bear. We are going into winter-quarters in the country of Hanau. To me it seems no very good policy to lay waste Hesse. The Empire is incensed against us; it is with great chagrin and dissatisfaction that it sees some of its members crushed. I still think that we are engaged in a bad war, and that it would be best to put an end to it. It cannot end well if it lasts any time."

"Let it not be imagined," writes the same officer, "that king Frederick is hated in the empire—very far from it. Even in Saxony he has at least as many friends as enemies: the peasants there have even turned their arms against us and fired upon us."

All that count St. Germain here writes concerning the treatment of the French by the king is nothing but the truth; for, in the preceding September, he had directed duke Ferdinand to release captive officers of that nation on their parole, but to treat the privates well

and to cajole them, because he did not imagine that the French would do any thing extraordinary. A striking instance of his particular attention to them was exhibited in the visit which he paid, in passing through Leipzig, on the 11th of November, to the wounded general Custine, whom he took such pains to cheer under his misfortunes, that the captive warrior, raising himself on his death-bed, exclaimed: "Ah, sire! you are greater than Alexander; he tortured his prisoners, you pour oil into the wounds of yours!"

To one of the most implacable and persevering of his enemies Frederick could not forbear showing some resentment. The queen of Poland, regardless of the warnings she had received, still continued her correspondence with the king's enemies. Fresh letters of hers were intercepted; these Fink, the Prussian commandant of Dresden, was ordered to read to her himself; and, as she had written, among other things, that the Prussians would gain no more victories, the king ordered guns to be fired on account of his victory at Rossbach behind the Catholic church and also behind the palace; and Te Deum to be sung in the open place near the Catholic church, almost under the very windows of the queen. The intelligence was believed to have accelerated the death of this princess, whose health had for some time been very precarious. Her mortification was extreme. Having dismissed her attendants one night in very low spirits, she was found dead in her bed next morning.

The letters written by the king about this time furnish matter for reflection. To d'Argens he writes from Torgau, the 15th of November: "This year, my dear mar-

quis, has been a terrible one for me. I venture to attempt the impossible in order to save my dominions; but, in truth, I have more need than ever of the assistance of good luck." Then, adverting to his victory as an introduction to a more cheerful tone, he proceeds: "I have made a terrible quantity of verses, which, if I live, you shall see in winter-quarters, or, if I perish, I will leave them to you. Your countrymen have committed cruelties worthy of the Pandours; they are execrable plunderers. Farewell, my dear marquis; you are probably at this moment in bed; take care not to grow fast to it; and recollect that you have to pay me a visit in winter-quarters. Meanwhile, you have plenty of time to rest yourself, for I know not where I shall be able to see you. I have the lot of Mithridates, only I have not two sons and a Monima. Farewell, my amiable idler."

Though the king could assume this light strain, he was quite aware of his critical situation. On the 12th of November he wrote to his friend and cabinet minister, count Finckenstein: "This is a commencement of success, but a great deal more is necessary." Thus, too, he remarks, in his history of this war, that the battle of Rossbach had merely afforded him the liberty to seek fresh dangers in Silesia. But his victory had produced other and more important effects. Richelieu quitted his camp near Halberstadt, and retired to the electorate of Hanover; the allies, ready to lay down their arms, resumed courage, so that the Brunswickers, Hessians, and Bückeburgers, were ready to take the field, when Frederick, at the solicitation of George II., sent duke Ferdinand to command them.

CHAPTER XXX.

Campaign of 1757 continued—The King marches to the relief of Schweidnitz —Keith makes an incursion into Bohemia—Surrender of Schweidnitz to the Austrians—Defeat of the duke of Bevern near Breslau—Surrender of that city to the Austrians—Frederick hastens to Silesia—His Address to his Officers—Battle of Leuthen — The King surprises a number of Austrian Officers at Lissa—He retakes Breslau—The Prussians recover Liegnitz—Prince Charles resigns the command of the Austrian army—Ingratitude of count Schaffgotsch, primate of the Catholic church in Prussia—Treachery of the Abbé de Prades—Father Gleim; his Songs of a Prussian Grenadier—Göthe's picture of family dissensions excited by Frederick's popularity—Enthusiasm manifested for the King in England—Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick; his military operations.

The numerous prisoners taken in the pursuit of the French after the battle of Rossbach having been sent off by way of Leipzig to Magdeburg and Berlin, Frederick set out on the 12th of November with 14,000 men for the relief of Schweidnitz, while his brother Henry and duke Ferdinand observed the French force under Richelieu. Keith, who, with scarcely 6000 men, was destined to remain in Saxony, marched from Merseburg to Chemnitz, in order to facilitate the progress of the king, who was harassed by an Austrian corps of twelve to fourteen thousand men under Marschall. He then made an incursion into Bohemia, collected stores of all sorts, demanded military contributions, and destroyed large magazines between the Elbe and Eger. Loudon hastened by forced marches from the vicinity of Gieshübel, and threw himself into Prague, while Marschall left the king to proceed unmolested, and hastened from Bautzen and Zittau to Bohemia. Keith's force was supposed to be much greater than it really was. Having destroyed the magnificent

bridge over the Elbe at Leitmeritz, he commenced his retreat, and reached Chemnitz on the 5th of December. The Prussian commander, having not only accomplished all the immediate objects of this incursion, but essentially promoted the operations of the king in Silesia, distributed his little force along the whole frontier of Bohemia for the defence of Saxony.

The king, having scared Haddik from Lusatia, pursued his march without molestation. Meanwhile the Prussian arms were experiencing severe reverses in Silesia. We left the army of the duke of Bevern, to whom the defence of that important province was committed, and that of prince Charles of Lorraine, in the environs of Breslau. Here both parties continued inactive for nearly five weeks. The Austrians had Schweidnitz in their rear, and were fearful lest that fortress might prove dangerous to them in case of defeat. It became a serious question with them whether they should, before the end of the year, make any further attempt for the re-conquest of Silesia, or retire at once to Bohemia. Shame forbade the latter course. Nadasdy was sent with 30,000 men to reduce Schweidnitz. The trenches were opened on the 27th of October; on the 10th of November, the third parallel was completed. The garrison made several successful sallies, and, though great part of the town was destroyed by bombs, the enemy had not yet taken any of the works. The imperial general, impatient of delay, determined to storm. In the night of the 11th, a general assault was made. The governor, major-general Seers, and the next in command, were so intimidated, that they surrendered themselves prisoners of war, with nearly 6000 men, before the face, as it were, of the duke of Bevern (observes

the king), who should have averted such a misfortune. The military chest, containing 236,000 dollars, a considerable magazine, 180 pieces of cannon, with a great quantity of powder and ammunition, fell into the hands of the Austrians, who by this conquest became masters of the mountains and of all the passes leading to Bohemia. Nadasdy, having left a garrison in Schweidnitz, rejoined prince Charles with the rest of his force. The imperial general, whose army was increased by reinforcements of Bavarians and Wirtembergers to 80,000 men, now resolved to make a decisive attack upon the 30,000 Prussians opposed to him, and to put an end at once to the campaign, perhaps to the war.

The Prussians occupied a fortified camp between Cosel and Little Mochber. Three villages in front of it were entrenched and occupied by troops. The right flank was covered by abattis, and the left by entrenchments. In the night of the 22d of November, prince Charles made his dispositions for the attack, and before daybreak the Austrians advanced in three columns, provided with fascines and other materials for storming. A thick fog favoured the attempt. The cannonade commenced about nine in the morning, at a great distance, and with little effect. The Austrians attacked at four different points, while Bevern, who expected the principal attack on his left flank, had drawn thither the greatest part not only of his cavalry but also of his artillery, so that the Austrian artillery in the centre was thrice as numerous as the Prussian. Another blunder of Bevern's was that he had not opposed the passage of the river Lohe by the Austrians, but expressly ordered that part of their army should be suffered to cross it; and, lastly, his redoubts

were so far apart, and situated so low, as to do no material injury to the enemy.

Nadasdy, who commenced the attack on the Prussian left wing, could not make any impression on Zieten, who was opposed to him. The latter commanded a separate corps of about 8000 men; and his hussars and dragoons behaved with such intrepidity, as very soon to cool the courage of the Croats, Hungarians, and Wirtembergers. The conflict was more obstinate and sanguinary at the centre and on the right wing. The centre of the Austrians, advancing to the Lohe, opened a cannonade, which lasted three hours, dismounted the Prussian batteries, and covered their passage across a bridge, the construction of which was finished by one o'clock. The resistance of the Prussians under general Schultz was now of no avail. The king's brother, prince Ferdinand, whose horse had been already killed under him, seized the colours of his regiment, and repeatedly led it on, together with the prince of Prussia's regiment, to charge with the bayonet, till both were almost entirely destroyed.

Pennavaire's fifteen squadrons of cuirassiers now came up, but were twice repulsed, and Pennavaire himself wounded. Though Bevern led them in person to the second charge, they were thrown into confusion, owing to the intersected ground, and the tremendous fire of the Austrians. Generals Lestwitz and Ingersleben made an obstinate stand at Schmiedefeld against a superior force of the enemy, who for an hour could not gain a foot of ground; but, threatened on the flank by the corps of the enemy, which had overpowered general Schultz, they were obliged to abandon the redoubts from Schmiedefeld to Höfchen, and retreated to Little Gandau.

The Austrian centre now advanced at the charge-step upon Gandau, where Bevern had with some difficulty formed a line of 14 battalions. Though it was growing dusk, both armies fought with renewed fury. A regular fire checked the progress of the enemy, who at one point were even driven back to the Lohe.

In their attack on Pilsnitz, the Austrians, in spite of redoubled efforts, were thrice repulsed with great loss by the effective fire of the foot-jägers posted in the abattis. But neither their valour nor that of the corps of Brandeis availed to retrieve the fortune of the day: Bevern was in want of troops at the threatened points, especially cavalry, which he ordered up from his left wing; but, before they arrived, the firing, which had been kept up without intermission the whole day, suddenly ceased at all points. The Prussian commander now meditated a decisive night attack, by which he hoped to regain the advantages which he had lost in the day; but, returning from a conference on the subject with Zieten, he found that his troops had quitted their positions without orders; and the right wing, indeed, was already beyond Breslau. He had no course left but to follow the rest of the troops, and, covered by Zieten, to quit the field of battle; where the enemy remained for the night. Leaving 5000 men, under general Lestwitz, in Breslau, the remainder of the Prussian army took a position beyond that city. In this sanguinary engagement, it had lost, according to the king's account, 80 pieces of cannon and 8000 men; but, according to Gaudi's, 36 pieces of cannon and 6174 men.

The immediate consequence of this defeat was the surrender of Breslau. On the 24th of November, gene-

ral Lestwitz capitulated on the first summons. The royal coffers and 98 pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the Austrians. It was stipulated that the garrison should have free egress from the city, but, out of the 5000 men who composed it, only 182 remained true to their colours; all the rest accepted the bounty offered by the Austrians.

Early in the morning of the same day, the duke of Bevern, riding out with a single groom upon pretext of reconnoitring, approached so near to the Austrian advanced posts that he was taken prisoner. Frederick considered this captivity as voluntarily incurred to avoid the account to which the duke knew that he should be called. The conjecture appears more than plausible. Bevern must have recollected the harshness with which the king treated his own brother: and what sort of reception could he expect from him after the loss of all Silesia! The court of Vienna paid him great respect, and soon released him, as a relative of the imperial family, without exchange. Frederick sent him in disgrace to his government, Stettin, where he had occasion in the following year to display his patriotism against the Swedes, and also to form in Pomerania, according to ideas of his own, battalions of recruits for completing the army. Towards the conclusion of the war, when the king recalled him to active service, he further distinguished himself.

General Kyau, on whom the command of Bevern's army now devolved, marched with it up the Oder to Glogau, and was followed by Lestwitz, with the handful of men brought by him from Breslau. Crossing the river under Zieten's guidance, they then went to meet

the king, and formed a junction with him at Parchwitz. Kyau and Lestwitz were both punished with confinement in a fortress; Seers, the late governor of Schweidnitz, on returning from captivity, was dismissed from the service.

The tidings of all these disasters reached the king at once. Frederick, who in adversity never forsook his army and his people, pursued his course, undaunted by the discomfiture of his generals and the diminution of his forces, and regardless of the severity of the season. It is two hundred miles from Leipzig to Parchwitz, where he was met by Zieten with the first regiments of Bevern's army, and that distance he had performed with 14,000 men in 17 days without magazines. His corps was always in cantonments, and those upon whom the soldiers were quartered had orders to supply them with the best. Full of the recollections of Rossbach, these warriors soon communicated their own high spirits to their Silesian comrades, whom the king treated in such a manner that I gladly avail myself of his own words to describe it. "The troops," says he, "which crossed the Oder near Glogau to come back, could not form a junction with those of the king before the 2d of December. They were disheartened and depressed by their previous defeat. The officers were touched in the point of honour: they were desired to recollect their former achievements; means were employed to dispel the melancholy ideas, whose impression was still fresh; recourse was even had to wine to cheer their dejected minds. The king addressed the soldiers, and directed them to be supplied gratuitously with provisions. All possible expedients that time admitted of were practised to revive

that confidence without which it is vain to hope for victory. Their countenances began to put on a more cheerful look, and those who had beaten the French at Rossbach persuaded their comrades to take courage. A little rest recruited the strength of the soldiers, and the army was ready on the first occasion to wipe away the stain of the 22d of November. The king sought that occasion, and he soon found it."

On the 4th his troops took Neumarkt, together with a great quantity of provisions belonging to the enemy, and prevented Daun from occupying the heights behind that town. Frederick was determined to attack and to bring on an engagement. It was represented to him that the enemy's army was twice as strong as his. "I know it," he replied, "but I have no other alternative than to conquer or perish. I am determined to attack them, were they even on the top of the church-steeples of Breslau." Charles of Lorraine expected to annihilate the king. Daun advised him to be cautious and to maintain his position behind the Lohe; while count Luchesi said, in order to flatter the prince: "The Berlin parade"—so he contemptuously denominated the Prussians—"will give your highness very little trouble." The Imperialists quitted their secure camp on the Lohe, advanced upon Lissa, and rejoiced the king by taking a position which greatly facilitated his design. "The fox has crept out of his hole," said he to prince Francis of Brunswick; "now I will punish his impertinence."

We know that in the most critical moments great commanders have by sudden inspirations inflamed the courage of their compatriots to the highest degree of enthusiasm. "Forty centuries look down upon you from

the summits of these pyramids," said Bonaparte to his soldiers, before his victory over the Mameluke Beys. "England expects every man to do his duty," was the electric signal of the inimitable Nelson to his fleet at Trafalgar. Both touched with masterly skill the national feelings of their men. Frederick, who possessed an irresistible power of language, could not let slip the all-decisive moment, without pointing out its importance in a wonderfully impressive address. Assembling his generals and staff-officers on the road between Neumarkt and Leuthen, on a spot still marked by a birch tree, he made a speech which Retzow, one of those who heard it, reports in these words:—

"'It is known to you, gentlemen, that prince Charles of Lorraine has taken Schweidnitz, defeated the duke of Bevern, and made himself master of Breslau, while I was forced to arrest the progress of the French and of the troops of the Empire. Part of Silesia, my capital and all my military stores there are in consequence lost, and my misfortunes would be complete, did I not place unbounded confidence in your courage, your fortitude, and your patriotism, which you have proved on so many occasions. I acknowledge with the deepest feelings of my heart these services rendered to the country and to me. There is scarcely one of you who has not distinguished himself by some great and honourable deed; I flatter myself, therefore, that on the present occasion you will not fail to do all that the State has a right to demand of your valour. That moment is at hand. I should think that I had done nothing, if I were to leave the Austrians in possession of Silesia. Let me then apprize you that I shall attack, against all

the rules of the art, the army of prince Charles, nearly thrice as strong as our own, wherever I find it. I say nothing about the number of the enemy, nor the importance of the position which they have chosen; all this I hope the intrepidity of my troops and strict obedience to my dispositions will strive to overcome. I must venture upon this step, or all is lost: we must beat the enemy, or all perish before his batteries. So I think—so will I act. Make known this my determination to all the officers of the army; prepare the common soldiers for the scenes which will soon ensue, and tell them that I feel authorised to require of them unconditional obedience. If you consider that you are Prussians, you will certainly not render yourselves unworthy of the name; but, should one or other of you be afraid to share all dangers with me, he shall have his dismission this very day, without incurring the slightest reproach from me.'

"This speech," continues Retzow, "thrilled the blood of the heroes present, kindled in their bosoms fresh ardour to distinguish themselves by surpassing bravery, and to sacrifice blood and life for their great sovereign, who remarked this impression with extreme satisfaction. A solemn silence, which succeeded on the part of his auditors, and the enthusiasm which he could read in their faces, assured him of the entire devotedness of his army. With a complacent smile, he then proceeded:

"'I felt convinced beforehand that not one of you would forsake me: I reckon therefore on your faithful aid and on certain victory. Should I fall, and not be able to remunerate you for the services you

have rendered me, the country must do it. Now go to the camp, and repeat to the regiments what I have said to you.' "

Thus far Frederick had employed the tone of persuasion in order to excite the enthusiasm of his hearers; but now, convinced of the irresistible power of his words, he was again the king, and announced the punishments which he should inflict on those who neglected their duty.

" ' Any regiment of cavalry,' said he, ' which does not immediately charge the enemy when it is ordered, shall dismount immediately after the battle and be turned into a garrison regiment. The battalion of infantry which, be it where it may, begins to hesitate, shall lose its colours and swords; and shall have the lace cut off its uniform. Now, gentlemen, farewell; in a short time we shall either have beaten the enemy, or we shall never see one another again !'

" So well did the great king understand the rare art of at once awakening confidence and instilling obedience. His eloquence, and a peculiar emphasis which he laid upon certain expressions, were so irresistible that— I will boldly maintain—even the rudest and the most unfeeling, nay even those who might have well-founded reason to be dissatisfied with him, could not help being filled with enthusiasm for him, when they heard him speak thus from the heart. The feeling which the king had kindled in the assembly was soon communicated to all the other officers and soldiers in the army. The Prussian camp rang with sounds of rejoicing. The old warriors, who had won so many battles under Frederick II., shook hands and promised faithfully to support one

another, and they besought the young not to shun the enemy, but, in spite of resistance, to confront him boldly. There was afterwards to be perceived in each a certain inward feeling of confidence and firmness—usually the happy omens of victory. With impatience the troops awaited the order for breaking up; and this little army, picked men it is true, went cheerfully and contentedly to meet its fate. What could not the king accomplish with such troops, and what did he not effect by his fertile genius!"

Thus far Retzow. Another account informs us that when Frederick desired those who were afraid to leave his army, deep emotion was visible in the faces of his faithful officers. Major-general Rohr was so affected that tears trickled down his cheeks. The king, touched at the sight, embraced him and said: "My dear Rohr, I did not mean you!" Profound silence prevailed for some time, till a staff officer emphatically exclaimed: "A scoundrel who does that! We are all ready to lay down our lives for your majesty!"

Frederick had occupied Bevern's camp with 33,000 men and 167 pieces of cannon. Daun and Serbelloni advised the Austrian commander to await the king's further movements, but Prince Charles, agreeably to the suggestions of the more fiery spirits in his army, advanced with 60,000 men to meet the Prussians. On the 4th of December he crossed the Schweidnitz water, with the intention of pushing on to Parchwitz, and covering Liegnitz. The march of the king disconcerted him. The Austrian army, drawn up in order of battle between Nypern and Leuthen, passed the night under arms.

At half-past four on the morning of the 5th, the

Prussian army broke up in four columns, headed by the king himself. The troops, as they marched, struck up a religious morning hymn, accompanied by the regimental bands, beginning, as literally as I can render it, thus:—

Grant that I do whate'er I ought to do,
What for my station is by Thee decreed;
And cheerfully and promptly do it too,
And when I do it, grant that it succeed!

An officer asked the king if he should stop their singing. "Not upon any account," replied Frederick; "with such men God will certainly give me the victory to-day." On a similar occasion Gustavus Adolphus had, above a century before, himself composed and sung the German hymn commencing: "*Verzage nicht du Haüflein klein.*" "Be of good cheer, my little band."

At Borna the king fell in with a line of cavalry which had been pushed forward under the command of general Nostitz. It was attacked with impetuosity, dispersed, and for the most part taken by the Prussian cavalry. The brave Nostitz, chagrined at this disaster, rushed upon the sabres of the Prussian hussars, and received fourteen wounds, of which he died two days afterwards. Among the prisoners was a Prussian hussar, who had deserted a day or two before. "Why did you leave me?" said the king to him. "Indeed, your majesty," replied the grenadier, a Frenchman by birth, "things are going very badly with us." "Come, come," rejoined Frederick, "let us fight another battle to-day: if I am beaten, we will desert together to-morrow;" and with these words he sent him back to his colours.

From a hill near Heide the king reconnoitred the

enemy's position, which was now exposed to view from the centre to the left wing. The right was hid by the coppice of Guckerwitz. The Austrians, alarmed for their right wing, against which the first attack of the Prussians seemed to be directed, immediately reinforced it by the reserve from the centre and part of the cavalry on the left wing. But no sooner had the Austrians weakened their left wing than, to their great astonishment, they saw the whole Prussian army wheel to the right, executing their evolutions with as much precision as if they were on parade, and disappearing behind the range of the Radaxdorf hills. Daun conceived that it was retreating. "The Prussians are off," said he; "don't disturb them!" Presently, however, they were again descried advancing between Lobetinz and Striegwitz, and threatening by this march the weakened left wing and the flank of the enemy. Frederick himself was stationed at the windmill of Lobetinz, where he could overlook the movements of the army and make the necessary dispositions for the battle. The king's intention was to lead his whole army against the enemy's left wing, then to wheel about, to overthrow that wing, but to keep back his own left with such caution as to prevent the occurrence of the fault that had been committed at Prague and Kollin, and contributed to the disastrous issue of the latter engagement.

On the left wing of the Austrians were placed Wirtembergers, Bavarians, and Hungarians, who were pushed forward to the pine-wood of Sagschütz. Wedel made the first attack upon these at one o'clock, with three battalions and ten pieces of artillery; he advanced in spite of the enemy's fire, and drove them off. He then

moved to the right, and, supported by prince Maurice, attacked a battery, near which the Wirtembergers and Bavarians had rallied, with such irresistible fury, that the latter threw away their arms and fled to Leuthen; while the rest of the troops strove to rally once more behind Great Gohlau. But, as the left wing of the Prussian army moved on in close line, and its advanced guard had extended itself considerably to the right, it turned the Austrians in such a manner that six battalions were soon in their rear, and all the efforts of the enemy to wrest their advantage from the Prussians proved utterly vain. On the contrary, the divisions, as they came up singly to the field of battle, were invariably thrown into confusion and put to flight. By this time too the Prussian cavalry of the right wing had overcome the difficulties of the ground, swamps, and ditches, between Sagschütz and Gohlau, and fallen upon Nadasdy's dragoons. The garde du corps and gensd'armes first attacked the flank of the Austrians, annihilated the regiment of Modena, and took 2000 prisoners, chiefly runaway Wirtembergers and Bavarians. Zieten's hussars, eager for the fight, now came up from the third line without orders, and fell upon the confused masses, which fled without stopping to the wood of Rathenau, where they attempted to rally.

Thus was the enemy's left wing, upon which the Prussians contrived to fall with a superior force, routed at the first onset; and in this instance Frederick's tactics had produced a brilliant result. The Austrians, however, collected their artillery behind Leuthen, and hastened to send reinforcements to the left wing. In order to gain a position parallel to the front of attack,

their right wing was obliged to advance; Luchesi, with the cavalry of that wing, pushed on towards Heide; and the Austrian infantry closely concentrated itself in front of Leuthen.

Meanwhile the Prussian army moved forward *en échélon*, the battalions fifty paces apart, the right wing a thousand paces in advance of the left. Falling with dauntless intrepidity upon Leuthen, it took the village, and captain Möllendorf dislodged the enemy from the churchyard, which was strongly occupied. Here victory wavered for a painful half hour. Not only had the battalions separated in passing through the village, so that it was difficult to re-unite them by means of the succeeding *échélons*, but a tremendous fire of case-shot, which received the left wing of the Prussians as they came up behind Leuthen, made six battalions give way, and neither by persuasions nor threats could they be induced to keep their ground. At length, when lieutenant Retzow met the fugitives with a fresh battalion, his father, the general, succeeded in renewing the engagement at this point, and leading his troops up to the enemy. The Prussians were thereby enabled to keep possession of Leuthen. Here the heavy artillery made a dreadful carnage. Near the windmills of Leuthen the Austrians were posted at least one hundred deep, and the balls from a Prussian battery of heavy artillery, falling upon these dense masses, swept down whole ranks. Still they stood firm, and maintained their ground in superior number. The victory, indeed, hung as yet upon a hair; and, had not general Driesen come up with the cavalry, the Prussians, in spite of the advantages which they had won thus far, must have lost the battle, especially

as the Austrian right wing had not fired a single round.

It was already four o'clock, when general Luchesi, having advanced to the heights of Leuthen, saw the left flank of the Prussians exposed and prepared to fall upon it. The advance of the Prussians upon Leuthen had been till then concealed from his view by the range of heights between Radaxdorf and Leuthen, and he could not yet perceive the cavalry of their left wing, which, to the amount of fifty squadrons, having been marched up beyond Radaxdorf, slowly moved on by the side of the infantry. At the moment when Luchesi was wheeling to the left upon the flank of the Prussians, Driesen fell furiously upon him. Turning him with ten squadrons, he directed the Bayreuth dragoons against his flank, and sent Puttkammer's hussars into his rear, while he himself attacked in front with thirty squadrons. This most seasonable attack, which annihilated the Austrian cavalry, or at least drove it from the field, decided the victory. Luchesi was killed on the spot: his troops fled to Lissa. This was a sign to the infantry, so closely pressed at Leuthen, that all was lost; and, like them, the yet untouched troops of the right wing, who had not even been engaged, flung away their arms, abandoned the artillery, and fled to the bridges, pursued by the Prussian hussars. Great numbers were cut in pieces or taken.

The regiments of Wallis and Durlach still maintained their position on the windmill-hill before Leuthen; but, when general Meyer, with ten squadrons, fell upon their rear, while the infantry attacked them in front, those brave fellows yielded to superior force, and were mostly made prisoners. The Austrians fled at all points in wild

disorder, and Nadasdy alone, with the left wing beaten at the beginning of the conflict, covered in some degree the retreat. Thus had Frederick's tactics, seconded by the heroism of his gallant army, won a most brilliant triumph, after a battle of four hours. It cost the conquerors 6000 men killed and wounded: 7400 of the enemy strewed the field. Twenty thousand prisoners, 116 pieces of cannon, 51 pair of colours, and 4000 baggage-waggons were the trophies of the day.

The king lost no time in making amends to prince Maurice of Dessau for the injustice with which he had treated him at Kollin, when he threatened him for supposed disobedience with his sword, which he never drew but on that disastrous day: and he took his own peculiar way of doing so. He went to the prince, on the field of battle between Leuthen and Frobelwitz. "I congratulate you on the victory, Mr. Fieldmarshal," said Frederick. Maurice, engaged with matters of professional duty, did not pay particular attention to the terms of the king's salutation. "Don't you hear?" said he, in a louder tone; "I congratulate you, Mr. Fieldmarshal." The prince now comprehended his drift, and thanked him for the unexpected promotion. So highly did the king appreciate the service rendered by Maurice in this engagement, that he acknowledged—"You have assisted me in this battle as no one ever yet assisted me"—a declaration which, shortly before his decease, the prince deposited in the archives of his house.

An old general was complimenting the king on the victory he had gained.—"That," replied the king, emphatically, "is the work of a higher power."—"Yes," replied the veteran, "and of your majesty's excellent

dispositions."—"Nay, nay," rejoined Frederick, "it is all one."

The same feeling evidently pervaded the brave Prussian soldiers. When night had put an end to the battle, and they were still under arms in the field, surrounded by dead and dying, a grenadier began singing the hymn, *Nun danket alle Gott*—"Now let us praise the Lord"—and was joined by all the 25,000 warriors who had survived the bloody day. A sublimer Te Deum, methinks, was never performed since it became the fashion for men to offer thanksgivings to the God of peace and mercy for enabling them to slaughter thousands of their fellow-creatures.

When the king saw the field of battle, and the dead and wounded exposed to the inclemency of a December night, he ejaculated, "When will my tribulations cease!" Numerous traits of individual heroism exhibited on this day have been recorded. "Brother soldiers," said a mutilated grenadier, rising, with the assistance of his musket, to his comrades as they passed him, "fight like brave Prussians. Conquer or die for your king." Another, who had lost both legs, was found smoking his pipe on the field. "What signifies my death!" cried he, taking the pipe from his lips; "is it not for my king that I die!" Colonel Byla, commander of the fuselier regiment Old Wirtemberg, being very severely wounded, some of his men hastened to him, to carry him off the ground. "Go, my lads," said he, "and do your duty. I am provided for."

Frederick, as it may easily be supposed, had not spared himself on this decisive day. A party of fifty green hussars, picked men, commanded by lieutenant

Frankenberg, accompanied him from early morning in his excursions. "Hark you, Frankenberg," said the king to that officer, "in the battle that we are about to fight to-day, I shall be obliged to expose myself more than usual. You and your fifty men are to be my escort. You must not quit me, and take care not to let me fall into the hands of the *canaille*. If I fall, throw your cloak over me immediately, and send for a carriage which will be found behind the first battalion of the guard. Put the body into the carriage, and say not a word to any creature. The battle will continue and the enemy be beaten."

Attended by a single page carrying his telescope, the king rode to a hill a little to the right of Borna, where he alighted, and looked through the glass which rested on the shoulder of the page. Frankenberg, agreeably to the directions which he had received, was not with the rest of the king's retinue, but close behind him. "Nay, nay," cried Frederick, motioning him back with his left hand, "that was not what I meant. Keep further off here."

When the army had marched up, the heavy cavalry of the first brigade was posted opposite to the churchyard, where the Austrians had one of their strongest batteries. In front of it were drawn up their light cavalry and numerous flankers to decoy the Prussians the more readily to the attack. To ascertain what sort of ambuscade was here prepared, prince Maurice ordered some flankers to be sent to this point: the Austrians imprudently fired upon them with their heavy artillery, and thus betrayed their design. The prince was about to withdraw his flankers, when the king came up. "No, no," cried Fre-

derick; "your highness is wrong; those shots are intended merely to alarm. Follow me, my lads!" The flankers collected around him, and he led them back to their former position. "Here," said he to them, "behave like gallant fellows; I will soon send you succour." The enemy kept up his fire, and Maurice observed to the king, that this position was too dangerous for him. "Indeed, that is true," replied Frederick, coolly; "but I hope soon to drive them back."

After the battle, the king was apprehensive lest the enemy might make a stand beyond the Schweidnitz water: he therefore asked which battalions had a mind to go with him to Lissa. Manteuffel's and Wedel's grenadier battalions and the Bornstädt regiment immediately declared themselves ready to accompany him. Zieten insisted that the enemy had not made a formal retreat, and that it was only their last regiments which, at nightfall, had fled in disorder. "I know," rejoined the king, "that they are beaten, wholesale and retail, and it will be so much the easier for us to occupy the bridge near Lissa this very night.—How many charges have you left?" he asked, turning to the artillery-men. "About twenty."—"That is enough. Come along; and you, Zieten, stay with me. But send on some of the hussars with you about thirty paces before us. We will speak loud, that they may be guided by the sound in the dark.—Hark ye, hussars, I shall have guns fired now and then, but they shall not do you any harm: the gunners shall take out the quoins of mire, and fire at the greatest possible elevation, so that the balls may fly further and rustle in the air, to keep the enemy on the run..... You have heard what I said, gunners;

I shall always be close to you, and tell you when to fire."

On reaching the village of Sahra, a light was perceived in the public-house; and, as it was so dark that a man could not see his hand before him, the king ordered a lantern to be brought. The landlord, afraid of losing his lantern, brought it himself. The king ordered him to walk by the side of his horse and to lay hold of his stirrup. The party now proceeded along a dyke planted on each side with willows, and the king learned all that he wanted to know of his guide, who was an honest fellow of the Protestant confession, and not a little alarmed when he found at last that it was the king with whom he had been talking.

While the party observed profound silence, in order not to lose a word of the simple account of the countryman, which was far from favourable to the Austrians, it had approached within three hundred paces of Lissa. A number of musket-shots were suddenly fired from a distance of thirty paces: these were chiefly directed at the lantern, which almost touched the ground, and wounded the legs of several of the horses. "Out with the light!" was now the order, and away they scampered right and left between the willows into the dry meadows.

"But, good God, my dear Zieten," said the king, "this could not possibly have happened, if the hussars had, according to orders, kept thirty paces in advance." The fact was that they too, wishing to hear the landlord's story, had kept as close as possible to the king, so that they had not perceived the post till the enemy fired, and immediately ran away.

The king might, it is true, have sent forward a couple of squadrons and battalions, but it is probable that he omitted to do so, lest he should harass the already exhausted troops. He now ordered one of his aides-de-camp to ride back speedily and to fetch up the above-mentioned grenadier battalions, adding that he was perfectly satisfied with the valour they had shown that day; that he wished them to take their quarters with him for the night at Lissa; and that every private should receive a dollar in addition to his pay.

While Frederick was giving these orders, several officers rode forward with the hussars, and came back reporting that they had been close to Lissa, but seen nothing of the enemy. The king now waited for the two grenadier battalions, and entered Lissa at their head. All was quiet, but many lights were observed in the houses on either side. The king, still preceding the grenadiers, having his retinue by his side, came to a spacious place near the chateau, and about sixty paces from the bridge across the Schweidnitz water. Out of some of the houses came Austrian soldiers, with bundles of straw on their backs: they were seized and taken to the king. They told him that on the other side of the bridge was posted a captain with 150 men, who had orders to cover the bridge with straw, and to set it on fire upon the approach of the Prussians. This statement was presently confirmed; for the captain, apprised of the circumstance, ordered his men to fire, and several grenadiers were wounded beside and behind the king. "Fall back," cried the artillery-men, "let us have a slap at them too!" Those on horseback moved close to the houses, lest they should run the same risk from

friend and foe. The gunners gave the enemy several rounds, and the grenadiers fired over them. At this moment a brisk fire was opened upon the Prussians from the windows of all the houses: it was returned by the grenadiers. All were shouting and commanding at once. "Gentlemen," said the king with great composure, "follow me; I'll tell you what to do."

He thereupon turned to the left over the drawbridge leading to the chateau, followed by most of his aides-de-camp. Scarcely had they reached the door, when several Austrian officers, with candles in their hands, rushed down stairs and out of the lower rooms to seek their horses, which were waiting for them in the open place before the chateau. The king alighted with his attendants. He accosted the enemy's officers with the greatest sang-froid. "Good evening, gentlemen," said he. "I dare say you did not expect me here. Can one get a night's lodging along with you?"

The Austrians were completely surprised. The principal generals and staff-officers, taking the candles from the inferior officers and grooms, courteously lighted the king up stairs into one of the first rooms, and, on entering, presented themselves to the king, who inquired the name and rank of each and entered into conversation with them. A great number of Prussian generals successively entered. Frederick asked in surprise whence they came, and was informed that his whole army was marching upon Lissa. A misconception had occasioned this movement, which was most opportune for the king. Friends and foes were supplied with the best accommodations that the place afforded; for it is scarcely neces-

sary to observe that all the Austrian officers were made prisoners. The baron, to whom the chateau belonged, now made his appearance. "I am very hungry indeed," said the king to him; "I should like to have something to eat."

The baron was under no little embarrassment, for the Austrians had consumed every thing that was to be got both in the chateau and in the village. There was no other way but to collect what they had left, and make a sort of ragout with these remnants, to which the king sat down in high spirits and with an excellent appetite. He conversed meanwhile with his host, who waited upon him. All at once he looked stedfastly at him and significantly asked: "My dear baron, can you play at pharao?" The baron hesitated, for the question had no sort of connexion with the previous conversation. He knew that the king was an enemy to games of chance, and timidly began: "When I was young——"—"Then you know," cried Frederick, interrupting him, "what *Va banque* is. That is the game I have been playing to-day."

Having finished his frugal meal, the king thanked the generals who came to him for the parole in the most gracious terms for the new proof they had given of their zeal and valour, which he said would transmit their names to the latest posterity. "After such a day's work," he added, "rest is sweet," and retired.

The loss of the Prussians in superior officers was not so great as might be expected. Major-general Kleist, colonel Byla, and major Auerswald were found among the slain; and the brave major-general Rohr died of

his wounds on the 12th of November. The total loss of the Prussians amounted to about 6000, including 200 officers.

The Austrians had 3000 killed, 6000 wounded, and lost 8000 prisoners, 116 pieces of cannon, 51 pair of colours, and 4000 carts and waggons. Luchesi, Otterwolf, and prince Stolberg, were among the slain; Haller, Maguire, Lascy, prince Lobkowitz, and Pressack, were severely wounded; and Nadasdy and O'Donnell became prisoners of war.

Napoleon, who insists that in regard to tactics Frederick never did any thing but what had been practised by generals ancient and modern in all ages, admits that "the battle of Leuthen serves to immortalize the moral character of Frederick, and to prove his extraordinary military talents;" and in another place he calls this victory "a master-piece of movements, manœuvres, and resolution, which would alone suffice to immortalize Frederick and to rank him among the greatest generals."

Night favoured the retreat of the beaten army. Zieten, with his hussars, pursued the fugitives to Bohemia, taking a great quantity of baggage and many prisoners, and that general and Fouqué, who had succeeded to the command of Winterfeld's corps, completely cleared the open country of the Austrians. Schweidnitz alone, with a garrison of 7000 men, remained in their possession. Colonel Werner scoured Upper Silesia and occupied Jägerndorf and Troppau. The king himself marched on the 6th of November from Lissa, and invested Breslau. The city was occupied by a very strong garrison, commanded by

general Sprecher. On being summoned, he not only refused to give up the place, but erected several gibbets for those who should talk of surrender. The trenches were opened on the 10th; the ditches began to be frozen; and a bomb, falling upon a powder-magazine, blew up a bastion with 800 men. Apprehensive of an assault, Sprecher capitulated on the 19th, in compliance with the orders of the commander-in-chief. The garrison, consisting of 12,000 men, with 5000 sick and wounded, became prisoners of war; and 81 pieces of cannon, besides those belonging to the fortifications, fell into the hands of the Prussians.

During this short siege, Frederick had his head-quarters at the house of a peasant at Rothkretscham. The cold was intense, and the troops pulled down barns, stables, and houses, to procure fuel. The dragoons even fell foul of the woodwork at head-quarters, regardless of the remonstrances of the officer on duty. The latter, finding himself obliged to resort to violence, ordered out the guard. "The first man," said he, "who dares touch a piece of wood shall be fired at." The soldiers laughed, conceiving that he was not in earnest. Frederick heard the noise and called the officer to inquire what was the matter. On being told, "That is not the right way," said he. "Wait a moment; I will soon put a stop to the mischief." He went outside the door. "Dragoons," said he, "if you go on in this manner, I shall have the snow coming in upon my bed: I am certain you would not wish that."—Thenceforward the king's quarters were not molested.

On the 22d of December, the king attended the thanksgiving sermon preached by inspector Burg in the

church of St. Elizabeth at Breslau: his gratitude to God and his joy were equalled only by his modesty. "Your friendship," he writes to d'Argens, "misleads you. I am only a schoolboy compared with Alexander, and not worthy to loose the latchets of Cæsar's shoes. Necessity, the mother of all invention, has set me to work, and instigated me to employ desperate remedies for desperate evils."

The Prussians recovered Liegnitz on the 20th of December, so that all Silesia was again in their possession, excepting the fortress of Schweidnitz, which the king ordered Fouqué to invest, as the winter season prevented a formal siege.

Meanwhile prince Charles of Lorraine, mortified by the severe animadversions and the cutting sarcasms called forth by his disasters at Vienna, resigned the command of the Austrian army and retired with general Sprecher to Brussels. Out of the army under his command, Daun took back no more than 37,000 men to Bohemia. With these he drew a cordon along the frontiers of Silesia, and went into winter-quarters. Zieten did the same on the Prussian side, while Frederick, with the main army, wintered in the environs of Breslau. Prince Henry commanded in Saxony, and Keith covered the frontier of that country against the Austrians.

We have seen what paternal kindness Frederick manifested for Silesia, and what pains he took to gain the affections of the inhabitants of all classes, both high and low. When fortune seemed for a moment to favour the arms of the former ruler, many, of the Catholic clergy in particular, hastened to renounce their allegiance to

the new sovereign. But Frederick was most grieved, perhaps, by the ingratitude of a man who was indebted to him for his elevation. This was count Schaffgotsch, whom he had appointed to succeed cardinal Sinzendorf, as prince-bishop of Breslau and primate of the whole Catholic church in his dominions. Frederick, moreover, conferred on him the order of the Black Eagle, and assigned him apartments in the palace at Potsdam. Even in 1757 Schaffgotsch had visited the king at Hainau, and accompanied him to Dresden. But though the pope himself had exhorted the bishop to show, in every way, his loyalty to a sovereign so well disposed towards the Catholic church, he repaid Frederick's bounty with such ingratitude that the Austrians themselves could not help expressing their reprobation. When the Imperialists had taken Breslau, the recreant bishop not only expressed the utmost contempt for the Prussian monarch, but trampled under foot the order with which he had invested him. When the balance turned in Frederick's favour, Schaffgotsch, feeling himself unsafe in his diocese, retired to Moravia. In January, 1758, he wrote from Nicolsburg, to assure the king of his attachment. "I shall leave you to your fate," replied his majesty, "convinced that such inexcusable conduct as yours will draw upon itself the punishment that it deserves. You will not escape either the divine wrath or the execration of men; for, corrupt as they may be, they are not so depraved as not to abhor the ungrateful and traitors." Repulsed by the court of Vienna, Schaffgotsch resided during the war partly in Rome, partly in Moravia. His revenues were sequestrated. At the peace of Hubertsburg he was permitted to return to

Silesia, but Oppeln was assigned for his residence. The administration of the episcopal possessions was dissolved; but when, in 1766, the bishop removed clandestinely to the Austrian territory, the king ordered his revenues to be again sequestrated, and forbade the clergy to hold further communion with him. The pope then appointed an apostolical vicar.

The king was well aware of the enmity of a great portion of the Catholic clergy of Silesia to his government. The joy of the friars there on the surrender of the city to the Austrians was equalled only by their consternation when it was retaken by Frederick. Knowing their sentiments, he contented himself with quartering the Austrian prisoners of war upon the convents. He sent them, at the same time, this message. "As I know that the Austrians are your bosom friends, I wish to afford you the pleasure of supplying their wants. I am persuaded that you will take great care of these, your good friends; but, to induce you to pay them still greater attention, I shall require of you 20 dollars for each of your guests who is not forthcoming."

Another person who about this time proved himself unworthy of the king's kindness was the Abbé de Prades. Frederick, on the recommendation of d'Alembert, had, in 1752, appointed this man successor to d'Arget in the office of reader; and in 1757 he was just about to confer on him a rich prebend in the cathedral of Breslau, when it was discovered that he was plotting to betray his royal patron to the French. In fact, de Prades convicted himself in a etter written by him in 1756 from Potsdam to the marquis de Valori, French ambassador in Berlin. He was sent to Magdeburg for some time,

lived subsequently at Glogau on a benefice that was given him there, and died in 1782. Le Cat succeeded him in the post of reader, or rather of private secretary, for such Thiébault assures us Le Cat actually was. Frederick, he says, was fond of reading himself, and the person whom he kept as reader had no other duty to perform but to listen to him. Besides, he adds, Le Cat had a weak, faint, and disagreeable voice, whence Thiébault doubts whether he ever read any thing to the king excepting the letters which were given to him to report upon; "at least," says he, "I can affirm that, whenever the king could not read himself, it was I who read to him when he was in Berlin, and this I have done even when Le Cat was present."

It is not possible to describe the enthusiasm which Frederick's fortitude under adversity and his recent brilliant successes kindled not only in his own dominions and throughout Germany, but in almost every country in Europe. His achievements inspired the poets —they were celebrated by Schubert, Rammler, Wieland, but above all by Gleim, who has been justly denominated the Tyrtæus of Prussia. Father Gleim, as he is commonly called by the Germans, is a man of whom some notice is indispensable in the memoirs of the great king.

Born at Ermsleben, in the principality of Halberstadt, in 1719, Gleim studied, under many privations from his straitened circumstances, at Halle; and then accepted the office of domestic tutor in the family of colonel Schultz at Potsdam, where he became acquainted with prince William, son of the margrave of Brandenburg Schwedt, who took him into his service as secretary. It was at this time that Gleim became acquainted

with Kleist, afterwards celebrated in Germany as the author of a poem on Spring: they soon became intimate friends, and so continued till Kleist's death. In 1744 the second Silesian war parted them, and deprived Gleim of his kind patron, who fell before Prague. In the following year he entered as secretary into the service of the old Dessauer, but soon quitted him on account of what he regarded as an act of unnecessary cruelty: the prince, namely, caused a Jew, who in Gleim's opinion was perfectly innocent, to be hanged on the 6th of December, 1745, in the camp near Dieskau, merely because he suspected him of being a spy.

After passing two years in Berlin, where he published his first poetical works, Gleim was appointed, in 1747, secretary to the chapter of the cathedral of Halberstadt. There he came into contact with most of those eminent writers to whom German literature owes its revival; and with many of them he contracted a close friendship, for friendship was the element of his life. His Military Songs, which have made his name more popular as a poet than any other of his compositions, celebrated the splendid achievements of the great Frederick, in a tone and with a fire and energy surpassed, perhaps, only by the spirit-stirring strains of Theodore Körner. These pieces, written in the character of a Prussian grenadier, the author transmitted to Kleist, who circulated them in the army to which he belonged; and they were soon universally diffused and sung, not by the soldiers only, but by the people in general; though they were not published in a collective form till 1778.

On the 22nd of December, 1785, their author was admitted to an interview with the king; and on leaving

the palace he said to duke Frederick Augustus of Brunswick: "Oh! how I wish that I had the old hat which the king wore when I spoke with him!" The duke promised to procure it for him after Frederick's death, and kept his word. Not many days after the decease of the king in the following August, this hat was forwarded to the poet, with a letter from the duke, certifying that it was the same which the king had upon his head the morning before he expired.

Respecting the above-mentioned interview, Gleim observed profound silence, not only towards the public, but also to his most intimate friends. From a poetical squib, containing the only allusion to the subject that was to be found among his manuscript papers, and given by Preuss in the third volume of his Life of Frederick, we may, however, infer that the conversation was of too trivial a nature to prove very flattering to so useful a coadjutor as the author of the Songs of a Prussian Grenadier had proved himself to the great king at the most critical period of his reign.

After Frederick's death Gleim's enthusiasm for the great king was converted into glowing patriotism. The French revolution filled him with horror. To the Germans he incessantly preached up union, and a conflict for life or death, in behalf of the independence of the country. During the last two years of his life, he was totally blind, but still continued to take the same warm interest as ever in the great events of the times, till his decease in 1803. Agreeably to his direction, he was buried in his own garden near Halberstadt. His collected works were published there in eight volumes, 1811-13.

Göthe, who was at this time a youth of 17 or 18, has given a lively picture of the dissensions excited in families in consequence of Frederick's popularity. "The world," he says, "was split at once into two parties, and our family was a miniature of the great whole. My grandfather, who, as bailiff of Frankfurt, was one of the bearers of the canopy over Francis I. at his coronation, and had been presented by the empress with a heavy gold chain and her portrait, was, with some of his daughters and his sons-in-law, on the Austrian side. My father, who had been appointed imperial councillor by Charles VII., and who had warmly sympathized in the fate of that unfortunate monarch, inclined, with the smaller half of his family, to the Prussians. The bickerings usual among brothers-in-law now took a definite form in which they could be expressed. My grandfather, who was before a mild, quiet, easy man, became irritable. Discussions, disputes, quarrels, ensued. The ladies strove in vain to extinguish the flame, and, after several unpleasant scenes, my father absented himself from the company. We now rejoiced at home undisturbed at the Prussian victories, of which one of my aunts exultingly brought us accounts. All other interests gave place to this, and we spent the remainder of the year in ceaseless agitation. The occupation of Dresden, the moderation of the king, his slow but sure progress, the victory of Lowositz, the surrender of the Saxons, were so many triumphs for our party. All that could be said in favour of the adverse side was denied or extenuated; and, as the opposing members of the family pursued the same course, they could scarcely meet in the streets without acting over again the scenes that occur in Romeo and Juliet.

"Thus, then, I became a partisan of Prussia, or rather of Fritz—for what was Prussia to us? It was the personal qualities of the great king that operated upon all minds. I rejoiced with my father at our victories, was fond of copying the verses written upon them, and still more the satires upon the opposite party, slender as their poetical merit might be."

The French themselves joined in those popular songs in praise of Frederick, and in depreciation of their own unworthy commanders. Nay, Duclos tells us that, after the victories of Rossbach and Leuthen, in the *salons*, in the promenades, in the theatres of Paris, you met with more partisans of Prussia than of France. "The few," he says, "who were in the French interest durst scarcely express their sentiments."

But no where, perhaps, had Frederick found more enthusiastic admirers than in England. Here, in the autumn of 1757, William Pitt had been appointed foreign secretary of state. He called the Prussian monarch the firmest bulwark of Europe against the mightiest and basest league that ever threatened the liberties of mankind, and infused new life into the British cabinet, by insisting that America must be conquered in Germany. So great a favourite was Frederick with the people, that they celebrated his birthday with the same honours as that of their own sovereign, and his victories with illuminations. Both houses of parliament rang with his praise. It was proposed to raise a subscription in aid of his efforts; and lady Salisbury did actually send him a sum of money as a present through her banker. Pitt availed himself of this universal enthusiasm to conclude a new treaty of alliance and subsidy with Prussia on the 11th of April,

1758, in London, ensuring to the king the yearly sum of £670,000, which his monetary ingenuity, sharpened by necessity, contrived to convert into ten million dollars. The English subsidies, it is true, were not exactly what the king wanted; he would rather have seen a fleet in the Baltic, which would have relieved him from all alarm about his rear, but that Great Britain declined furnishing; and Prussia and Westphalia being drained by the enemy, he was obliged to accept aid in money. The disgraceful convention of Kloster Zeven was annulled on the 26th of November; and, as William III. had selected the Brandenburg field-marshal Schomberg to assist in asserting his claims to the English throne, so George II. applied to Frederick for duke Ferdinand of Brunswick to command his German troops at Stade.

Ferdinand, fourth son of Ferdinand Albert, duke of Brunswick, was born in 1721. He entered into the Prussian service in 1740, as colonel and commander of the regiment which his brother, the reigning duke Charles, placed in the Prussian service. He was most graciously received by the king, and continued about his person till the breaking out of the first Silesian war. This and the succeeding war were a good school for the young soldier, who distinguished himself on various occasions, particularly at the battle of Sorr, after which Frederick, who had invested him in 1742 with the order of the Black Eagle, presented him with the reversion to the lordships of Pless and Beuthen, saying, "Here I give you what I owe you." This reversion the duke sold to count Promnitz for 30,000 dollars. In 1743, he was promoted to be major-general; in 1750, lieutenant-general; and, in 1755, appointed governor of Magdeburg. Ferdinand

contributed to decide the victory of Prague, by breaking through the enemy's line, and leading some battalions into the chasm. He continued to distinguish himself till towards the conclusion of 1757, when Sir Andrew Mitchell, on behalf of the English government, solicited the king of Prussia to give a commander to the allied British and Hanoverian army in the person of the duke. Frederick complied. After the victory of Rossbach, Ferdinand proceeded to his new destination, and arrived on the 22d of November at Stade.

The subsequent career of the duke gained him the character of an accomplished general; but, though he was now responsible only to the crown whose forces he commanded, yet Frederick, to whose military service he in fact still belonged, was desirous of exercising a decisive influence upon the operations of the army under the duke. If Ferdinand felt mortified and fettered in some measure by this pretension of his old master, we see him acting with an humble friend in a kind of concert, of which military history furnishes no other example. Philip Westphal, the duke's secretary, who constantly lived with him in head-quarters, not only planned all the great strategical operations, but even the minutest details, as may be seen by the original papers deposited at the general staff of the Prussian army in Berlin. Ferdinand weighed these ideas, sometimes objected to them, and then executed the result of their joint conceptions. All was transacted between them in writing, each in his own apartment. Thus Westphal may be said to have performed the duty of the general staff for his prince; and Ferdinand felt no jealousy of his incomparable friend, who was ennobled after the peace. On the contrary, it redounds greatly

to his honour to have discovered the rare military genius of his humble secretary, and to have made it a touchstone of his own ideas. On his arrival at Stade, the duke, without loss of time, set about the moral and physical re-organization of the troops which he was to command. He persuaded his brother, the reigning duke of Brunswick, to send back his contingent, which he had withdrawn; the landgrave of Hesse, who had been driven almost to despair by the excesses of the French, entrusted to him his little force; Frederick sent him some regiments of cavalry, so that before the end of the year he was at the head of an army of 36,000 men. He occupied Harburg, invested the citadel garrisoned by the French, sent general Diepenbrock to Bremen and Verden, and marched with the principal corps of 26,000 men against Richelieu, who precipitately evacuated the whole country between the Elbe and the Aller, and took up a strong camp behind the latter river near Celle. Ferdinand would have driven him from this position had not the severity of the season put an end to his operations. About this time, Richelieu received an intimation that he was soon to be superseded by a Benedictine abbot, the count de Clermont. The rapacious general resolved to make good use of his time, and sent 9000 men under general d'Argenson to Halberstadt, with instructions to plunder and to commit the most inhuman extortions.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Campaign of 1758 — The general enthusiasm in behalf of the King facilitates the recruiting of the Prussian Army — Provincial Militia—Plan of Frederick's Enemies in this Campaign — Operations of Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick—Flight of the French across the Rhine—Battle of Crefeld —English troops sent to join the Duke—Advantages gained by the French —The Saxon Corps — Operations in Silesia — Reduction of Schweidnitz by the Prussians— Frederick makes an incursion into Moravia, and lays siege to Ollmütz—The Austrians intercept a large Prussian Convoy, and oblige the King to raise the Siege—He retreats to Bohemia, and thence to Silesia—The Russians, under Count Fermor, again take possession of East Prussia, and force the Inhabitants to swear allegiance to the Empress—Their Cruelty—The King hastens to meet the Invaders, who bombard and destroy Cüstrin—His visit to that place—Battle of Zorndorf— Loyalty of the Prussians to their rightful Sovereign — Frederick makes the Saxons swear allegiance to him — Plot of the Russian Prisoners at Cüstrin—Secret Treaty of December 1758 between France and Austria.

Frederick passed the winter at Breslau, refreshing his heart in the society of friends and of the Muses, and making energetic preparations for the next campaign. He would have preferred peace, which he offered in vain after the victory of Leuthen to the empress-queen, through prince Lobkowitz, one of his prisoners. Pitt also made pacific overtures, but Keith, the English ambassador, exerted himself to no purpose at the court of Petersburg, where Austria, France, and Saxony, were all-powerful. Goderich, sent for the like purpose to Stockholm, was not allowed by the French party to cross the frontiers. Even Denmark concluded a subsidiary treaty with France against Prussia, but this threw very little weight into the scale, as the court of Copenhagen was decidedly adverse to war.

Six pitched battles, severe marches, disasters of all

kinds, and contagious diseases, had, during the campaign of 1757, reduced the Prussian army to one-third of its original complement; but such were the efforts made to recruit and reinforce it during the winter, that, in April, 1758, it was again complete as to number and well equipped. Not only did the cantons of Frederick's dominions furnish their respective quotas, but great numbers of foreigners and deserters, attracted by the fame of the Prussian arms, enlisted under his banners. The extraordinary popularity of the king mainly contributed to this effect. Painters could not produce portraits of him fast enough to supply the demand in England and Switzerland. The general enthusiasm spread to the ranks of his adversaries. The French army, the officers in particular, extolled Frederick and duke Ferdinand, and discouraged their own soldiers, while they revelled inactive in luxurious indulgence. These sentiments were most beneficial to the king: they served to complete his ranks and to infuse confidence into the new army; so that Frederick found himself again at the head of 200,000 infantry and 50,000 cavalry.

In the campaign of 1757, the king, as we have seen, had been obliged to abandon his Westphalian provinces, as well as Prussia, to their fate. At the instigation of Hertzberg, then councillor of legation, but afterwards minister and a personal friend of the king's, his countrymen, the Pomeranians, raised in a few weeks ten battalions of militia, of 500 men each, to oppose the Swedes, who had invaded their country; and this example was followed by Magdeburg and the electorate of Brandenburg. The states of those two provinces

voluntarily raised each 2000 men, whom they maintained at their own expense till the peace; and these militia not only defended bravely the fortresses of Colberg, Stettin, Cüstrin, Magdeburg, and Berlin itself, but kept up the petty war against the Russians and Swedes in Pomerania and the New Mark with great success. This proof of active patriotism in times of danger was not more serviceable than gratifying to the king, who ever afterwards regarded the province which had set the example with particular favour; for, in a political testament deposited in the Berlin archives, he advises his successors to rely most especially on the Pomeranian population, and to consider it as the main prop of the Prussian monarchy.

The plan of Frederick's enemies in this campaign was to press him closely on all sides—the Russians on the Oder, the French on the Elbe, the Austrians in Silesia and Saxony; and then, by finally uniting their forces, to crush him completely. The king, on his part, purposed that duke Ferdinand of Brunswick should keep the French in check, while he repelled the Austrians. To this end, it was requisite that he should, in the first place, reduce Schweidnitz; he then designed, by an incursion into Moravia, to entice Daun to meet him; while prince Henry was to annihilate the army of the empire, and to make himself master of Prague. When he should have crippled the Austrians in Bohemia and Moravia, he intended to turn, according to circumstances, either against the Russians, whom he held very cheap, or against the French, and to beat them. But in case the cautious Daun should shun a battle, he would endeavour at least to draw him away from

Bohemia, that prince Henry might have a clear stage for his operations.

Agreeably to this general plan, duke Ferdinand was the first to take the field, for the purpose of driving 80,000 French from the soil of Germany with a disheartened force of 30,000 men. He was accompanied by his nephew, the hereditary prince of Brunswick, whose high-spirited mother, a sister of Frederick's, when taking leave of him before the regiment of the guard, said to her son: "I forbid you to appear again in my presence unless you have performed deeds worthy of your birth and your relatives." Count Clermont, abbot of St. Germain des Près, a prince of the blood, arrived in Hanover, on the 14th of February, to supersede Richelieu, just as the allies were beginning to move. Learning that prince Henry also was advancing upon Brunswick, he commenced his operations with a precipitate flight, evacuated all Lower Saxony, Brunswick, Hanover, and Hildesheim, and appointed the left bank of the Weser, between Hameln and Minden, for the rendezvous of his troops. But when the garrison of Hameln, consisting of 3500 men, surrendered, after a siege of six days, in spite of its previous boasting, Clermont continued his flight, without intermission, by the worst roads, and in the most inclement weather, to Düsseldorf, and did not deem himself safe till he had the Rhine between him and his pursuing enemy. Magazines, baggage, military chests, and stores, together with 11,000 men, fell into the hands of Ferdinand.

The western provinces of Prussia, of which the French had taken possession in the name of the empress Maria Theresa, were meanwhile evacuated by those plunderers.

When their last detachment, with fifteen baggage-waggons, was on the point of crossing the Ems at Leerort, some playful boys shouted: "Black hussars! black hussars!" Such was the terror excited by the very name of those troops, that the fugitives broke open some of the trunks and chests, took out the most valuable effects, and leaped into the boats, leaving the rest to the mercy of the populace.

Ferdinand, after resting between Münster and Cösfeld, to recruit his army and to establish magazines, followed the enemy across the Rhine on the 1st of June. At length, on the 23d of that month, Clermont resolved to give battle to his pursuers in the plain of Crefeld, where, in spite of his greatly superior force and advantageous position, his daring adversary attacked him with such spirit, that he was defeated with the loss of 4000 men, three pieces of cannon, and six pair of colours. This victory, indecisive in itself, led to the reduction of Rörmonde and Düsseldorf. In Paris it produced the same kind of impression as the glorious day of Rossbach. The people were delighted to have to add to the "Prince de Sottise" and the "Petit Père la Maraude" a warrior priest, who "preached like a soldier and fought like an apostle." The latter was superseded on the 7th of July by lieutenant-general de Contades, who was directed by Belleisle, the French minister at war, "to convert Hanover and Westphalia into a desert, and to leave not a vestige of any growing thing but the roots in the ground."

Meanwhile, Wesel and Gelders were still in the hands of the French; and Soubise, who was yet behind the Lahn, occupied Frankfurt and Hanau. Ferdinand could

not leave more than 5000 men, chiefly Hessian militia, under the prince of Isenburg, to cover Hesse. This corps was defeated at Sandershausen by the duke de Broglio, and the main army was in consequence obliged to fall back.

The people of England, who idolized the king of Prussia, were filled with exultation by the victory of Crefeld. Pitt influenced both houses in favour of Frederick, and parliament voted that 18,000 men should be sent to Germany. On the 10th of July, the king reviewed these troops, amounting, however, to no more than 12,000, in Hyde Park, and they embarked at Harwich, on the 26th, for Emden. They consisted chiefly of the regiments of the guards, and 2000 Highlanders, and were commanded by the duke of Marlborough, who had under him lords Blandford, Waldegrave, Sackville, and other officers of distinction. They formed in every respect a splendid corps, which joined the allies at Coesfeld, without molestation, on the 20th of August.

By Ferdinand's success on the left bank of the Rhine, the corps of Prince Soubise, which was to have proceeded to Bohemia, was detained near the Mayn. To this corps of 25,000 men, Broglio's victory at Sandershausen opened the way to the electorate of Hanover. While Ferdinand turned off to Lippstadt, Contades followed him over the Rhine near Wesel; but the duke succeeded in his object of preventing the junction of the two French armies. That of Contades, now promoted to marshal, was 75,000 strong. Ferdinand at first sent general Oberg against Soubise, who, on the 10th of October, defeated his antagonist at Lutternberg.

and thus furnished his patroness, the marquise de Pompadour, with a pretext for procuring him the marshal's staff. Content with this advantage, Soubise went into winter-quarters between the Rhine and Mayn, as did Contades between the Rhine and Meuse, and Ferdinand, after recalling Oberg's corps, between the Rhine and Weser.

Soubise owed his victory chiefly to some of those Saxon regiments taken at Pirna, which Frederick had attempted to transform into Prussian. Being left together, they had deserted in troops, and fled to Hungary, where twelve new regiments were formed with them. These were taken into the pay of France, and they were commanded by Francis Xavier, second son of the king of Poland, who assumed the title of count of Lusatia. These troops had been presented by the dauphiness with 24 new pieces of cannon, on which were engraved her name and the arms of Saxony; in May new colours had been given to them with great ceremony near Vienna; and, marching through Bavaria to Strasburg, they had joined Contades' army at Andernach. They distinguished themselves in every action; but the officers included in the capitulation of Libenstein, and who had been dismissed on their parole, were justly condemned for joining the ranks of the count of Lusatia, which Frederick summoned them to quit.

The king commenced operations in Silesia by forming a camp of observation between Landeshut and Friedland, to cover the siege of Schweidnitz, which was conducted by general Treskow, under whom colonel Balbi acted as engineer. Count Thürheim defended the place till the Gallows fort was taken by storm, on the 15th of April,

when he surrendered. Such was the scarcity of provisions in the place, that the garrison and the inhabitants must have been famished during the winter, had not an unexampled mortality diminished the consumption. The Imperialists, who three months before amounted to 9000 men, marched only 1500 strong out of the fortress. Patient under hardships, loyal to their sovereign, and yet not malicious against the enemy, the citizens invariably manifested the most laudable sentiments. During this war the town was four times taken, three times by formal siege and once by starvation, and twice plundered; and under all these afflictions the patriotism of the inhabitants justly acquired it the reputation of being one of the most loyal cities in the kingdom.

Daun, who, on the resignation of prince Charles of Lorraine, had been appointed to the command of the Austrian army in Bohemia, was too much occupied in repairing the losses which it had sustained to make any attempt to prevent the fall of Schweidnitz. Apprehending an incursion of the Prussians into Bohemia, he ordered all the roads to be broken up and whole woods to be cut down to obstruct the march of the king. Frederick's plan was to make a diversion in Moravia, and, by the speedy reduction of Ollmütz, to draw Daun out of Bohemia. Accordingly, he marched with 38,000 men by Neustadt, Jägerndorf, and Troppau, driving general de Ville out of Upper Silesia, and ascended the Nickelsberg before Daun received intelligence of this unexpected movement. The Austrian commander then quitted his strong camp at Skalitz, but, instead of anticipating the king, as he might have done, he posted himself on the frontiers near Leitomischl, and merely

sent generals Janus and Loudon to watch the movements of his adversary.

On the 3d of May the Prussian army arrived before Ollmütz, the garrison of which, after de Ville's retreat into the fortress, amounted to 9000 men. Frederick's plan was founded on the speedy surrender of the place, but it was frustrated by the obstacles which he had to encounter. The fortifications had been much strengthened and repaired; the place was amply supplied with provisions and stores; and Marschall, the commandant, possessed all the firmness and talents requisite for his post. While Frederick himself marched with his corps of observation to meet Daun, he left marshal Keith to conduct the siege. For this service he had only 6000 men, and his supply of artillery and stores was equally scanty. At Schweidnitz, Balbi had reason to complain of the parsimony of the king on this point, and of the infinite hardships which the soldiers had to encounter: but these inconveniences were much more severely felt at Ollmütz. The besiegers were unable to invest the place closely, so that the garrison could receive one reinforcement after another and provisions in abundance. The inundation of the river Morawa was also an advantage to the enemy, as on that account the town could be attacked on one side only.

After a blockade of seventeen days, the siege was, nevertheless, commenced, but the trenches were opened at such a distance that the Prussian bombs fell short of the town. Considerable time was occupied in correcting this fault; but, on a nearer approach, the enemy's fire was found to be far superior to that of the besiegers, who were, moreover, annoyed by successful sallies, in

one of which ten pieces of their cannon were spiked. Their ammunition began to run short, so that a certain quantity only could be allowed for each day. The fate of the fortress now depended on the safe arrival of a Prussian convoy of 3000 waggons, with provisions, ammunition, and money, which was coming from Troppau, escorted by the brave colonel Mosel with 9000 men, to whom Zieten was sent with a detachment for its further protection. This circumstance was well known to the enemy.

The dilatory Daun now came but too soon with his numerous army from Konigingrätz. It was anything but an agreeable surprise to Frederick to see him arrive at Great Teinitz, and he burst forth into the involuntary commendation: "There are the Austrians! they are learning to march!" Having reinforced the commandant of Ollmütz, Daun despatched 25,000 men under generals Loudon and Siskowsky to intercept the convoy. Occupying, without being seen, all the heights about a defile through which it would be obliged to pass, the enemy waited for colonel Mosel, who attacked them with such resolution, that Loudon was compelled to retire. The same evening Mosel was joined by Zieten with his detachment. During the action, the drivers and people of the train had turned back, affrighted, for Troppau, and Zieten was obliged to halt a day to collect the fugitives and restore order. This delay favoured the object of the enemy. Loudon, joined by Serbelloni's corps, placed a dangerous ambuscade for the convoy. Attacked in a difficult defile, Zieten's heroic troops were overcome by the nature of the ground and the vast superiority of the assailants. General Krockow,

whom the Austrians allowed to pass with the advanced guard, alone escaped with about 250 waggons; while Zieten, after losing 2400 men and six pieces of cannon, was forced to retire, fighting all the way, to Troppau. Out of 900 recruits destined for the regiment of prince Ferdinand of Prussia, all hale young men, scarcely one hundred were left alive. This event was doubly disastrous for the Prussians; not only had their means of subsistence fallen into the hands of the enemy, but he occupied all the mountain passes with 25,000 men, so that it appeared next to impossible to return by the usual roads.

Thus, not only was Frederick's plan for making Ollmütz a *place d'armes* for his operations in Bohemia frustrated, but he found himself cut off from his own dominions; nay, he had every reason to expect that he should be surrounded on every side, and obliged to fight his way through the enemy at all risks. In this emergency, his genius abandoned him not. On the 1st of July, he assembled his generals and the commanders of regiments and battalions, and thus addressed them: "Gentlemen, the enemy has found means to annihilate the convoy coming from Silesia, and I am forced by this fatal circumstance to raise the siege of Ollmütz. But my officers must not suppose on this account that all is lost. No; they may be assured that all shall be retrieved in such a manner that the enemy shall have cause to remember it. The officers must impart courage to the men, and not suffer any murmurs. I have no fear that officers themselves will manifest despondency; but, should I, contrary to expectation, perceive it in one or other, I shall not fail to punish it most

severely. I shall now march and fight the enemy wherever I find him, let him be posted where he will, let him have one or more batteries before him; but—[rubbing his forehead with the crutch of his Spanish cane] I will not do so without reason and consideration. But I am sure that, when occasion offers, every officer, and every private too, will do his duty as he has hitherto done."

Having thus strengthened the moral courage of his troops, he set about forming his plan. To deceive the enemy's generals, he sent orders to the commandant of Neisse to have bread and fodder in readiness for the army which was about to return by way of Troppau. Daun accordingly occupied in force all the passes by which, as he conceived, the retreat would be executed, with a view to surround and intercept the whole Prussian army. Owing to these precautions, he left open the road to Bohemia and that country without defence, never dreaming that his antagonist would seek an outlet by difficult, almost impracticable, and circuitous ways. For that very reason the king chose this route.

The Prussians commenced their retreat in the night of the 3d of July, with such caution and silence, that the enemy was not aware of their design till after it was accomplished. During the day, the battalions manned the trenches as usual, and the guns kept up a brisk fire. At night all the artillery, excepting five mortars and one useless cannon, was drawn off, the flour put into carts, and the troops marched away: for want of conveyance, it was found necessary to leave behind a small number of sick to the humanity of the enemy. By break of day, the whole Prussian army was in safety;

and, though it had to encounter great difficulties in its further progress, yet Frederick arrived at Königingrätz on the 14th of July, without the loss of a single carriage. Here he fixed himself in the strong camp at the conflux of the Adler and the Elbe; and Daun, who arrived eight days later, took a position near Libitschau, on the opposite side of the latter river.

Contrary to all expectation, Frederick, whose genius shone with peculiar lustre in adversity, contrived to retire without loss to Silesia. So much the more honourable was his success to himself and his gallant followers. In his History of the Seven Years' War, he mentions by name, with particular commendation, marshal Keith, general Retzow, and lieutenant Kordshagen of the hussars. The latter, son of a peasant of Mecklenburg, served from the ranks upward in Zieten's hussars, and was on that general's recommendation made lieutenant, after the battle of Leuthen. Having been promoted, after various other services, to captain, he was one day invited to the king's table. The company was numerous, and the conversation turned upon the old nobility. "To what family do you belong?" said the king to Kordshagen. "My father," replied the latter, "is a plain peasant; but I would not change him for any other in the world."—"That is a noble sentiment!" exclaimed Frederick, who showed on numberless occasions how highly he appreciated filial affection. It was this officer who furnished Engel with the subject for his Dutiful Son. He was deservedly ennobled by the king, and died with the rank of major. His family is now extinct; his son, worthy of such a sire, having, as captain of the Rudorf regiment of hussars, fallen fighting,

with the boldness of a lion, in a rear-guard action with the French near Criwitz in Mecklenburg, on the 3d of November, 1806.

Great was the rejoicing in Vienna, when it was known that the Austrian states were once more cleared of the formidable foe. The empress dedicated a medal to the German Fabius, the commander who had conquered and might again conquer by delay. Daun pursued his modest course. He made no attempt to transfer the theatre of the war to Silesia, where the king could leave only a corps of observation under the margrave Charles, while he himself went to meet the Russians, who had taken possession of Prussia, and were overrunning his northern provinces.

As the court of Versailles, mortified and embittered by the disgrace of its arms at Rossbach, had, through its ambassador Stainville, afterwards duke de Choiseul, encouraged Maria Theresa to prosecute the war with vigour, so it had, through the medium of the notorious chevalier d'Eon, enlightened the empress Elizabeth, who had recovered from her illness, respecting the real cause of the inglorious campaign of 1757. Bestuchef was dismissed and brought to trial for treason, and count Woronzow appointed to succeed him; while Apraxin was recalled and sent to the fortress of Narva. The chief command of the army was given to general count Fermor, and he was ordered to take possession of Prussia again immediately.

Fermor, a native of Livonia, of the Lutheran confession, had been aide-de-camp to marshal Münnich, at the siege of Danzig, in 1734. He was a strictly religious man, and kept a chaplain for himself and the Protes-

tants about him, who frequently preached in a large green tent, 120 feet long, presented to the count, together with 3000 ducats, by the city of Königsberg; at the further end of which was a separate apartment, fitted up as a sacristy; the table was covered with red velvet, upon which the imperial arms were embroidered in gold. Fermor was, moreover, an amiable and humane man, but was frequently obliged to sacrifice his noble feelings to higher interests.

When Apraxin, after his victory at Gross-Jägersdorf, retreated from Prussia to put his army into winter-quarters in Courland, Livonia, and Poland, he had left 12,000 men at Memel. Here Fermor collected the force destined for the reoccupation of Prussia. Marching from Memel on the 16th of January, 1758, he arrived in six days at Königsberg. Fermor concluded a formal capitulation with that city, which was extended to the whole of Prussia. Totally destitute of troops, the country submitted without resistance. The empress considered it as her own property, and an oath of allegiance to her was wrung from the authorities and the principal persons of the kingdom. The revenues were of course diverted into the Russian coffers. Bending to the inflexible will of the new rulers, the people of Königsberg celebrated the birthday of the presumptive heir to the throne by fireworks, illuminations, and public festivities, constrained to assume the mask of joy and attachment, while sorrow dwelt in their hearts. Money was coined with Elizabeth's portrait; her arms were set up in the towns, and her colours floated from every church-steeple.

This state of things was, nevertheless, a signal benefit

for the province, and so it was considered by the unfortunate inhabitants, when they recollected the horrible barbarities practised in the preceding year by their invaders. Very few proved untrue to their natural sovereign, and many manifested their sincere loyalty to him by patriotic actions and sacrifices: still, Frederick could not forget that they had sworn allegiance to another; and, regularly as he visited the different provinces of his dominions, he never set foot again in East Prussia.

In the space of three months, Fermor reduced the whole province, excepting Danzig, under Russian authority. Reinforced by 20,000 men, originally destined for a corps of observation, he at length crossed the Vistula; and, that he might penetrate with the greater security through the New Mark to the Oder, he made himself master of both banks of the Wartha, not without taking formal possession of the Polish city of Posen. Pomerania now lay open before him. Count Dohna, who had succeeded field-marshal Lehwald in the command of the Prussian corps in that province, was obliged to abandon the Swedes whom he had shut up in Stralsund, in order to oppose to the best of his ability the destructive torrent that was approaching the capital: but, as the Russians were four times as strong as his force, he could not attempt any thing of consequence. In Brandenburg and Pomerania the savage invaders threw off those restraints which they had imposed on themselves in the kingdom of Prussia. Murder and devastation attended their progress. All who could not get out of their reach were inhumanly maltreated, if not tortured to death. Whole villages, which they had first plundered, were burned down from the love of wanton de-

struction. Infants were slaughtered in the arms of their brutally violated mothers; infirm old men were cut in pieces; the churches were plundered and desecrated; and there was no inhumanity which these descendants of Tartars did not perpetrate.

When tidings of these atrocities reached the king in Silesia, he resolved to hasten in person to the relief of his suffering subjects. In what spirit he went to meet his cruel enemies is apparent from his last will, which he delivered in writing to prince Henry, on the 10th of August, previously to his departure. That document was to this effect:—"The march which I shall commence to-morrow against the Russians, as well as the events of the war, may be attended with all sorts of accidents, and I might easily happen to be killed: I have therefore deemed it my duty to make you acquainted with my sentiments, as you are the guardian of our nephew, with unlimited powers.

"1. If I am killed, all the armies must immediately take the oath of allegiance to my nephew.

"2. The operations must be continued with such energy that the enemy shall not discover any change in the commanding authority.

"3. As for the finances, I must tell you that the embarrassments which have recently befallen me, and, still more, those which I foresee, have obliged me to accept the English subsidies, which are not payable till the month of October.

"4. With respect to politics—it is certain that, if we get well over this campaign, the enemy, weary and exhausted by the war, will be the first to wish for peace. Whereas, if, immediately after my death, impatience and

too strong a desire for peace should be shown on our side, this might impose the necessity of accepting bad conditions, and taking the law from the conquered."

Confiding the defence of Silesia to the margrave Charles and that of the electorate of Saxony to prince Henry, the king set off with 14,000 men to join count Dohna, who was encamped near Cüstrin, where he arrived, after a march of 170 miles, performed in eleven days.

Fermor had, meanwhile, appeared before Cüstrin, on the 13th of August. Seeing little probability of reducing the fortress, which he could not completely invest, on account of the proximity of Dohna, he determined to destroy the place. Dohna had received some reinforcements from Silesia and Saxony, and, in order to preserve the only bulwark of the country, had thrown four battalions into the fortress, which was defended by the brave colonel Schach von Wittenau. On the morning of the 15th, the Russians poured a shower of bombs and red-hot balls into the town, which was set on fire, and, before night, converted into a heap of ashes. The inhabitants and the strangers, who, with their most valuable effects, had sought refuge here from the barbarities of the foreign hordes, fled towards Frankfurt. Few lives were lost; but the archives and a great deal of property were destroyed: of the old town nothing was left standing but the garrison-church and a single house. Still the Russians continued their fire till evening; and when the officers, weary of the useless bombardment, desisted from it, Fermor, at nightfall, ordered the whole store of combustible balls to be thrown into the town, as there would be no further occasion for them that year. The confla-

gration was so fierce that the very cannon were melted in the arsenal. On the following day the Russians kept up a faint fire, and, on the 17th, Fermor summoned the commandant to surrender. He replied that, as the fortress and the garrison had not suffered, though the town was a heap of rubbish, he should wait quietly to see what the enemy would do next.

Rothenburg, president of the Chamber of the New Mark, who had left Cüstrin during the bombardment, acquainted the king, on his arrival at Frankfurt, with the disaster which had befallen the town. His entry into that place is thus described by an officer who witnessed it.

"The king, on horseback, preceded the troops, and the cavalry followed with drawn swords. Nobody knew whether it was his intention to halt there or only to march through. All at once, in front of the house of a clergyman's widow, he cried "Halt!" and sent in an aide-de-camp to say that he should take up his quarters there for the night. The widow immediately made her appearance, and humbly represented that her dwelling was unworthy to receive so great a sovereign, as her apartments were very small and mean. The king raised her from the ground with his own hands, and told her kindly to give him any room, no matter what. She did so, and he went in. Presently he came back, leant against the doorpost, and gave the word of command, "March!" While the troops were filing off before his majesty, I heard very distinctly every one of the enemy's shot fired against Cüstrin. I took notice that at each report the king took a pinch of snuff, and through the extraordinary firmness which distinguishes the character of this

incomprehensible hero might be perceived a feeling of pity for the fate of the unfortunate town, and of anxious impatience to relieve it. When the troops were in their quarters, he took some cold refreshment with prince Maurice of Dessau and general Seydlitz. Orders were then issued for breaking up next morning; but, in consequence of information received two hours afterwards from a spy, we started at two o'clock. Till that time the king had been sitting with the two officers just mentioned at a small round table writing. About two he was again on horseback. So little rest did the tutelary angel and avenger of his people allow himself: and so we marched off in one corps for Cüstrin."

The king himself, attended by six hussars, rode towards Golzow, where Dohna was posted with his corps. At Reitwein, he met a dyer from Cüstrin, named Klement, who with his wife and children, each carrying a bundle, was seeking a lodging for them. The king, wrapped in his cloak, asked him whence he came, and the dyer, who did not know him, gave him a simple account of his misfortunes. "Children," said Frederick, "I could not come sooner; I will have all your houses rebuilt for you." At Golzow he found count Dohna: "Well," said he, "how goes it? Do the Russians stand firmly?"—"Yes, your majesty," was the reply; "they stand like walls."—"Good! they will fall the better." He inspected the troops, only 17,000 in number. "Your men are all excessively smart," said he to Dohna. "I have brought some with me that look like grasshoppers, but they can bite."

After his retinue had overtaken him, he rode on towards Cüstrin, and was met by Kirchheim, the burgo-

master. Frederick inquired into the minutest particulars, and then went with him upon the ramparts, where they could overlook the ruins of the town. At the sight of this scene of desolation, he was heard to exclaim several times, "Incendiaries! incendiaries!" At the Kirschberg battery, he met with the commandant, with whose defence, though most gallant, he was not altogether satisfied. When that officer would have made excuses for himself, Frederick stopped him with the words: "Say no more; it is not your fault, but mine, for making you commandant." He assigned 200,000 dollars for the immediate relief of the unfortunate inhabitants of Cüstrin, and subsequently expended large sums in rebuilding the town.

In the night of the 22d the Prussian army commenced its march down the Oder to Gustebiese; here it crossed the river on the following day, and pitched its camp at Darmietzel, on the right bank of the Mietzel. Thus Romanzow, who was with the Russian cavalry at Schwedt, was cut off from the main army, and Fermor obliged to abandon the siege of Cüstrin, in order to give battle between Zorndorf and Quartschen.

Before midnight on the 24th of August, the Russians, numbering more than 50,000, formed in order of battle. They were drawn up in four lines, doubly covered by infantry on the flanks, so as to give them the appearance of a parallelogram, the left wing of which was supported upon the village of Quartschen, and the right extending to Zicher. The petty baggage was in the centre of this square; the heavy baggage at Klein Kamin, about a mile off, protected by 8000 men.

Frederick, at daybreak on the 25th, crossed the

Mietzel, and advanced behind the heath of Massin, out of sight of the enemy. At length, Fermor, perceiving the Prussian army, 32,000 strong, with 117 pieces of cannon besides the regimental artillery, approaching Wilkersdorf and Zorndorf, set fire to the latter village. This proceeding was injurious to himself, for the smoke, together with the cloud of dust raised by the horses, concealed from him all the movements of the king, who completely turned him and took him in the rear. Frederick might easily have made himself master of the baggage of the enemy, and then have forced them by a few marches, destitute as they would be of necessaries, to evacuate the country: but, like his whole army, he longed to bestow a signal chastisement on the ruthless spoilers; and it is admitted that he ordered his troops to give them no quarter.

When the Russian soldiers beheld the arms of the advancing Prussians glistening in the rays of the rising sun, they raised a tremendous shout of *Prussac idiot*—"The Prussians are coming!" The protopope, surrounded by subordinate popes, and followed by a great number of attendants, all bearing consecrated flags, rode solemnly along the inside of the square and blessed the troops. After this ceremony, each of the soldiers took a dram from a leathern bottle suspended from his belt, and they finished with a loud hurrah! as a sign that they were ready to receive the approaching enemy.

Silently and majestically the Prussians advanced. Suddenly deploying, they formed a long line in oblique order of battle, for Frederick's bold resolution was to gain the enemy's right wing and to refuse his own right. This unusual attack astonished his adversary. The

Prussian drums beat, and the bands played: *Ich bin ja Herr in deiner Macht!*—"O Lord my God, I'm in thy hand!"

The Russians awaited the king's approach motionless and in profound silence; and even when his artillery poured a destructive fire upon their infantry not a man wavered: the gaps were filled from the rear ranks, and all appeared determined to conquer or perish. Even the removal of the baggage, which it was necessary to send with the cavalry behind the square, produced no confusion; and though the Prussian infantry drew up their batteries still closer, and at last charged with the bayonet, still it was impossible to gain a foot of ground from the undaunted foe: nay, the grenadier battalions under general Manteuffel fell back about eleven o'clock in great confusion, after a sanguinary conflict of two hours. The right wing of the first line, under general Kanitz, which should have supported them, had, in coming up round Zorndorf, borne too much to the right, and was not in time to assist the fatigued combatants. The Russian infantry then burst with wild impetuosity from its ranks in the square, and dashed, along with their cavalry, in pursuit of the Prussians: they were soon in a state of inexpressible confusion. The Prussian cavalry under Seydlitz now poured with irresistible fury from all sides upon that of the Russians, drove it back upon its own infantry, and cut it in pieces, in spite of the most desperate resistance. What tended to aggravate the confusion in a frightful degree was the indiscipline of the Russian soldiers, who seized all the spirituous liquors belonging to the sutlers. Intreaties, threats, punishments, were unavailing. When the officers

broke the casks in pieces, the men flung themselves on the ground to lap the favourite beverage out of the dust—nay, they even turned with rage upon their own officers, especially the Germans.

Thus the whole Russian right wing was dispersed. A short respite was succeeded by renewed efforts. The king supported the left wing on Zorndorf, and, as Kanitz had deranged his original plan, advanced with the right. The Russian cavalry again came on with extraordinary courage, but were repulsed by the regiments of Normann and the prince of Prussia. At the same time the king's left wing, composed of Dohna's troops, was thrown into great confusion, and fled precipitately to Wilkersdorf. Seydlitz threw himself into the gap, drove the enemy's horse and foot into the marshes of Quartschen, supported by several regiments—all choice Brandenburg troops, which had come from Silesia. General confusion prevailed among the vanquished Russians, but they fled not, neither indeed could they flee, for Frederick had broken down all the bridges. If blind despair actuated the one party, the other was inspired by revenge on account of the devastations committed by the enemy in his country. The mutual slaughter between individuals continued till evening. Several Russian generals then strove to rally a little band and to drive the conquerors from the field of battle. Thus the bloody conflict was renewed and continued till after dark. The last attacks Frederick had made in person, and he had been so near to the fire of the Russians and to the Cossacks, that his aides-de-camp, count Schwerin and Oppen, were taken almost close to him. Owing to the tremendous dust, the smoke from the powder, and the great heat of

the day, it was impossible to recognize any person's features, so that the troops knew the king by his voice alone.

Both parties had fought like heroes. Next morning, the Russians were again drawn up in a square behind Zorndorf. By daybreak, Frederick reconnoitred the enemy. His army, in order of battle, occupied the ground on which the Russian left wing was placed at the beginning of the engagement. The Russians manifested a disposition to renew the conflict; but ammunition ran short, and, after a cannonade of four hours, all was quiet. Fermor then made an implied confession of his defeat by soliciting an armistice for a few days to bury the dead. "The king has won the battle," replied Dohna, "and he will see to it that the dead are buried, and the wounded taken care of." At nightfall the Russians commenced their retreat, followed by the king as far as Blumberg. Romanzow, who had honourably distinguished himself by the excellent discipline which he had maintained during his march, retired from Schwedt and Stargard to Poland. Daun, who had despatched Loudon to count Fermor, also wrote him a letter which fell into Frederick's hands, advising him not to risk a battle with a crafty enemy, whom he did not yet know, but only to wait till he (Daun) should have executed his enterprise in Saxony. The king answered it himself in these words: "You are quite right to warn general Fermor to be upon his guard against a crafty and artful enemy, whom you know better than he does: for he has stood his ground and been beaten."

In no battle during the whole war was so much blood spilt as in this, for neither party would give or accept quar-

ter, and the few prisoners made were taken in the succeeding days. The Russians lost 941 officers, among whom were five generals, and 20,590 men; the Prussians 324 officers, and 11,061 men. They took 103 pieces of cannon, and 27 pair of colours and standards, but lost 26 of their own guns. The king acknowledged, with a sigh, that the Russians were easier to kill than to conquer. It was not till the year 1826 that a monument in commemoration of the battle was erected on the Friedrichsberg near Zorndorf. It bears this inscription: "Here stood Frederick the Great in the battle of the 25th of August, 1758."

"Heaven has granted your majesty another glorious day," said Sir Andrew Mitchell to the king on the field of battle. "But for *him*," replied the king, pointing to Seydlitz, "we should be in a bad plight." Modest as he was brave, Seydlitz declined the honour so deservedly paid him by the king, saying, "Your majesty's cavalry won the victory, and has rendered itself worthy of the greatest rewards: but the garde du corps, under captain Wakenitz, has done wonders; he in particular has merited thanks and recompence." That officer was accordingly promoted to lieutenant-colonel.

The second Sunday after this hard-earned victory was kept as a day of thanksgiving throughout the whole country with the usual solemnities. The sermon delivered on the occasion by Sack, chaplain to the court, was translated into English, and published in London, where Frederick's victories were celebrated with as much enthusiasm as in his own capital.

It is right to observe that the Russians laid claim to the victory as well as the king. Fermor sent couriers to his empress with intelligence of the happy event, which

cost him a great part of his army and the results of the whole campaign. As he asserted, in corroboration of his claim, that he had kept the field of battle, I think it right to introduce here the testimony of Peter Iwanowitsch Panin, one of his own generals. This officer confirmed the above assertion with this marginal observation: "Those who kept the field were either killed, wounded, or —— drunk."

The Russians in general, however, fought with the greater obstinacy for their intoxication; and, exasperated as were their antagonists, the battle was for this reason the more sanguinary. There were found Russians who had fallen upon wounded Prussians, and were mangling them with their teeth, when they themselves were unable to use their arms and their adversaries to stir. The Cossacks, in particular, who threw off all military restraint, and after the battle plundered the dead and wounded in the rear of the Prussians, showed a savageness and cruelty of which civilized nations can form no conception. These were, of course, hunted down like wild beasts, and despatched without mercy. At Quartschen more than a thousand of them were buried under the falling houses; and, when they attempted to escape from the burning buildings, they were either driven back into them or cut in pieces.

Most justly did Frederick express his indignation to the captive Russian generals for their inhuman devastation of his country. When Soltikof, Czernichef, Manteuffel, Tiefenhausen, and Sievers were presented to him on the field of battle, he said to them, "I am sorry that I have no Siberia to send you to, that you might be treated as my officers are treated in your country, so you must

go to the cellars of Cüstrin." They were accordingly confined in the casemates for three days, and then quartered in the houses of citizens in the suburb. Shortly afterwards, the king rode with a numerous retinue through the place, and all the Russian generals ran to the windows to see the greatest captain of the age. Frederick took not the least notice of them, but turned his face the other way.

Fermor stopped with his army behind the Plön, near Damm in Farther Pomerania, to cover general Palmbach, who was besieging Colberg, a place most conveniently situated for the supply of the Russian forces in Germany. Though provided with very scanty resources, the town was so gallantly defended by the brave major von der Heyde, with 700 militia, assisted by the patriotic burghers, that, even after the loss of the covered way, all the assaults of the Russians were foiled. After a siege of twenty-nine days, they abandoned the enterprize, and their whole army retired to winter-quarters in Poland and Prussia.

If the Russians spared the province of East Prussia those horrors which they inflicted on other parts of Frederick's dominions; if it was considered by their empress as a permanent acquisition of her crown; and if its inhabitants were forced to swear allegiance to her as their sovereign with their lips—they afforded abundant proofs that they still treasured in their hearts the same devoted attachment as ever to their legitimate monarch. Thus Domhardt, director of the chamber of Gumbinnen, who continued to keep up an uninterrupted correspondence with the king, contrived to save the royal stud at Trakehnen; he concealed, in like manner, part of the public

revenues, which he either reserved till he could safely transmit them to his master, or laid them out for his benefit. He purchased corn in the country, and sent it to Colberg for the Prussian army; he remitted 100,000 dollars to Frederick's head-quarters by the hands of Kapeller, a loyal stocking-weaver of Gumbinnen; and when, after Elisabeth's death, he went thither himself, he carried with him 300,000 ducats as an offering from the province of Prussia. It is known, too, that spirited young men of all classes passed by stealth through the Russian army, at the peril of their lives, to join that of the king, with Abbt's celebrated work "On Death for our Country" in their pockets. Many wealthy persons quitted their places of abode to their infinite prejudice, and would rather risk every thing than take the oath of allegiance. The deputies of the department of Gumbinnen, who were summoned to Insterburg to take that oath, shuddered at the idea of renouncing their allegiance to their lawful sovereign, and somewhat pacified their consciences by taking the required oath with a glove upon the right hand, of which the three fingers that were to be raised had been previously stuffed. Several other officers of that department besides Domhardt were every moment in danger of losing liberty and life.

The clergy strove in their sermons to comfort their hearers with the hopes of better times. Those of Königsberg, who delayed their submission, were in consequence received most ungraciously by Fermor. Arnoldt, preacher at the chapel royal, was required, after the battle of Kunersdorf, to deliver a thanksgiving sermon for the victory claimed by the Russians. As he had not time to write a new sermon, he selected one that he had composed

many years before on Rom. xi., 22, 23: "Behold, therefore, the goodness and severity of God; on them which fell severity, but toward thee goodness, if thou continue in his goodness....God is able to graff them in again." Prefixing a new exordium suitable for the occasion, he took for his theme the duties of conquerors and of the conquered. He told the former—Korff, the governor, and many of the Russian generals being present—that, according to the words of the text, they ought to consider the goodness of God, which frequently gave prosperity to those who were not deserving of it; that they ought not to be haughty but kind to the conquered and to prisoners. To the conquered he said that they ought to consider the severity of God, but not let their courage sink, for God could raise them, could graff them in again; and that they should apply to themselves the passage in Micah vii., 8-11: "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall, I shall arise.... Then she that is mine enemy shall see it, and shame shall cover her.... now shall she be trodden down as the mire of the streets." Immediately after the service, Arnoldt was put under arrest in his own house; a sentry was placed before the door, and an officer in the room with him. He was not allowed knife or fork, and other similar precautions were adopted. It was owing solely to the warm intercession of Korff, the governor, that he was not exiled to Siberia. After a long confinement, he was required to make a public apology from the pulpit. This he did in the following terms: that, being informed that he had offended his most gracious sovereign, the empress of Russia, by his last thanksgiving sermon, he hereby publicly declared that such had not been his intention.

Another clergyman, who was expected to preach on a Greek church-festival, according to the custom on such occasions, told his congregation that he had been commanded by the high authorities to celebrate the festival of St. Alexander. "This may have been a very good man," continued the preacher, "but I know nothing of him, neither do you know him. Let us therefore take for our consideration this day the following text of the Holy Scripture, (II. Tim., iv. 14): "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil: the Lord reward him according to his works."

Frederick took a sort of revenge in Saxony for the proceedings of his imperial enemy in Prussia. In a letter which he wrote during his march to Silesia before the battle of Leuthen to general Finck in Dresden, he ordered him to make the magistrates and authorities of that capital take an oath of allegiance to the king of Prussia, as he meant thenceforward to treat the whole electorate in the same manner as the czarina should treat the kingdom of Prussia. Finck, as he relates in the manuscript memoirs of his life, repaired accordingly to the town-house, where the assembled magistrates made all sorts of remonstrances against the requisition. The commandant persisted. He surrounded the town-house with troops, and on the third day the magistrates begged to be liberated, promising to take the oath as they were forced to it. Accordingly, they swore allegiance to the king of Prussia; and the same was done at Wittenberg, Leipzig, Pirna, and other towns of Saxony. Frederick was severely censured for a proceeding which in an enemy passed without remark.

The great and increasing number of prisoners of war

began to be dangerous. The Russians in Cüstrin, nearly twice as numerous as the garrison, entered, soon after the battle of Zorndorf, into a conspiracy for regaining their liberty. Three thousand privates, who were shut up at night in the casemates, and earned a small sum in the day by clearing away the ruins of the houses destroyed by the fire, were to rebel on a given signal, to fall upon the garrison, composed of a battalion of militia; to make themselves masters of the 103 pieces of cannon taken at Zorndorf and planted in the market-place, and then to join either the Russians at Stargard, or the Austrians at Guben. The plot was discovered only the day before that fixed for its execution; the guards were doubled; the Russian officers were put under arrest; and a lieutenant Lüders, a native of Courland, was broke upon the wheel by command of the king.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Campaign of 1758, continued—Frederick repairs to Saxony—Operations of Daun, the Austrian commander-in-chief—Battle of Hochkirch—Death of Field-marshal Keith—Behaviour of Frederick—Death of the Margravine of Bayreuth—Efficacy of Occupation in alleviating mental afflictions—Frederick, joined by Prince Henry, enters Silesia, relieves the fortress of Neisse—Gallant defence of General Treskow, and noble behaviour of his Wife—Daun marches to Saxony, and threatens Dresden—Decisive Conduct of Count Schmettau, the commandant—On the approach of Frederick, the Austrians retire to Bohemia—Count Schlaberndorf, Directing-Minister of Silesia—Distinctions conferred on Daun for the unprofitable victory of Hochkirch—Sentiments of the Pope on the occasion—Frederick's Satires on his Enemies—His Resources for prosecuting the War.

As Frederick, after his victory at Leuthen, was obliged to leave Daun to his fate, so, after the severe conflict in the New Mark, he was forced to leave the Russians to theirs. New events required his presence in another quarter.

On the 21st of August, Loudon left Görlitz with 7 or 8000 men for Lower Lusatia, to support the operations of the Russians. The small and ancient fortress of Peiz, situated on a branch of the Spree, fell into his hands, but in a way not at all discreditable to the Prussian arms. When the Austrians would have entered without any particular ceremony, the garrison, consisting of fifty old invalids, repulsed them with the loss of some of their men. The commander of the assailants then summoned the place in due form. The commandant, before he would negociate, proposed to send two of his officers to ascertain whether the enemy's force

was sufficient to justify a summons. The Austrians agreed to this condition; the officers returned, and attested their great superiority. The commandant then capitulated, and obtained for his fifty veterans free egress to Berlin, leaving the victors nothing but a few pieces of cannon, most of them very old.

Loudon then scoured the country between Crossen and Frankfurt, with as much cruelty as the Cossacks. At Beeskow he was met by duke Francis of Brunswick, who had come from Tamsel, and who drove him back to Lübben. Margrave Charles sent Ziethen against him; and, obliged himself by Daun's movement upon Lusatia to quit the camp of Grüssau, he marched to Löwenberg, and encamped near Plagwitz to cover Silesia. Frederick now left count Dohna to oppose the Russians, and with the same troops that he had brought from Silesia he hastened to Saxony. Here prince Henry had in July encamped near Tschopa, opposing the troops of the empire under the count palatine of Deuxponts, and an attached Austrian corps under Haddik, with whom he had kept up a regular petty war with considerable success. In the middle of August, Daun too arrived with 20,000 men at Pilnitz. Henry sent this intelligence to his brother, who rapidly approached, and summoned Keith and margrave Charles from Silesia, while Fouqué, with 4000 men, guarded the Bohemian passes, and kept the enemy out of the country on that side.

The king's corps quitted Blumberg on the 2d of September, and on the 9th arrived at Dobritz, near Grossenhain, where he was joined by Keith and the margrave Charles. Their united force encamped on the

12th between Bocksdorf and Reichenberg, where the king had a conference with prince Henry to concert future operations. He broke up the same evening, to occupy the heights of Weissig before the arrival of the enemy, who had not availed himself of Frederick's absence to attempt any thing decisive.

Daun was encamped in an unassailable position, near the castle of Stolpen, when he received tidings of the battle of Zorndorf. He was meditating an attack on prince Henry, who was judiciously posted between Maxen and Gamig, when, on the 13th, Frederick drew up his little force only two or three miles from the Austrians, on the heights between Dresden and Stolpen. The enemy decided on defending himself, and was driven out of Bischofswerda, so that the communication between Dresden and Bautzen was open to the Prussians.

Apprehensive of being separated by the king's masterly manœuvres from his magazines at Zittau, Daun quitted Stolpen in the night of the 5th of October, and immediately chose a still better position not far from Löbau, where his right wing was supported upon the Stromberg, near the little town of Weissenberg, and the left on the woody heights of Hochkirch, to cut off the king's communication with Silesia, where generals count Harsch and the marquis de Ville were besieging the fortresses of Neisse and Kosel. When Daun had left Stolpen, Frederick quitted his position, marched with his whole army to Bautzen, and on the 10th of October took a position so astonishingly bold, between Hochkirch and Rodewitz, that Marwitz, the quartermaster, declined to mark out the camp, for which he was put under arrest. The Prussian generals them-

selves disapproved the dangerous position; prince Maurice remonstrated; but the king persevered in his purpose, gave directions himself where the camp should be pitched, and had it marked out by lieutenant Marquardt of the engineers, under the fire of the Austrians.

The obstinacy and security of Frederick on this occasion are said to have been the result of false intelligence transmitted to him by major Soldner, a spy of his in the Austrian camp. It is related that his reports were usually conveyed to Frederick in a basket of eggs, among which was a hollow shell containing the letter of the spy. It chanced one day that Daun met with the messenger, laid the eggs under requisition for his own use, and thus discovered the treachery of Soldner, whom he pardoned, on condition that his future reports should contain no particulars but such as the marshal should furnish. In this manner the king was prepossessed with the idea that Daun was only desirous to secure himself from attack, while he completed his preparations for retreating to Bohemia.

The two armies were only a cannon-shot apart, separated by defiles and ravines. Keith, who had stayed behind at Bautzen, to cover a convoy of flour expected from Dresden, followed the king on the 11th of October, and was not a little surprised to see the bold position, exposed all round to the enemy's cannon. "If the Austrians leave us alone here," said he, "they deserve to be hanged."—"It is to be hoped," replied Frederick, smiling, "that they are more afraid of us than of the gallows." The Austrians, on the other hand, when they saw the king in broad day pitch his camp on a spot commanded on all sides by their guns, and only a cannon-

shot from their front, exclaimed: "We all deserve to be broke, from the field-marshal downwards, if we let this bravado of the Prussians pass unpunished." But Daun had no mind either to be hanged or broke. A night attack was the unusual counsel of his camp, and he had recourse besides to artifice. On the 11th he employed troops in felling trees in the wood opposite to the Prussian right wing, and in throwing up redoubts and small forts here and there along the front to increase the king's security, and to make it appear that his only object was to protect himself and to bar the road to Silesia against the enemy. But, in the night of that and the following day, his light troops annoyed the Prussian pickets. Frederick was the more certain of his point.

At length, in the night of the 13th, his dilatory foe, rousing himself to deal what Frederick afterwards called a "malicious blow," broke up with a portion of his army in three columns. The watch-fires were kept burning, and the air resounded as usual with the strokes of the axes. By three in the morning of the 14th, the enemy was before the Prussian camp, ready to attack on all sides. Daun headed his troops in person. He waited till not a sound was to be heard. The columns advanced, about half-past four, from the wood between Sornsig and Wuischke, upon the right flank of the king. It was moonlight, but a dense fog enveloped the cautiously approaching assailants. A musquet-shot was heard—another, and another; a Prussian post had perceived the heads of the columns. The battle-cry rang through Frederick's camp, while Hungarians and Walloons, all grenadiers, stormed the heights of Hochkirch, and in

the first moment of alarm made themselves masters of the Prussian artillery, but not without a severe struggle.

The king, who had his head-quarters in the centre of the army at Rodewitz, considered the attack as not at all serious. Riding up, on hearing the noise, to the infantry regiment of Wedel, which was encamped in the middle of the line, and seeing the men running to arms, he asked: "What are you about, lads? It is nothing—only those scoundrels the Croats." When convinced of his mistake by the cannon-balls which began to fall in the camp, he ordered one regiment after another to advance to the succour of the right wing. The Prussian soldiers now displayed the fruits of their consummate discipline, and formed with a celerity and courage that were truly astonishing. A blind carnage ensued in the dark, almost without distinction of friend or foe.

A desperate conflict took place about Hochkirch, the possession of which was equally important to the king, in case either of victory or defeat. Keith was directed to maintain the village to the last extremity. At the first reports of the cannon, the gallant marshal had leaped from his couch, and, on hearing that the post of Hochkirch was overpowered, he hastened thither. He rallied his troops, drove out the enemy, but was himself obliged to give way. His men fell fast; he sent for reinforcements. His troops were dispersed; seizing a drum, he strove to rally them, when a ball pierced his breast. He sank to the ground, and an English volunteer named Tibay and his runner were the only persons near the hero when he expired. As the enemy's grenadiers kept advancing, his body was left on the field. A

cannon-ball carried off the head of prince Francis of Brunswick; prince Maurice was wounded and taken prisoner; and the king had a horse killed under him.

The flames of Hochkirch, fired by the Austrian granadoes, now illumined the scene of carnage. The valour of the Prussians was obliged to yield to superior numbers. At seven o'clock the fog began to disperse, and Frederick was enabled to perceive his situation. He sent the last troops of the centre upon Hochkirch, and major Möllendorf to occupy the heights of the pass of Drehsa, which was his only line of retreat; but, as nothing could be accomplished at Hochkirch, the battle nearly ceased at that point.

The attack of the Austrians on the Prussian front had been repulsed. Daun's right wing, which, according to his disposition, was not to engage till his attack had succeeded, now came up. The Prussians fought with such intrepidity that, for an hour, the victory here was doubtful. But, as part of the troops, much weakened at Zorndorf, had left the flank exposed and fled, the enemy got into the rear of the great battery and took it. Content with this success, the Austrians allowed the Prussian left wing, under Retzow, to join the king. Seydlitz covered the retreat; and about ten o'clock Frederick, dreaded by the enemy, quitted the field of battle, "in such order and with as much coolness and *sang froid* as if he had been on the parade," and took a position about two miles from Hochkirch.

Meanwhile a most sanguinary conflict was continued for the possession of the churchyard. It was defended by the second battalion of the regiment of margrave Charles, commanded by major Lange, with an intrepedity

rarely paralleled. Against this post Daun sent the flower of his infantry; but Lange and lieutenant Marwitz maintained their ground unsupported, with 600 men against 22 grenadier battalions of the Imperialists, from half-past ten, when the general engagement ceased, till two o'clock. At length this Spartan band, "which," as Cogniazo, an Austrian general, observes, "formed, as it were, the main dam against the flood pouring upon the Prussians on this side," seeing the retreat of their army secured, and having expended all their ammunition, attempted to fight their way through the host of their foes. They were instantly surrounded, and, after a brief but bloody struggle hand to hand, most of them were killed and the remainder made prisoners.

Daun had no thought of pursuing his retiring foe, and moved in the evening, after his bootless victory, to his old camp. He had taken 101 pieces of cannon, 28 pair of colours, two standards, and most of the tents. The loss of the Prussians, in killed, wounded, and missing amounted to 8850, including 246 officers. The Austrians purchased their triumph with the sacrifice of nearly 6000 men, including 314 officers, among whom were five generals.

The Prussians had to lament the loss of many a distinguished leader besides the veteran marshal Keith and prince Francis of Brunswick, who were left dead on the field. Lord Dover, whose accuracy, indeed, is not always unimpeachable, has given in his Life of Frederick some particulars concerning the former, which, though I have not found any mention of them elsewhere, I will venture to transcribe. He says that the marshal had

received a dangerous wound about eight o'clock, but refused to quit the field; and that at nine a second ball in his breast despatched him. "His body," continues his lordship, "was afterwards stripped by the Austrian stragglers, and lay undistinguished among the slain. It had been carried, with many others, into the little church of the village of Hochkirch, where it lay with a Croat's cloak over it. Marshal Daun, accompanied by Lacy and other officers, happened to enter the church. Lacy approached the body, removed the cloak, looked at it with great emotion, and said; 'It is my father's best friend, Keith.' The old marshal Lacy and Keith had served together in the Russian army, and the young Lacy had been the pupil of the latter. He recognized the body from the scar of a dangerous wound on the thigh, which the marshal had received at the siege of Orzakow. At the sight of his old master, a naked and deserted corpse, Lacy burst into tears; nor could Daun and the other officers present refrain from a similar expression of feeling. While they were thus contemplating all that remained of this distinguished warrior, a Croat made his appearance, dressed in the marshal's uniform, with his star and riband. Daun inquired how he came by these. 'I took them,' he replied, 'from the fellow who lies yonder, whom I killed and stripped, and have given him my cloak in return.'" Daun immediately gave orders that the corpse should be interred with the honours due to Keith's rank and valour; but in 1759 the king caused his body to be conveyed to Berlin, and deposited in the vault of the garrison church there, and afterwards had a monument erected to him in the Wilhelm's Platz in that capital; and, about the year 1776,

a monument to the memory of this distinguished officer was erected in the church of Hochkirch by his kinsman Sir Robert Keith, then envoy from England to the court of Vienna.

The gallant Maurice of Dessau was so severely wounded that he was obliged to quit the army, to which he never returned, and he died in Berlin, of cancer in the lip, in 1760. Generals Retzow, Krockow, and Geist, fell victims to the effects of the hardships and wounds of that fatal day. The brave major Lange and lieutenant Marwitz, who had not evacuated the churchyard to general Odonel till the retreat was secured, were honourably sent, mortally wounded, after the king's army, by the enemy. "The second battalion of margrave Charles," said the king when he inspected his regiments, "acquired yesterday extraordinary honour; never shall I forget its behaviour, but I am grieved for the gallant major Lange;" and in his posthumous works the king has left a well-deserved memorial of him, in testimony "how much may be accomplished by an individual with little."

During this murderous conflict, Frederick had shown his usual recklessness of personal danger. As soon as the fog cleared away sufficiently, he was observing through a telescope the movements of the enemy, whose artillery was keeping up a heavy fire. A cannon-ball fell so close to him on his right as to cover him with dust and mould, and to cause his horse to start aside. Angry at the interruption, he struck his animal with his stick, till he had made it move back to the former position. No sooner had he again raised the glass to his eye than a second ball fell on the same spot, and the

horse leaped aside as before. Some of the king's aides-de-camp then begged him to retire. He looked at them sternly for a moment, and then said with a smile: "As far as I can see, the enemy are firing right and left—here, there, and every where. They may hit me in another place as well as here, and behind my army I should be of no use." He continued to observe the enemy for some time through the glass, and then rode away.

Though deeply moved after the battle by the sight of his thinned regiments, he manifested the utmost serenity and composure. "My dear Golz," said he to the general of that name, "we were wakened rather roughly; but I will repay those gentry in broad day for their incivility." As the remnant of a regiment which had suffered most severely was passing, with the gunners at its head, he called out to them: "Gunners, what have you done with your cannon?"—"The devil fetched them in the night," replied one of them. "Then we will take them from him by day, won't we, grenadiers?" rejoined the monarch with a smile. "Ay, that we will," answered a grenadier, "and with interest too."—"I'll be sure to be along with you," said the king. The only order issued on giving the parole was this: "The regiments will be supplied with fresh powder. The men must pass the night in their clothes."

How the king's mind was engaged immediately after the disaster at Hochkirch is evident from the account given by Le Cat, who found him in the evening reading Bourdaloue's Sermons. As, after the disaster at Kollin, Frederick was visited by a severe family affliction, so he had to mourn another loss after the surprise at Hochkirch. On the very same day, and at the same hour

that his arms were suffering this humiliating reverse, expired his favourite sister, the margravine of Bayreuth. When the news of her death reached him, he was so depressed that he uttered not a word. Next morning, when Le Cat came to him, Frederick handed to him a roll of black-edged paper: it was a sermon which he had written upon a text of Scripture applicable to his situation. Le Cat strove to cheer his master, who thanked him for his sympathy, and assured him that he would neglect no means for extricating himself from his embarrassments, significantly adding: "At any rate, I have always something at hand to put an end to the tragedy." In these words he alluded to the poison in the form of pills which he carried about him to be used in the last extremity, especially in case he had chanced to be taken prisoner. He would then have deemed it his duty to die for the welfare of his country and his family. That trial, however, he was spared; and the pressure of all other disasters was so momentary, that despair durst scarcely approach him; for all the resources of his great mind were instantly called forth to repair errors and to remedy misfortunes: and never was that greatness so conspicuous as in the most critical circumstances.

We have seen what a deep interest Frederick took in the joys and sorrows of those who were near and dear to his heart. The margravine of Bayreuth was his oldest playmate and companion. We have seen their mutual attachment from infancy, and the tribulations which they had to endure together in their youth. We have seen, too, what alarm and anxiety she felt for her adored brother in the perilous situation in which he was placed

by the formidable powers leagued against him. Her health was too delicate to support her long under these solicitudes. Frederick applied to Voltaire, with whom, as we know, the princess had corresponded, for a tribute worthy of her memory. He sent the king a short poem. "I have received your verses," replied Frederick; "probably my instructions were not sufficiently explicit. I wish for a first-rate composition. All Europe must deplore with me a virtue that was too little known. It is not requisite that my name should be mentioned; I wish the whole world to know that she is worthy of immortality, and you to confer it on her. It is said that Apelles alone was worthy to paint Alexander; and I consider that your pen only is worthy to render this service to her whom I shall never cease to mourn." Voltaire, in consequence, wrote his well-known Ode on the margravine.

Fifteen years afterwards, Frederick's sorrow for this irreparable loss had not subsided. He writes to Voltaire—"I approve the tears which you shed in calling to mind my sister with the duchess of Wirtemberg [the only child of the margravine]; I should certainly have wept too, had I been present at the affecting scene. Whether it be from weakness, or excessive fondness, I know not, but I have lately done for this sister what Cicero thought of doing for his Tullia, and erected a temple of friendship in honour of her. At the further end is her statue, and on each of the columns a medallion representing one of those heroes who have gained celebrity by the warmth of their friendship. The temple stands in a shrubbery in my garden, and I often go thither to muse on my many losses and on the happiness

which I once enjoyed." This elegant little structure of marble, consisting of a low dome, supported by eight columns of the Corinthian order, still forms an extremely pleasing object from many points of the gardens of Sans Souci.

I have learned from manifold experience that, under all sorrows, all mental afflictions, which can befal a man, it is fortunate for him to have occupations, duties, to which he is forced to attend; and I am thankful to Heaven that such has been my lot in life. In a letter from Frederick to d'Alembert, on occasion of the death of his friend, mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, I find the great king expressing precisely the same sentiment in regard to the period of his life of which I am now treating. "Reason," he says, "ought to teach us to moderate all that is extravagant in our feelings, but not to extinguish what is human in our bosoms. Deplore your loss, then, my dear friend. I will admit that the loss of friendship is irreparable, and that every one who is capable of appreciating the value of things must deem you worthy to possess friends, because you are susceptible of love. But, as it is beyond the power of men, and even of gods, to alter what is past, you must, on the other hand, think of preserving yourself for your remaining friends, that you may not cause them the mortal anguish which you are now feeling. I have lost friends, male and female; I have lost five or six of them, and grief had well nigh broken my heart. It so happened that I suffered this loss during the different wars in which I have been engaged, when I was obliged to attend incessantly to various arrangements; and it was these indispensable duties that, by diverting my mind

from its sorrows, probably prevented it from sinking under them. I wish most sincerely that I had some very difficult problem for you to solve, that this task might force you to think of something else."

Such a problem for the king was the night of Hochkirch, with its consequences, as well as its causes. In the first place, Neisse, a most important fortress, demanded instant succour: de Ville and Harsch were investing it, and its fall seemed to be a necessary result of the victory of the Austrians. As Fermor had retreated to Poland, the king ordered general Wedel from the Ukermark, and count Dohna from Pomerania, to march to Saxony; and summoned his brother Henry to join him, with 6,000 men from the army near Dresden.

While Frederick was making these arrangements near Bautzen, Daun, who, after the battle of Hochkirch, had reoccupied his former camp, advanced and took post opposite to him: but his army ceased to appear formidable, when its leader entrenched himself to the teeth, under the idea that the king would attack him, to make himself master of the road to Silesia. Accordingly, he wrote to Harsch—"Go on quietly with your siege; I am stopping the king: he is cut off from Silesia, and, if he attacks me, you may expect good news."

On the 21st, prince Henry joined the king with his corps, bringing artillery and provisions of every kind; and, late in the evening of the 24th, the whole army turned Daun's right wing, and reached Görlitz, followed by the Austrians. Some skirmishing took place between their advanced-guard under Loudon and the Prussian rear-guard under prince Henry; but Frederick pushed on, crossed the Queis, and entered Silesia. While he

pursued the route to Löwenberg, Jauer, and Gross-Nossen, Henry marched to Landeshut, to relieve general Fouqué, who was to join the king on the way to Neisse. That fortress was reduced to the last extremity. Frederick's name struck a panic into the besiegers; general Treskow, the commandant, seized the opportunity to make a successful sortie, and, on the 6th of November, the Imperialists retired with loss, pursued by Fouqué, by way of Jägerndorf, to Moravia. Kosel also was relieved, and all Silesia was cleared of the enemy.

Treskow had defended Neisse with extraordinary gallantry, and his wife had proved herself worthy of his name. Not long before, when the general was a prisoner of war in Vienna, she had made a journey thither to see him, and been received by the empress with great distinction. During the siege, she was living on an estate of her own in the environs of the fortress, when she received a visit from baron Eichberg, aide-de-camp to Loudon, and Harsch, who made her magnificent offers to prevail upon her to use her influence with her husband to surrender the place to the Austrians. The high-spirited woman, to prevent a repetition of the insult, abandoned her residence and every thing in it to the enemy, and went to her husband, to share with him all the hardships of the siege.

Daun, finding his plans in regard to Silesia frustrated, directed his course to Saxony. He hoped to make himself master of Dresden, while Haddik was to take Torgau, and the army of the empire to reduce Leipzig. Meanwhile, Frederick, receiving intelligence at Gross-Nossen that Neisse was relieved, set out for Lusatia. At Daun's approach, the Prussian camp at Gamig was

broken up, and the Prussian troops there, under general Finck, retired under the guns of Dresden, followed by the Pandours, who were easily driven back by Schmettau.

Count Schmettau, who had lost the king's favour at the time of the disastrous retreat of his brother from Bohemia, had been appointed, in the spring of 1758, commandant of Dresden, in every respect a difficult post, but for which Schmettau, possessing as he did equal prudence and resolution, was peculiarly qualified. This he showed on the present occasion. The Saxon capital was nearly an open place, and, as the enemy threatened an attack, every preparation was made for burning down the Pirna suburb; and, when the magistrates came to implore the commandant to spare it, he referred them to the electoral prince, who alone could prevail on Daun to retire. As the Imperialists persisted in their object, the suburb was actually set on fire; 280 houses were burnt, and four persons lost their lives. Daun was now alarmed for the fate of the city itself. Dohna, Wedel, and the king were likewise approaching; Daun retired to Bohemia; Haddik and the troops of the empire fled to Franconia; and Frederick, highly approving the conduct of Schmettau, was entirely reconciled with that general. Count Dohna returned to Swedish Pomerania, and the king took up his winter-quarters at Breslau. Thus, in spite of two defeats, he remained, at the conclusion of the campaign, undisputed master of Saxony and Silesia.

In the latter province, count Schlaberndorf had been appointed directing minister in 1755. In his office, which he held till 1769, he was one of the most zealous and active instruments in the execution of the king's plans

for the preservation of that valuable acquisition. After the battle of Hochkirch, in particular, he displayed such energy and ability in furthering the interests of his sovereign, even at the risk of his life, that, when Frederick saw him, in his passage through Silesia for the relief of Neisse, he embraced him, called him the saviour of Silesia, and made him a present of 100,000 dollars. "But for the foresight of this man," said he, "I and my army should have perished by famine." The minister, however, acted rather despotically, and, in conferring many benefits on the province, he frequently had recourse to harsh measures. Neither did he hesitate on various occasions to sacrifice the interests of the states to the advantage of the king, and thus incurred such violent odium and such serious charges, that he fell into disgrace with Frederick. The chagrin which he felt on this account accelerated his death, which his rapidly declining health had previously shown to be near at hand. Just before his dissolution, he wrote thus to the king: "The authorities in Silesia have drawn upon me your majesty's displeasure, and this displeasure is driving the last nail into my coffin. I feel that I am near my end: when your majesty shall open this my most humble letter, I shall be no more. But, if I am destined to have the misfortune of carrying this displeasure with me to the grave, I am cheered by the consciousness that my whole life has been sacrificed to the interests of your majesty." Frederick had not forgotten the meritorious services of his minister; wishing to soothe his dying moments, he gave him assurances of his renewed favour; but they arrived too late. He died on the 14th of December, 1769.

That old diplomatic intriguer, count Seckendorf, whom,

in the early part of this work, we have seen exercising so powerful an influence over the court of Prussia and the destiny of Frederick in particular, could not relinquish his old habits at the advanced age of 85. His relative and biographer himself relates that, ever since the commencement of the war, the count had been indefatigable in framing military and political plans against Prussia, which he sent to the ministers and generals of the empress; and some of these had contributed not a little to many of the advantages gained by the Austrians. He was seized in December by command of the king, at his seat at Meuselwitz, in Saxe-Altenburg, and confined in the citadel of Magdeburg till May, 1759, when he was exchanged for prince Maurice of Dessau, who had been severely wounded and made prisoner at Hochkirch.

The bootless victory of Hochkirch produced the highest exultation at Vienna. The empress-queen, on whose name-day the battle was fought, sent the Austrian commander a most gracious letter, thanking him for the bouquet with which he had honoured that festive occasion; the town-council of Vienna erected a pillar to commemorate the event; and the provincial states of Austria raised 300,000 florins to redeem Daun's mortgaged family estate of Ladendorf. The empress of Russia transmitted to him a gold sword; and, while recording the honours paid to the marshal, I may add that, a few months afterwards, pope Clement XIII., who succeeded Benedict XIV. in July, 1758, presented him with a consecrated cap and gold-hilted sword. The cap was of crimson velvet, lined with ermine, and laced with gold; in front was the figure of a dove embroidered in pearls, the symbol of the Holy Ghost, who was to hover over the blessed

weapons of the Austrian commander. The letter which accompanied this precious gift is so fine a specimen of the sentiments of this vicegerent of the God of peace and love, that I must subjoin it.

"Beloved son in Christ," he writes, on the 30th of January, 1759, "in the first place, our greeting and apostolical blessing! We have received, with the most lively feelings of pleasure, the intelligence of thy exploits performed in war against the heretics, especially of the astonishing victory gained by thee on the 14th of October last year over the Prussians. We have, therefore, as father of the true believers, in virtue of our office, thought it right to give increased energy to the efforts of thy valour by the power of our blessing, and to imitate the example of our predecessors in the papal chair, who conferred a consecrated hat and sword on prince Eugene of blessed memory, on account of the many victories which he won over the infidels. As, then, thou far surpassest in virtues that hero and champion of the church, and fightest against heretics, who adhere to the most abominable errors with more persevering wickedness than the infidels themselves, we impart to thee the blessing of Heaven, that, by means of the accompanying sword, thou mayst exterminate heresy, the pestilential stench of which is engendered by hell. The destroying angel shall fight by thy side; he shall annihilate the infamous race of the adherents of Luther and Calvin, and the supreme Avenger of all crimes will employ thine arm to sweep the ungodly tribes of the Amalekites and the Moabites from the face of the earth.

"May thine arm ever reek with the blood of these impious wretches! Put the axe to the root of this tree,

which has borne such accursed fruit, and let the northern regions of Germany, after the charming example of the holy Charles the Great, be brought back to the true faith by sword, fire, and blood! If there is such joy among the blest in heaven over one lost sheep that is found again, with what joy wilt thou not fill all the saints and the true believers, when thou hast brought back this multitude of perverse and ungodly men into the bosom of the divine mother, the Church! May the most blessed Virgin, who is most devoutly worshipped at Maria-Zell, assist thee in thine undertakings! May St. Nepomuk pray most fervently for thee, and may all heaven, with all the blest and the solemnly canonized saints, grant a prosperous issue to whatever thou dost! Animated with this hope, we once more bestow on thee our apostolical benediction."

Frederick, whom the English emphatically styled the Protestant hero, whom the pope had not yet recognised as king, and who was called in the Romish court-calendar "Marchese di Brandenburgo," only laughed at the puny efforts of his holiness to get up a crusade against him. They furnished him with a fertile theme for fugitive pieces, satirical poems, and witticisms, to understand which the reader ought to be aware of the circumstance of the consecrated present. Be it remarked, by the way, that after he received it, Daun never gained another victory over the king. The object of those fugitive pieces, as Frederick has frequently intimated in his works, was "to have a slap at the pope," who blessed the sword of his enemies and afforded an asylum to blood-thirsty monks, as well as to carry on the war against his foes in all sorts of ways. "The more they persecute me,"

he writes, "the more I will scourge them; and if I fall it shall be under a load of their libels, and under broken arms on the field of battle." To Algarotti he says, "Enjoy your repose, and forget not them against whom your pope has preached a sort of crusade;" and when d'Argens expressed his apprehension lest the king's satirical pieces, especially the letter from the marquise de Pompadour to the queen of Hungary, might tend to delay peace, the king quieted him with the hope that nobody would suspect him of being the author of those sallies. Pezzl, in his "Life of Loudon," relates that, as soon as the king's satire on Daun's consecrated sword was published, the court of Vienna formally declared that he had received no such present from the pope.

His attention, meanwhile, was not withdrawn from more serious and more urgent engagements. It was, of course, chiefly directed to the raising of resources for prosecuting the war. In the means of procuring soldiers and money he could not be very nice. Saxony was obliged to make new and increased sacrifices for the political intrigues of its sovereign. Recruits were raised in Mecklenburg, Swedish Pomerania, and Poland; prisoners of war were forced to change their uniform for the Prussian, and deserters were accepted. Mecklenburg was required to pay 2,400,000 dollars, because it had permitted Swedish troops to enter the country. Upon the whole, the duchies of Schwerin and Güstrow had to furnish during the war upwards of 17 million dollars in military contributions and supplies. Mecklenburg-Strelitz also was at first treated with great severity; till the princess Charlotte, deeply affected by the distresses to which her father's subjects were reduced,

addressed so pathetic an intercession in their behalf to Frederick, that he was induced to be more lenient in his exactions. The talent and goodness of heart displayed in this appeal had moreover such an effect on the young king George III. to whom Frederick warmly recommended the princess as a consort, that, in consequence, she was soon afterwards elevated to the throne of England, which she graced by her virtues for nearly sixty years.

The English guineas, as well as the contributions of Saxony and other countries, were coined into money worth only half its nominal value. To those provinces of his own kingdom which the enemy had pillaged, Frederick remitted taxes. Prussia, which was occupied by the Russians till 1762, received no assistance; and the Westphalian districts, which were exposed to the French, very little. The king imposed no new taxes on his subjects, though the treasury was completely exhausted, and the diamond buttons and other valuables which had belonged to his grandfather had been disposed of.

When Frederick, in December, 1758, sent his friend Fouqué a present of 2000 dollars, because he had no money left, he accompanied it with these words: "My dear friend, herewith I send you the widow's mite! accept it with the same kind feeling that I transmit it to you: it is a trifling aid which you may need in these times of distress." Fouqué, in his letter of thanks, replied that the king had made him rich beyond his utmost wishes, adding that, to judge from his majesty's liberality, his treasures must be inexhaustible. "My dear friend," answered Frederick, "I am not so rich as

you imagine, but by dint of ingenuity and shifts, (that is to say, by means of base coin and other expedients), I have amassed a capital for the ensuing campaign, so that till the end of February every thing will be duly paid. The overplus that was left for my own use I have shared with you and a few other friends; so that you might rather compare me with Irus, the beggar, than with the wealthy Crœsus." In the same tone he soon afterwards expressed himself to d'Argens: "You may judge of my embarrassment when you know that I am obliged to resort to shifts to maintain and pay my army."

With the present to Fouqué, the king sent to his old associate a paper, entitled "How the war against the Austrians ought to be carried on in future," as the only fruit that he had gathered in his last campaign. In this performance he directs especial attention to those points in the military art in which the Austrians particularly excelled. He says in the introduction, that of all his enemies they have brought the trade of war to the highest perfection, and continues, "You will remark great skill in their tactics, extraordinary judgment in the choice of their encampments, accurate knowledge of localities, well-supported dispositions, prudence in undertaking nothing without the greatest certainty of attaining the end, and in never suffering themselves to be forced to fight against their will. Without blushing, we ought to strive to imitate what appears to us to be good in the system of our enemies."

This important manuscript, dedicated to his old friend, was accompanied by another of a few pages, "Instructions for major-generals of cavalry," which Fouqué was

desired to inculcate most especially on major-general Meyer. Thus Frederick, while elevating the moral spirit of his army by his own self-denying patriotism, was intent also on sowing the seeds of intellectual improvement, and encouraging the acquisition of theoretical knowledge as an essential groundwork for military distinction.

It was in the course of this year, 1758, soon after the victory gained by duke Ferdinand at Crefeld over the French, that Frederick's German heart vented its indignation against those cruel marauders in a spirited Ode containing this cutting apostrophe:

"Tels ces bri gands de la Seine
Armèrent leurs fables mains,
Croyant subjuguer sans peine
Nos invincibles Germains.
O nation folle et vaine!
Quoi! sont-ce là ces guerriers
Sous Luxembourg, sous Turenne,
Couverts d'immortels lauriers:
Qui, vrais amans de la gloire,
Affrontoient pour la victoire
Les dangers et le trépas!
Je vois leur vil assemblage
Aussi vaillant au pillage
Que lâche dans les combats.
Quoi! votre faible monarque,
Jouet de la Pompadour,
Fletri par plus d'une marque
Des opprobres de l'amour,
Lui qui, détestant les peines,
Au hazard remet les rènes
De son royaume aux abois,
Ce Céladon sous un hêtre
Pretend nous parler en maître
Et dicter le sort des rois!
Il ignore dans Versailles,
Où son triste ennui l'endort,
Que les combats, les batailles,
Du monde fixent le sort."

This poem Frederick sent to Voltaire, who, fearing, as he alleged, that it might bring him into trouble, trans-

mitted it to Choiseul. The duke employed Palissot to answer it in a very flat performance of twenty strophes. Voltaire then wrote to the king, telling him that Madame Denis had burned the Ode, apprehensive lest it might be attributed to his pen. Collini introduced it into his work: "Mon Sejour auprès de Voltaire," published in Paris in 1807.

We have shown in the substance of the secret treaty of 1756 between France and Austria what terms they agreed to force upon the Prussian monarch. At that time, the balance of success was in favour of the former in the naval war which she was waging with England. The accession of Mr. Pitt, to office and the energy of his measures had, however, turned the scale, and her subsequent operations were marked by a series of disasters. Nor had the campaigns of 1757 and 1758 been attended with more gratifying results for either France or Austria. In this state of things the abbé de Bernis, the French minister, deemed it expedient to prepare for a peace with England; and he was sensible that the latter power would never assent to the cession of the Netherlands to a branch of the reigning house in France. These considerations led to the conclusion of a new treaty with Austria, differing in many essential points from the preceding. This treaty was signed at Versailles, on the 30th of December, 1758.

By the first treaty, France engaged to furnish 105,000 men and 10,000 Bavarian and Würtemberg troops;— by the second, only 100,000 men; and no mention is made of the German auxiliaries.

By the first treaty, France was to pay a yearly subsidy of twelve million livres;—by the second, only

3,540,000; but she takes upon herself exclusively the charge of the payments to Sweden and the maintenance of the Saxon troops.

By the first treaty, several provinces which are specified are to be wrested from the king of Prussia, and to be ceded by him;—the second mentions the cession of Silesia and the county of Glatz only.

In the first treaty, the acquisition of the duchy of Magdeburg and circle of Saal is positively assured to the elector of Saxony;—the second promises only a suitable indemnity.

In the first treaty, Austria engages to cede to France a considerable tract of country and fortresses in the Netherlands, and to give up the rest of the Netherlands to the Infant Don Philip in exchange for the duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla;—in the second, this important article is omitted; and it stipulates only, like the first, the temporary occupation of Ostend and Nieuport.

In like manner, there is no mention in the second treaty either of the demolition of the fortress of Luxemburg, or the cession of Tournay and its territory, which was absolutely to take place at all events, when Austria should be in possession of Silesia and the county of Glatz.

The firmness of Frederick, who emphatically and repeatedly declared that he would never purchase peace at the price of a single village, rendered this treaty equally nugatory with the former.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Campaign of 1759—Incursion of the Prussians in Poland—Prince Sulkowski—Operations of Duke Ferdinand in Western Germany—Battle of Minden—Cowardice of Lord George Sackville—Retreat of the French to the Lahn—Actions of Fulda and Dillenburg—Plan for the Operations of the Allies—Incursions of the Prussians into Moravia and Bohemia—The Russians advance upon Brandenburg—General Wedel appointed dictator of the army opposed to the Invaders—Is defeated by them at Züllichau—Frederick goes in person to meet them—Disastrous Battle of Kunersdorf—Despondency of the King, who resigns the command to general Finck—Major Kleist—Surrender of Torgau and Dresden to the Austrians—Inactivity of Soltikof, the Russian commander-in-chief—Jealousies of the two imperial Generals—The king is joined in Silesia by Prince Henry—The latter draws Daun to Saxony—Operations of the King for recovering Dresden—Capitulation of General Finck at Maxen—Frederick passes the winter at Freiberg—Letters to his Friends respecting his situation—Duplicity and Malice of Voltaire—The King's Literary Occupations.

During this war, Poland observed a strict neutrality. A puny enemy of Frederick's in that country had, nevertheless, the hardihood to manifest open hostility to the Prussians. Count Sulkowski, originally page and afterwards prime minister to Augustus III., was turned out of that post by Brühl, in 1738. He had since lived in his county of Lissa, almost independent, surrounded by household troops like a sovereign prince, and styled himself in his rescripts "by the grace of God." He purchased the lordship of Bielitz, in Upper Silesia, and the emperor Francis created him a prince of the empire in 1752. Though, as I have observed, the republic of Poland was strictly neutral, yet Sulkowski established magazines and raised troops for the service of Russia. Frederick, on receiving intelligence of his proceedings, in

February, 1759, sent with all possible secrecy 4000 men under major-general Wobersnow, who destroyed the magazines formed by Sulkowski at Posen and other places on the Wartha, containing flour for the supply of 50,000 men for three months, and secured the prince and carried him to the fortress of Glogau. His troops were forced to enlist in the Prussian army.

The king addressed a Latin manifesto to the Polish government in excuse for this incursion; but the Poles were so far from taking it amiss, that they performed a similar act of justice in behalf of the Prussian monarch. When, namely, the young prince Lubomirski, with 80 men, was committing ravages in Poland and Silesia, the commander-in-chief of the Polish army sent a detachment, which took the whole band, imprisoned the leader, and hanged his followers for their wilful violation of the Prussian territory.

Duke Ferdinand was this year again the first to take the field against Contades. The latter had wintered beyond the Lower Rhine; Soubise, in the countries bordering on the Mayn; the Allies, in Westphalia and Hesse. Ferdinand's intention was to surprise the French on the Mayn in the beginning of spring, and to wrest from them the neutral city of Frankfurt, of which Soubise had possessed himself by stratagem. The possession of this city was of great importance to the French and their allies; for it secured the communication with the army of the Rhine, the troops of the Empire, and the Austrians. It was requisite that duke Ferdinand and prince Henry should concert measures to prevent the one from overrunning Hesse, and the two latter, Thuringia. The duke detached the hereditary

prince of Brunswick to drive the Austrians and the contingents of the Empire out of Hesse; and the prince sent a corps under general Knoblauch, who took Erfurt, and caused the fortress of Petersburg to be declared neutral. In spite of the deep snow and the wretched roads, he pursued the enemy's generals, Guasco and Riedesel, through the forest of Thuringia to Ilmenau; while lieutenant-colonel Kleist, in the sequel one of the most daring partisans of his time, pushed forward with his green dragoons to Fulda, and levied a contribution of 12,000 florins from the prince bishop.

But this expedition was much more remarkable for an occurrence of a different kind. The editor of the Erlangen paper, reckoning upon the protection of the army of the Empire, had indulged in very acrimonious expressions against the king of Prussia. Kleist sent a detachment of his dragoons to Erlangen, where, agreeably to his orders, they seized the editor of the paper, gave him fifty lashes in the public market-place, and made him furnish a written acknowledgment that he had duly received them.

Meanwhile, duke Ferdinand, leaving in Westphalia the English and Hanoverian troops, amounting to 25,000 men, under Lord George Sackville, who had succeeded the duke of Marlborough, and general Spörken, set out secretly, with a few attendants from Münster, and, drawing his troops out of Hesse, concerted operations with prince Henry against the army of the Empire lying in Franconia.

The duke de Broglio had now taken the command of the French corps under Soubise, who was recalled to Paris. Ferdinand found him advantageously posted on a height near Frankfurt, to the left of the vil-

lage of Bergen. A reinforcement was coming to enable him to maintain his position. Ferdinand hastened to anticipate it. On the 13th of April, he arrived with his corps of 28,000 men, a few hours after Broglio had been joined by the expected reinforcement. Of this circumstance Ferdinand was not aware. Before he could reconnoitre the camp of the enemy, occupied by 35,000 French and Saxons, his troops commenced a partial, unequal, and unsuccessful combat, covered by the cavalry, under the Hessian general Urff. The cannonade continued the whole day. This attack cost him 2,000 men, an advantage to which such importance was attached in Vienna, that Broglio was created a prince of the empire. Ferdinand's troops returned unmolested to their winter-quarters in Hesse.

Contades was in Paris when tidings of the victory, if it deserves that name, arrived there, and were hailed with great rejoicing. Hastening back to his army, he ordered Broglio to join him, and advanced through Hesse, while the marquis d'Armentières was to march from the Lower Rhine through Westphalia. Ferdinand, having experienced the fickleness of fortune, stood upon the defensive, waiting to see which of the two French armies he should have to prepare for.

Armentières took Münster, Contades continued to approach; and on the 10th of July, Broglio made himself master of the fortress of Minden. Ferdinand pushed for that place. The enemy retired behind inaccessible morasses: his object was to cover the siege of Lippstadt, which the duke was equally desirous to relieve. With a view to entice Contades from his very advantageous position, he sent his nephew, the hereditary

prince of Brunswick, to attack the duke de Brissac, who was protecting the rear. This movement had the desired effect. The French commander marched out to the attack at daybreak on the 1st of August, and, in spite of the cowardice of Lord George Sackville, who had succeeded to the command of the English troops on the death of the Duke of Marlborough, at Münster, towards the end of 1758, and who kept the English cavalry out of the engagement, he gained a complete victory near Minden over Contades and Broglio. On the same day, Brissac was attacked and beaten at Gohfeld, about ten miles from Minden. The French, who had 85,000 men to the duke's 40,000, lost in this battle 8,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, and 25 pieces of cannon; and, but for the unpardonable disobedience of Sackville, Ferdinand's success would have been far more brilliant. In his despatch to Loudon, he expressed his conviction that this must have been the case if the marquis of Granby had commanded the cavalry of the right wing. Ferdinand lost 2,611 men, among whom were 151 officers. It was the English regiments that suffered most severely, and of course earned the chief glory of the victory, in memory of which our 12th, 20th, 23d, 25th, 37th, and 51st regiments still bear the name "Minden" upon their colours.

Archenholz conceives that Sackville was desirous of obtaining the chief command of the allied army instead of duke Ferdinand. This is not possible. That he was a coward is proved by all the evidence before the court-martial by which he was tried and sentenced to be broke in March, 1760; but he had powerful friends who bore a grudge against Ferdinand for bringing forward the

charge, and threw many obstacles in the way of his further operations. The nation and the sovereign, however, did justice to his merits. A pension for life of £4000 per annum, the order of the Garter, and a sword enriched with diamonds, were conferred upon him. Frederick celebrated his favourite, the hereditary prince, in an ode, invested him with the order of the Black Eagle, and in December, when the hopeful young commander brought 12,000 men to join the king, he presented him with a gold sword richly set with diamonds.

This victory closed the territories of Waldeck and Paderborn against the French; Lippstadt was evacuated by them, and Minden taken. At Detmold, the papers of Contades fell into the hands of Ferdinand. Among these was a letter from the French minister at war, the duke de Belleisle to the marshal, dated the 23d of July, renewing the execrable instructions given by Louvois seventy years before respecting the treatment of the Palatinate. Contades was ordered to lay waste the German dominions of the king of England, and to level every growing thing with the ground. Ferdinand published to the world, through the Berlin papers, these inhuman injunctions, by which the hardships of war were designed to be so wantonly aggravated.

Contades, after his defeat at Minden, retreated upon Cassel, and afterwards crossed the Eder and the Ohm, near Marburg, where he entrenched himself. Here he remained during the month of August. D'Etrées, the involuntary victor at Hastenbeck, was associated with him in the chief command. Ferdinand approached and made a bold attack on the town of Wetter, by which Broglio's corps at Gohfeld was in danger of being turned.

The French, in consequence, retired beyond the Lahn. In the first days of September, he drove them to Giessen, took the strong citadel of Marburg on the 11th, entrenched himself at Kroffdorf, on the right side of the Lahn, kept open the communication with Westphalia and Hesse, annoyed the enemy's convoys, and, feeling quite secure in his camp, sent part of his troops to strengthen general Imhoff, who was besieging Münster. Arméntières, hastening to the relief of the place, was driven back, and it surrendered on the 10th of November.

Meanwhile, Contades had been obliged to resign the command to Broglio, who was bent on recovering Marburg before the winter. An attack made by the prince of Condé, with 10,000 men, on Ferdinand's left wing, was victoriously repulsed; and a demonstration of the duke of Wirtemberg's upon Fulda, with a view to threaten Marburg and Cassel, terminated most pitifully. The hereditary prince of Brunswick, being despatched against him with six or seven thousand men, found the duke, on the 30th of November, most injudiciously posted near Fulda, where he was engaged in the important business of preparing for a ball. By a spirited attack on his corps, the prince drove it across the Fulda, and, forcing the bridges, completely dispersed it with the loss of 1200 prisoners. Ferdinand, on his part, then attacked Giessen, and, had he not been obliged to send 12,000 of his troops to the assistance of Frederick, in Saxony, he would have been able to maintain his position in spite of all the efforts of Broglio to dislodge him. On quitting it, he retired to Marburg, on the 4th and 5th of January, 1760, to the great joy of Broglio, who, on receiving the intelligence, gave his

army the parole, "They are off." On the 7th a sanguinary action took place at Dillenburg, which gave the French reason to repent their eager pursuit. They then went into winter-quarters, chiefly on the left bank of the Rhine, and a portion of the army between Frankfurt and Neuwied. Ferdinand went with the greatest part of his troops to Westphalia, Osnabrück, and Münster, while Imhoff remained in Hesse.

During the winter of 1758-9, the king had not been attentive merely to the increase of the numerical force of his army, to the former complement of which he had added 30,000 men. It was at this time that he conceived and executed the idea of what might be considered an absolutely new invention—horse-artillery. One brigade of ten six-pounders was raised at Landeshut, and another at Leipzig: they were composed of dragoons and artillery-men, and commanded by Philip, brother of the well-known adjutant general William Anhalt. I shall take a future occasion to advert to the curious history of these brothers.

Though Frederick had, in his preceding campaigns, been always the first to attack, circumstances obliged him this year to stand on the defensive. He continued in his strong camp at Schmottseifen, between Löwenberg, Lauban, and Liebenthal, with an army of 45,000 men. The intention of his enemies was to operate at once against Silesia, Brandenburg, and Lusatia. The Russians, 78,000 strong, joined by an auxiliary force of 30,000 Austrians, were to make themselves masters of a fortress on the Oder, or to march to Berlin; while Daun, with 70,000 men, was to occupy the king in Silesia; and the army of the Empire, about 30,000

strong, was to drive prince Henry out of Saxony. The Swedes were to push on to Berlin. The French, twice as strong as duke Ferdinand, flattered themselves with the certainty of not only crushing him, but of being in time to share the general triumph over the Prussian monarch. When Belleisle, in his exultation at this prospect, went so far as to say to Pompadour, "Frederick will soon be in Paris;" the favourite in reply paid him this involuntary compliment: "So much the better; then I *shall* see a *king!*"

Quietly as Frederick purposed to wait for the enemy, he nevertheless sought to cripple him by destroying his magazines. With this view, Fouqué and prince Henry made at the same time an incursion, the one into Moravia, the other into Bohemia. The former found the magazines at Ollmütz beyond the reach of attack, and returned to Silesia, followed by De Ville, to whom he was obliged to abandon Neustadt. He then took a strong position at Oppersdorf. It was very rarely that Frederick cheered any of his generals who were foiled in their enterprises. The terms in which he wrote to his old friend Fouqué from Landeshut on the 20th of April are for that reason the more remarkable. "Every thing," he says, "cannot turn out according to our wishes; nevertheless, we must seek Fortune; sometimes we find her when we least expect it; but sometimes this fickle coquette suddenly forsakes us, when she has drawn us to her by her deceitful blandishments." At the same time, he set out as secretly as possible for Neisse, to meet the enemy's corps; but the monks and the Catholic priests communicated the movements of the heretical Prussians to the orthodox general, who had

time to effect his retreat. Frederick might now apply to himself the consolation that he had offered to Fouqué.

Prince Henry was more successful in Bohemia, where Daun had concentrated his whole force on the frontiers of Silesia. Dividing his troops into two columns, he put himself at the head of one and gave the other to general Hülsen. Marching with all possible secrecy and celerity, they entered Bohemia on the 15th of April, destroyed in five days the magazines at Töplitz, Aussig, Budin, Leutmeritz, Commotau, and Saatz, and returned by the same routes to Saxony. Tempelhof calculates that the magazines destroyed in this expedition contained bread sufficient to supply 50,000 men for 143 days, and fodder for 25,000 horses for two months.

It would appear that about this time overtures were made to the British government to induce it to abandon the cause of Frederick, but as the king could not think of any peace unless in concert with England, so Pitt showed inviolable fidelity to the ally of his country. "Truly dear," he writes in June, 1759, to Mitchell, "as his Prussian majesty's interests are to me, it is my happiness to be able to say, that if any servant of the king could forget (a thing, I trust, impossible) what is due by every tie to such an ally, I am persuaded his majesty would soon bring any of us to his memory again. In this confidence I rest secure that, whenever peace shall be judged proper to come under consideration, no peace of Utrecht will again stain the annals of England."

In the like tone Frederick writes in the following May to Voltaire: "Whatever M. de Choiseul may think, he will be obliged in time to listen, and attentively too, to what I have planned. I shall not explain myself, but

you will see in less than two months.....the whole scene will change in Europe; and you will yourself admit that I was not at the end of my resources, and that I had reason to refuse your duke my park at Cleves.

"I shall now spread all the sails of politics and the military art. Those scoundrels who are making war upon me have set me examples which I will copy most exactly. There will be no congress at Breda, and I will not put up my arms till I have made three more campaigns. Those blackguards shall see that they have abused my good dispositions, and we will not sign any peace but the king of England in Paris and I in Vienna."

Daun, on receiving intelligence that the Russians were approaching Brandenburg, entered Lusatia, and took post on the 6th of July near Marklissa, in the vicinity of the king. While Frederick made head against this opponent, it was requisite that he should keep an eye on the Russians, who were awaiting the arrival of a new general in chief. Fermor had gone, in the beginning of the year, to Petersburg, to vindicate himself against the charge of having acted favourably for Frederick, and sent his Lutheran chaplain Täge with despatches to the king. Täge had, in consequence, to suffer an imprisonment of two years. The count de la Messelière, who was then attached to the French embassy to the court of Russia, had the hardihood to allege, what is utterly false, that Fermor was bribed by the king of Prussia, and that he was a tool of the grand-duke and his consort. Count Woronzow and the Austrian embassy also depreciated Fermor. He was therefore recalled, but went back with patriotic disinterested-

ness to the army, to assist his more fortunate successor, general Soltikof.

The Russians were advancing from the Vistula to the Wartha and the Oder, while Loudon was posted with 20,000 men near Lauban, in readiness to form a junction with them. The king, therefore, ordered Dohna to quit Swedish Pomerania and to meet and stop the progress of the Russians. Dohna accordingly crossed the Wartha, and destroyed some of the small Russian magazines, but was soon obliged to fall back before an army thrice as numerous as his own. Frederick, highly dissatisfied with Dohna, sent general Wedel, brother of the officer of that name who had so highly distinguished himself in the second Silesian war, to supersede him in the command of his army, with all the extraordinary powers of a dictator among the ancient Romans. The king dismissed the new dictator with a solemn address, concluding with these words: "I command you to attack the Russians wherever you find them, and to prevent their junction with the Austrians."

On the 22d of July, Wedel joined the army at Züllichau. Though unacquainted with his own troops, with the enemy, and with the country, and though he had nothing but jealousy to encounter from the older generals over whom he was placed, he resolved the very next day to attack the Russians, who had in the night turned the Prussian left wing, and taken post near Palzig, on the Cressen road. They were drawn up in three lines in a semicircle, upon hills, when Wedel commenced the attack near Kay, at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 23d. He had imagined that it was only the enemy's rear which he had before him; but

found them far superior in number to himself and in an excellent position. The Prussians had not time to form; their cavalry and artillery were nearly useless to them. On deploying from the hollow way near the mill of Kay, and attempting to form on the plain bounded by morasses, the destructive fire of the enemy's guns drove back the brigades and swept the above-mentioned plain. Under such circumstances small arms could effect nothing. After a conflict of three hours, the dictator was forced to desist, having lost nearly one-third of his army. His friend and only supporter, general Wobersnow, who had endeavoured to dissuade him from engaging, fell at the beginning of the combat. He retired, unmolested by the Russians, who pursued their route towards Crossen, in the expectation of finding their allies at Frankfurt.

Frederick had made an evident mistake in the choice of a dictator. He was now in a worse situation than before. Fouqué had 10,000 men near Landeshut against de Ville, with 20,000; to oppose his own 40,000 at Schmottseifen, Daun had 70,000 at Marktlissa. Dresden too had but a small force for its defence. But Brandenburg was in the most imminent danger, and the king resolved to confront it. He summoned prince Henry with part of his troops to Sagan, and sent the prince of Wirtemberg to supply his place. Henry arrived by forced marches on the 28th of July at Schmottseifen, and on the following day the king broke up with a considerable force for Brandenburg. He was joined on the 4th of August by Wedel, and on the 10th by Finck's corps, which he had ordered from Saxony. With an army of 48,000 men he crossed the Oder, and bivouacked on the night of the 11th near Bischofssee.

The king's letters to his friend, count Finckenstein, the minister, afford a glimpse of what he had to go through at a crisis which required extraordinary exertions. On the 3d of August he writes from Beeskow—"I have just arrived here, after cruel and terrible marches; I am exceedingly fatigued, for I have not closed my eyes these six nights. Farewell." On the 8th—"I have a great deal to arrange. I find great difficulties to surmount, and I must save, not ruin, the country. I must be more prudent, and at the same time more enterprising than ever: in short, I must do and dare whatever I may think possible. Nor have I any time to lose, if the enemy's attempt on Berlin is to be frustrated. Adieu, my dear friend: you will soon be singing—'In deep distress I cry to Thee,' or 'Te Deum.'"

Loudon had formed a junction with the Russians at Frankfurt. Both entrenched themselves on the right bank of the Oder. Soltikof occupied the heights of Kunersdorf, with his front towards Frankfurt, his left wing posted on the Jüdenberg, and his right supported upon the Bäckergrund, while Loudon's corps abutted upon the left wing. The strong camp of the Russians had marshes, ponds, and copses in front, an extensive wood in the rear, and on the wings heights which covered their three lines. Besides these natural defences, the enemy had surrounded himself with a strong entrenchment and numerous redoubts, which were well manned.

Frederick formed his army in order of battle opposite to Soltikof's. His right wing was supported on Trettin, the left on Bischoffssee. Finck, with what was called the

rear-guard, was posted, in front of the lines, on heights which concealed the movements of the Prussians from the enemy. The two armies were parted only by a swampy brook, called the Hühnerfliess. Soltikof, apprehensive for his rear, changed the front, placed his right wing on the Jüdenberg, the left on the Mühlberg, and threw up new entrenchments; while Loudon was at the foot of the Jüdenberg, ready to turn to whichever side he was wanted.

Such was the position in which Frederick found the enemy when he arrived on the heights of Trettin. The heat was oppressive, and the king's thirst so great that he asked for water, and a peasant ran to the village and fetched him a jugful. Having refreshed himself, Frederick continued to reconnoitre the enemy and the country. Presently, a lieutenant of Belling's hussars, who had been sent out with a patrole to examine minutely the ground and the position of the Russians, returned and made his report, which, however, was far from satisfactory to the king. Neither was he better pleased with the vague information given by a staff-officer near him, who, some years before, had been in garrison at Frankfurt, but recollected very little of the localities. The king was turning away, disappointed, when an hussar galloped up to the spot. His name was Plötz; he had been by trade a cloth-weaver, and entered in 1758 as a volunteer into the regiment, which was raised at Halberstadt, and so distinguished himself by courage, daring, and integrity, that, in a year, he was promoted to be a subaltern. He belonged to the patrole which had been sent out, but had ventured some distance further than the lieutenant had liked to advance. The

king observed him, asked where he came from, and, on being told, exclaimed — "What, then, have you been patrolling alone?" — "The enemy cut me off from the detachment." — "How far have you been?" — "About four miles and a half from this place. A peasant that I met with called the country that we rode over the Dubberow. I was very near Reipzig." — "That is not possible. You would have been in the lion's jaws. Reipzig lies behind the Russian army." This the king said in a very ill-humour. Plötz, sure of his point, replied calmly, but evidently vexed, while a transient flush overspread his face — "Whether you think it impossible that I should have gone over the ground I have done, I do not know; but this I know that I *have* gone over it." — "Be quite easy, my son," rejoined the king; "care for nobody, whoever it may be. Only report what you have seen." Plötz made a most circumstantial report, which, in the sequel, was found to be correct. In a year he was promoted to officer, afterwards ennobled, and died as general of hussars.

The left flank of the Russians seemed to offer the best chance of success to the king, and he resolved to attack it on the following day. Accordingly, at two in the morning of the 12th, he put himself in motion; but, instead of marching in a direct line, which would have brought him by unfavourable ways upon their most dangerous side, he thought it better to go along the Hühnerfliess and into the Reppen road, from which another road leads across the heath of Neuendorf to a height commonly called the Pechstange. Here the Prussians formed in three lines of infantry and two of cavalry, while Finck kept up such a fire from his bat-

teries on the Russian star-fort as to occupy Soltikof's whole attention.

Thus the king reached unobserved the margin of the wood at eleven in the forenoon, the sultry heat having greatly increased the fatigue of the march, which was much longer than had been anticipated. Batteries were immediately planted on two hills opposite to the enemy's right. General Schenkendorf then advanced with eight battalions, covered by sixty pieces of cannon, and took the Russian entrenchment. The army followed, stormed all the redoubts, and drove the Russian infantry, in spite of its obstinate resistance, to the churchyard of Kunersdorf, which Frederick's left wing took with difficulty. Finck's troops had by this time joined the others. Seven redoubts, the churchyard, the Spitzberg, and the Kichgrund were taken, with 180 pieces of cannon. The enemy had lost many men, and was in great confusion. It was six in the evening. The fortune of the day seemed to be decided in favour of the Prussians through the valour of the infantry alone, and a courier was despatched to Berlin with the preliminary announcement of victory.

> But triumph not too soon—the Fates are jealous,
> And suffer no invasion of their rights—

So says Schiller, and so Frederick soon learned by the most woful experience. He was determined not merely to conquer, but to annihilate, the Russians, who sought refuge in their last redoubt on the Jüdenberg. In order to wrest this also from them, the king sent for the cavalry from the left wing, and ordered artillery to be brought forward, though Finck, Seydlitz, and other generals strove to dissuade him from renewing the attack, exhausted as the soldiers were with fatigue and the in-

tense heat. He persisted in his purpose. Loudon now sallied from the bottom where he had hitherto lain concealed as a reserve; the tough Russians, too, mustered their remaining strength, and turned the tide of the battle. The undaunted Prussian infantry were but 150 paces from the enemy's last battery, when they were opposed by the fresh force of the Austrians, whose guns opened upon them with tremendous effect. They were dispersed. All further attacks proved equally fruitless. They were disheartened, and fled in a confusion not to be described before the enemy's cavalry. That of the Prussians could not accomplish any thing. Seydlitz himself was severely wounded. The king was in the hottest of the fire; his officers were falling around; he had two horses wounded under him, and was therefore obliged to accept that of captain Gölz, one of his aides-de-camp. At the same moment a musket-ball crushed the gold etui in his waistcoat-pocket. Colonel Krusemark and the rest of his retinue then besought the king to leave so dangerous a spot. Frederick replied—"We must make every exertion now to gain the battle, and I must do my duty here as well as any other man." But exertions were to no purpose. The enemy dashed on afresh; and the Prussians fled from the field in wild confusion, to hide themselves in the neighbouring woods from the fury of their adversaries. The defeat was so decisive that the king would have fallen into the hands of the Russian light-horse, had not captain Prittwitz of Zieten's regiment, with about two hundred of his best hussars, almost forced him from the field, and escorted him in the retreat through a hollow way. Nothing could equal his despair at this result. "What!" he

exclaimed, on finding himself deserted by his troops, "Is there no cursed ball that will finish me!" and to Prittwitz, after retiring from the field, he several times said, "I am undone!" It is related to have been on the back of this faithful companion that he wrote with pencil the following words, addressed to Finkenstein, the minister—"All is lost. Save the royal family. Adieu for ever!" To Prittwitz indisputably belongs the honour of having, in this critical moment, saved not only the king's life, but the state itself: for, had Frederick been taken prisoner, it is certain that he would not have survived the disgrace, and the name of Prussia would have been erased from the list of independent nations.

Eyewitnesses declare that they never saw the Prussian army in such a deplorable state as after this battle. Such was the consternation that, at the mere sound of approaching Cossacks, the infantry fled to the distance of a thousand paces before it could be made to halt. The fugitives collected near Bischofssee, and marched the same night across the bridge of boats near Reitwein, and encamped on the neighbouring heights.

The loss of the Prussians amounted to 18,500 men, including 534 officers; 172 pieces of cannon, 26 pair of colours, and two standards, fell into the hands of the enemy. The Russians and Austrians had suffered almost as severely: 670 officers and 15,506 privates were killed or wounded. Hence Soltikof, in writing to the empress, observed: "The king of Prussia is accustomed to sell his defeats at a dear rate, so that, if I gain another such victory, I shall have to bring the news of it by myself, with my truncheon in my hand."

Preuss, to whose general accuracy I bear willing tes-

timony, relates that the king passed the night in the most dreadful agony of mind, upon straw, in a peasant's cottage which had been stripped by the enemy, and that he went next morning to the chateau of Reitwein, about five miles from Cüstrin, on the Frankfurt road. Of his state of mind on this fatal night some idea may be formed from the letter which he wrote at Oetscher to Finkenstein: "At 11 this morning I attacked the enemy. We drove them to the Jews' burial-ground,* near Frankfurt; all my troops performed prodigies of valour, but that burial-ground caused us to lose a prodigious number of men; our troops got into confusion; I rallied them three times; at last I was nearly taken myself, and I have been obliged to give up the field of battle. My coat is riddled with balls; I had two horses killed; my misfortune is that I am still living. Our loss is very considerable. Out of an army of 48,000 men, I have not 3000 at the moment I am writing: all have fled, and I am no longer master of my soldiers. You will do well in Berlin to think of your safety. 'Tis a cruel reverse; I shall not survive it: the consequences of the battle will be worse than the battle itself. I have no resource left; and, to tell the truth, I consider all as lost. I shall not survive the ruin of my country. Farewell for ever!"

Though I am disposed to credit the statement of Preuss, still I cannot forbear quoting the account given by another German writer, for the sake of an anecdote respecting the king with which it is accompanied.

* The king here, as in his "Œuvres posthumes," confounds the Jews' burial-ground with the Jews' Hill. At the burial-ground, situated on the western slope of the hill, there was no fighting whatever.

He says that Frederick passed the night at the dam-house on the left bank of the Oder, between Göritz and Oetscher; but that he at first intended to take up his quarters in a house in the latter place. On entering it, however, he there found two lieutenants of Grabow's regiment of infantry, named Heilsberg and Stubenfoll, who were most dangerously wounded. The former had received a whole charge of canister-shot in his face and body; while the latter had more than half of one arm carried away by a cannon-ball. Both were conveyed half-dead to the nearest house, where they somewhat revived; but not a surgeon would undertake the treatment of their desperate cases. When the king entered, both lay there, bathed in blood. "My children," he exclaimed, "you are grievously wounded, indeed!"—"Yes, your majesty," replied one of the sufferers; "but that would be of little consequence, if we but knew that you had conquered! We had stormed two redoubts, and were at the third when we met with our misfortunes."—"You have proved that you are brave men; all the rest is accident. Keep up your spirits: things, and you too, will mend. Have your wounds been dressed? Have you been bled?"—"Not a creature of them all will touch us." The king sent immediately for a surgeon. When he came, he loaded him with angry reproaches, on account of the neglect shown to the wounded, and commanded him to pay all possible attention to the two young officers. The doctor shrugged his shoulders, and intimated that in their cases assistance could not be of any avail, The king took hold of the hands of the sufferers. "Only look!" said he; "the lads have no fever: with such young blood and stout

hearts Nature generally does wonders." He ordered them to be bled; their wounds were dressed; they were supplied with refreshments. He afterwards ordered them to be conveyed with the utmost care to the principal hospital. While they were removing, "Children," said the king, "go, in God's name. Whatever turn things take with you, I shall be sure to hear of it; and, if you are disabled for service, you shall want for nothing. I will not forget you; I will provide for you." Both recovered, thanks to Frederick's interference alone, and continued to serve till the peace, when, by the express command of the king, they were invalided and amply provided for.

For two days the king shut himself up at Reitwein, and would see scarcely a creature besides general Finck and the servants of the house. I find mention made also of an old colonel of artillery, named Moller, who strove to cheer the spirits of the king in the hours of deep despondency consequent on the defeat. Frederick listened willingly to his consolatory arguments. He asked him how it happened that his troops were no longer able to perform such prodigies as they had formerly done. The colonel, a sincerely pious man, modestly remarked that it was perhaps owing to the sinfulness of the army, in which public prayers had long fallen into disuse. From that day divine service was ordered to be held in the regiments as formerly.

It was at Reitwein that, on the morning after the battle, the king drew up and wrote with his own hand the following remarkable document, which Pruess first laid before the public, and which is of course quite new to the English reader.

Instruction for General Finck.

General Finck is charged with a difficult commission. The unfortunate army which I give up to him is no longer in a condition to fight the Russians. Haddik will hasten to Berlin, perhaps Loudon also. If general Finck goes after these two, the Russians will come upon him in rear. If he continues stationary upon the Oder, he will have Haddik on this side. I think, however, that if Loudon should march upon Berlin, he might attack him by the way, and beat him. Success in this case would check the disaster and delay matters. To gain time is a great deal in these desperate circumstances. The newspapers from Torgau and Dresden my secretary, Köper, will give him. He must report every thing to my brother, whom I have declared generalissimo of the army. To repair this misfortune completely is impossible; nevertheless, whatever my brother shall order must be done. The army must swear to my nephew.

"This is the only advice that I am capable of giving in these unfortunate circumstances. If I had any resources left, I would have remained with it."

A second paper, written by Frederick himself at the same time and on the same subject, is as follows: "As a severe illness has befallen me, I relinquish the command of my army during my illness, till my recovery, to general Finck, and, in case of need, he may also dispose of general Kleist's corps as circumstances may require, likewise of the magazines in Stettin, Berlin, Cüstrin, and Magdeburg."

In Berlin it was reported, in the first consternation, that nobody knew what had become of the king. But

the victors never thought of giving the *coup-de-grace* to the beaten army, and putting an end to the war. They consulted in a peasant's cottage whether they should pursue the Prussians. At the same time, they began to drink freely, till they utterly forgot the king, around whom about 18,000 of his dispersed troops soon collected, and gave a different aspect to the disaster. On the third day, Frederick, throwing off his gloomy despondency, again made his appearance at Reitwein, and the movements of the army recommenced with the same order and the same energy as ever. Shortly before the battle, an aide-de-camp of duke Ferdinand's had brought the king intelligence of the victory of Minden. Frederick begged the messenger to stay till the battle was over, that he might have the like compliment to carry back in return to the duke. He now dismissed him, saying: "I am heartily sorry that I have not a better answer to send to such a message. If, however, you meet with no obstruction as you return, if you do not find Daun in Berlin, or Contades in Magdeburg, you may assure the duke from me that no great deal is lost." The Prussian army, however, had lost many distinguished leaders on that disastrous day; lieutenant-generals Wedel and Itzenblitz, and major-generals Spaen, Knoblauch, Stutterheim, Itzenblitz [2], Platen and Klitzing had fallen; and the German Muse had to deplore the loss of one of her favourite sons, major Ewald Christian Kleist, who was mortally wounded in this engagement.

Born in 1715, at Zeblin, in Pomerania, Kleist studied the law at Königsberg. Having gone to Denmark, to visit relations of his in that country, and applied in vain for a

civil appointment, he entered into the Danish army, and assiduously studied every thing connected with military science. It was not long before he left Denmark and went to Berlin, where he was presented to Frederick soon after his accession, and by him appointed lieutenant in prince Henry's regiment. In reality he seems never to have felt much fondness for the military profession, and to have been reconciled to it only by the idea of duty and admiration of his great king. This discordance between his destiny and the wishes of his heart, which pointed to quiet and repose, together with a disappointed passion, which commenced so early as 1738; in all probability made him a poet, or at least imparted to his compositions their chief characteristic—a tender melancholy, which pervades his elegies in particular. Scarcely any German poem, and that too by an unknown writer, can boast of such rapid and extraordinary popularity as was acquired by his "Spring," which was first printed in 1749, merely for distribution among the author's friends, and which was reproduced in numerous editions.

Kleist was on intimate terms with most of the aspirants to literary fame in Germany in the middle of last century; and he contributed, by industriously circulating the Tyrtæan strains of Gleim in the army, to kindle in the soldiers' the warmest feelings of loyalty and patriotism. In 1757 he attained the rank of major, and in the following year successfully executed the commission with which he was charged, to seize the notorious intriguer, the marquis de Fraygne, who, in the ducal palace at Zerbst, plotted all sorts of enterprises against

Frederick, and even an attempt upon Magdeburg, and to convey him to that fortress.

In the battle of Kunersdorf, Kleist received twelve contusions in storming a third battery, and the fingers of his right hand were so wounded that he was obliged to hold the sword in the left. He, nevertheless, proceeded to assist in the attack of a fourth battery. Lieutenant-colonel von Breitenbach was shot dead, on which Kleist rode before the front of the battalion, and gallantly led it against the enemy's cannon. A musket-ball struck his left arm; and now he could only grasp his sword with two fingers of his right hand. He had advanced about thirty paces further, when a canister-shot shattered his right leg. He fell from his horse, and three soldiers carried him behind the front. The surgeon who came to dress his wounds was shot, and Kleist himself was stripped absolutely naked by the Cossacks, and thrown into a swamp. In the night he was found by some Russian hussars, who lifted him upon dry ground, and laid him upon straw near a watch-fire, covered him with a cloak, put a hat upon his head, and gave him such refreshment as they had—bread and water. A second time he was plundered by the Cossacks, and left naked upon the field. In this state he was found about noon the next day by the Russian captain von Stackelberg, who had him conveyed to Frankfurt on the Oder. Eleven days after the battle, the shattered bones separated and tore asunder an artery, and he died of the hemorrhage occasioned by this accident. He was buried with due respect by the principal Russian officers there, and colonel Bülow, who

commanded a regiment of Russian light dragoons, took his own sword from his side to adorn the coffin, "that so worthy an officer might not be consigned to the grave without that mark of honour." His friend Uz dedicated to his memory a Dirge worthy of the bard of "Spring," and Nicolai, in the Memoirs of him which he wrote, furnished an excellent model for German biography.

When the king recovered from his stupor, he found 18,000 of his dispersed troops reassembled at Reitwein. With that superior genius which was never so conspicuous as under the greatest difficulties, he made dispositions for defending himself. He sent to Berlin, Stettin, and Cüstrin, for artillery, called to him general Kleist, who, with 5000 men belonging to Dohna's corps, had been left to oppose the Swedes, despatched the corps of general Wunsch to Fürstenwalde to stop Haddik; and, when the latter had joined Solitkof and Loudon, he advanced to meet their united force, and encamped between Beeskow and Bornow. Meanwhile, his enemies remained together, irresolute and inactive in their camp at Mühlrose, plundering and ravaging the country in their usual way, till, on the 5th of September, Haddik marched off for Saxony, to hasten the surrender of Dresden, already hard pressed by the army of the Empire, which had taken advantage of the absence of the Prussian troops to overrun Saxony.

Frederick, in his first fit of despondency after the late battle, had despatched orders to the commandants of Torgau, Wittenberg, and Dresden, to capitulate in case they were attacked, on the most favourable terms, and merely to save the military chests and the troops. In

Wittenberg and Leipzig it was impossible for the Prussians to make any stand, chiefly because the greater part of the troops there consisted of Saxon regiments, deserters, and prisoners: the commandants therefore capitulated, and marched off unmolested with their troops to Magdeburg and Torgau.

Torgau, which could scarcely be considered as a fortified place, had been closely pressed ever since the 12th of August by prince Stolberg, with about 12,000 men. It was garrisoned by five battalions under the brave colonel Wolffersdorf. To no purpose did the enemy threaten "to burn Halle, Quedlinburg, and Halberstadt," unless he capitulated. It was not till he had repulsed the most serious attacks for seven successive days and expended all his ammunition that he agreed to surrender the place, on condition that the garrison should be allowed to march out with the artillery, and that the enemy should not receive deserters till the town was completely evacuated. When the Prussians were leaving the place, prince Stolberg had posted himself not far from it with his retinue. Some of his aides-de-camp strove to induce the garrison to desert. "Let every loyal Saxon, let every man who has belonged to the army of the Empire, step out: his highness will protect him"—said they. "And I will shoot the first that stirs," cried the resolute Wolffersdorf, and instantly extended on the ground a soldier who had quitted the ranks. Then giving the word of command: "Battalion, halt! front! make ready!" and, turning to the prince, he said: "Your highness has broken the capitulation; I will therefore make prisoners of you and all your attendants. Ride this instant into the town, or I will

give orders to fire." Much as it went against the grain, Stolberg was obliged to comply, and Wolffersdorf led his troops, by order of the king, to Potsdam.

After the surrender of Torgau, the Imperialists set more seriously about the reduction of Dresden. Count Schmettau was still commandant of that city. At first he was resolved to defend himself to the utmost, though the allies, reinforced by the Austrian generals Wohla, Brentano, and Maguire, now amounted to 28,000 men. Threats and promises were resorted to, but neither had the least effect on Schmettau, though his garrison was weak, and he could place little confidence in it; on which account he confined himself to the defence of the Old Town only, for which he possessed abundant means. In this situation he received the king's letter of the 14th of August from Reitwein, and he thought that he should be doing his sovereign an essential service if, in surrendering Dresden, he could save the garrison, the military chest containing 5,600,000 dollars, the provision-train, and equipments for 38,000 men. The duke of Deuxponts, who commanded the troops of the Empire, gladly acceded to these terms. At this moment, general Wunsch, who had retaken Wittenberg and Torgau, was advancing to his succour. The capitulation was concluded on the 4th of September, and on the 5th Schmettau received a letter from the king, who, having recovered from his helpless situation with a rapidity which it was impossible to anticipate, intimated that he would render him the most important service if he could preserve Dresden in the present emergency. This letter, conveyed by a spy to Schmettau, did not reach him till after the gates of the city were already

occupied by the enemy. On the same day, Wunsch arrived before it, but retired, as he received no support from Schmettau. On the 6th, the Austrians occupied the Elbe bridge, without the knowledge of colonel Hoffmann, the vice-commandant, who resolved to dislodge the enemy's post. Captain Sydow, with the Prussian palace-guard, defended the capitulation, and refused to follow him: Hoffman was indignant; an altercation ensued; and he was shot dead by Sydow's men. It was alleged that he was intoxicated, but the king wrote with his own hand to Schmettau: "I think like Hoffmann; if he was drunk, I wish the governor and the whole garrison had been drunk too, that they might have thought as he did." The loss of Dresden was a stroke that deeply mortified the king, removed Schmettau from his service, and for ever deprived him of his favour.

With the fall of the capital, Frederick's game seemed to be lost in Saxony. Still the activity, intelligence, and resolution of general Wunsch, who with 4,000 men retook Wittenberg and Torgau, saved him a part of the electorate. Being joined by general Finck, whom the king, on resuming the command of his army, had despatched to the relief of Dresden, Leipzig was retaken by them on the 13th of September; and such was their success, that Dresden was soon the only place of importance in Saxony remaining in the possession of the enemy.

The inactivity of Soltikof after his victory is to be attributed solely to the jealousies subsisting between the courts of Petersburg and Vienna, and also between the commanders of their armies. Earnestly as both might desire to crush Frederick, yet each would fain

have left to the other the toils and perils of the war. Early in the year, the Russian army had chosen to advance upon Silesia instead of Pomerania, lest it should play into the hands of the Swedes; and now that the Russians had sacrificed so many thousand men in two battles, Soltikof thought that he had a right to require similar successes of the Austrians, before he again undertook any thing serious. In vain Daun besought him not to stop half way. Valuable time was lost, and the obstinate Soltikof would not stir an inch. Meanwhile, Frederick collected the remnants of his army, and was soon in a condition to cover Berlin and the Marks. Daun alleged that it was requisite for him to keep prince Henry, who was still encamped at Schmottseifen in check, in order that the army of the empire might reduce Dresden without molestation.

Soltikof pursued his own course, regardless alike of glory, which held out to him the alluring prospect of conquering Frederick, and of the urgent exhortations of Loudon and of Montalembert, the French agent with the Russian army; but, in a personal conference with Daun, he required that the Austrian army should be doubled as the Russian had been, and that Daun should undertake to supply his troops with necessaries. In this case he would agree to remain on the left bank of the Oder, where every thing was consumed, till Dresden should be taken, and then they might commence joint operations against Silesia and its fortresses.

Daun, instead of forming a junction with the Russians, as he might have done without obstruction, in order to annihilate Frederick completely, represented the conquest of Saxony as the most important object of

the allies; because that would throw the political preponderance into the scale, not of Russia, but of Austria. It soon became manifest, moreover, that Daun was not in earnest about the supply of the Russians: instead of provisions, he offered Soltikof pecuniary subsidies, but the Russian commander angrily replied that his men could not eat money. Being now obliged to direct his force against prince Henry, Daun separated himself entirely from the Russian army; on which Soltikof roundly declared that he would have nothing more to do with the Austrians and retire with his troops. Montalembert had great difficulty to pacify him, and to persuade him to operate upon Glogau.

This plan, which he began to execute on the 19th of September, Frederick defeated by vigilance and celerity. Hastening with his army to Sagan, he prevented the Russians from laying siege to Glogau; and, crossing to the right bank of the Oder, contrived to fix them on the other side of the Bartsch, till hunger compelled them to retire to the Vistula for the winter.

It was from his brother Henry that Frederick first received assistance after his defeat. No sooner did the tidings of his disaster reach the camp at Schmottseifen, than the prince prepared to succour his brother, and either to form a junction with him, or at least to take the Austrians off his hands. Calling Fouqué from Landeshut to the camp, and leaving him to cover Silesia, Henry marched along the right bank of the Bober to Sagan. This movement caused Daun to turn back immediately from Priebus, where he arrived on the 13th of August, across the Neisse to Sorau. By this operation, he, indeed, prevented Henry from joining the

king; but, having withdrawn the troops from Lusatia, and left only general de Ville there to cover the magazines at Zittau, Görlitz, and Bautzen, Henry resolved to destroy these magazines, and to make such threatening demonstrations in the rear of the enemy, that Daun would relinquish the king. It was at this juncture that the Austrian commander received intelligence of the march of general Finck to relieve Dresden; and he became in consequence so wavering in his operations, that at one time he turned against the prince, and at another strove to approach the Saxon capital. De Ville retired before Henry, and part of the Austrian magazines fell into the hands of the latter. In this manner the prince contrived to occupy the Austrians till the king, having outstripped the Russian army, could hasten to the protection of Glogau. He now resolved to throw himself into Saxony, and, if possible, to draw Daun's whole army after him.

The prince was posted near Görlitz and Daun near Bautzen. The latter resolved to fall upon the Prussians and drive them back into Silesia. On the 24th of September he purposed to attack them; but when he looked about him in the morning they were gone, and for two days he was uncertain what had become of them. Henry had meanwhile turned Daun's left wing, marched upon Rothenburg and Hoyerswerda, dispersed there the corps of general Wehla, and taken part of it prisoners. For two days his soldiers, inured to fatigue, had to dispense with every convenience; and he marched with the whole train nearly forty miles, through a desolated and deserted country. He attempted to cross the Elbe between Strehla and Meissen, but was obliged by the want

of pontoons to go down the river to Torgau. At length, Daun was informed by an officer belonging to the troops dispersed at Hoyerswerda that the prince had tricked him, and was marching for Saxony. Trembling for the fate of Dresden, when the prince should be joined by Finck and Wunsch, and conceiving that in Saxony lay the decision of the campaign for the interest of his court, he hastened by forced marches to Dresden, to join the army of the Empire, and to protect that city from any attempt of the Prussians. Thus Henry's plan for enticing Daun from Silesia was completely successful. Being joined at Strehla by Finck's corps, he was now at the head of 40,000 men, with whom he took a position between Klauschwitz and the Elbe, whence Daun, avoiding a battle, drew him to Torgau.

During the whole month of October, Frederick was laid up with the gout. It was so severe, that he could not bear the motion either of a horse or a carriage. He was therefore carried on the 27th by the soldiers of the regiment of Neuwied to the little town of Köben, on the Oder, where, on learning the retreat of the Russians, he sent for his generals. They found him in bed in a mean apartment, extremely pale, with a handkerchief bound round his head, and a sable pelisse thrown over him. In spite of the racking pain of his complaint, he addressed them with great cheerfulness. "I have summoned you hither, gentlemen," said he, "to communicate to you my dispositions, and at the same time to convince you that the violence of my disorder does not permit me to show myself personally to the army. Assure my brave soldiers, then, that it is not a sham illness; tell them that, though I have met with many

misfortunes during this campaign, I will not rest till I have retrieved them all; that I rely upon their bravery; and that nothing but death shall part me from my army." With admirable composure he then acquainted them with his arrangements. One part of the army was destined to cover Silesia; the other, under general Hülsen, was sent to Saxony, to support prince Henry.

While Henry remained at Torgau waiting for Hülsen, Daun manœuvred in the expectation of gaining some advantage over him; but the prince sent generals Wunsch and Rebentisch against a detached corps under the duke of Aremberg, which the Prussians attacked on the 29th near Pretsch with such vigour that it was almost annihilated. One general, 26 other officers, and 1400 men were taken.

On the 13th of November, Daun retreated to Wilsdruf, and on the same day Frederick joined the army at Hirschstein, in Saxony. The prince rode to meet his brother, who had recovered from his illness. "Henry," said the king, "is the only general who has not committed any fault in this war." While they were conversing, intelligence arrived of the further retreat of the grand imperial army. "Aha!" cried Frederick, "they smell me already; but now the devil shall fetch Daun too." Leading the corps encamped at Hirschstein against the enemy, he overtook the rear-guard near the village of Krögis. An action ensued, in which the Austrians suffered considerably.

Not satisfied with this advantage, the king resolved to recover Dresden, and to turn Daun, who guarded it in a strong position, in order to cut him off from the direct route to Bohemia, and to drive him into the most

impracticable roads, where, in that severe season, his utter destruction appeared inevitable. Prince Henry would gladly have suffered Daun to retire quietly. General Finck, too, was adverse to the bold and hazardous project of the king, in which he was destined to play the principal part. In the middle of November, while colonel Kleist made an incursion into Bohemia to burn the Austrian magazines, and to revenge the atrocities committed in Brandenburg, where, "agreeably to the command of the highest powers, the inhabitants were to have nothing left them but the air and earth," general Finck was obliged, in spite of all remonstrances, to proceed by a circuitous route through Freiberg to Dippoldiswalde, to push forward to Maxen, to take a position behind Daun's camp, and to bar the road to Bohemia against him.

The imperial marshal led his army from Wilsdruf to a strong position behind the low ground of Plauen, opposing to Finck baron Sincere on the road to Dippoldiswalde, general Brentano on the Pirna road, and the army of the Empire near Cotta, on the road to Bohemia. Frederick occupied the camp at Wilsdruf, and pushed Zieten forward to Kesselsdorf.

The situation of Finck, without support, was so precarious as to induce Daun to make a bold attempt. With one line he kept the king in check, and marched with the other to Reichardsgrimma, turned the flank of the Prussians on the heights of Maxen, and made himself master of that post, while Brentano attacked the centre of the camp, and the army of the Empire occupied all the passes across the Red Water, from Dohna to Burkertswalde. Finck's fate was decided. The uncon-

ditional surrender of the whole corps, including the cavalry under general Wunsch, which had already given Brentano the slip, was the result. It took place at Maxen, on the 21st of November. Never had such disgrace befallen the Prussians as for 12,000 men, with nine generals, all their artillery (71 pieces of cannon), colours and standards, to be made prisoners of war in the open field.

Finck's case was hard in every respect. He had risen at forty, through personal merit and through the favour of his sovereign, to be lieutenant-general; he had recently been almost the sole witness of the anguish and despair of the king, who, on account of his meritorious efforts after the disaster at Kunersdorf, declared that he would be a second Turenne. "It is a circumstance," he thus wrote to him, "unheard of to this day, that a Prussian corps should lay down its arms: an event of which no one could hitherto conceive an idea." On his return from captivity after the peace, he was brought to a court-martial, dismissed the service, and confined for a year at Spandau. On recovering his liberty, Finck entered into the Danish army, with the rank of lieutenant-general, but died, as it is believed, of a broken heart, in 1766. Frederick was not unaffected when he heard of his decease; he appointed his brother, who had a company in the regiment of duke Ferdinand, at Magdeburg, to be major out of his turn, and removed him to Berlin, where he died in 1769. Neither did Frederick ever forgive any of the other generals made prisoners at Maxen, excepting Wunsch, who seems indeed to have been undeservedly implicated in the disaster. To general von der Mosel, who solicited a canonry, he replied:

"You lost the canonry at Maxen;" to another he wrote: "I will not make any man a general who is deficient in firmness, otherwise I shall be served as I was at Breslau and Maxen;" and when in 1769, more than ten years afterwards, general Bredow was dismissed, his petition for a pension called forth this significant direction: "Let a pension be assigned upon Maxen." Totally destitute, the general made an attempt on his life; but the ball grazed the scull without doing material injury. At the intercession of Seydlitz, the king granted him a pension of a thousand dollars.

It is admitted, however, that Finck's conduct was by no means blameless. The king says in his works: "Marshal Daun detached Brentano to Dippoldiswalda; this should have been the signal for Finck to retire. His orders were to attack all the weak corps that he should meet with, but to fall back on the approach of such as were stronger than his own." Montazet, the French agent with the Austrian army, who does not wholly absolve the king from blame, bears, as an impartial eye-witness, the following testimony: "It must be confessed, however, that in the execution of the king's orders Finck committed unpardonable faults. His dispositions were bad; and he fought with little spirit, though the number of his troops and the ground would have allowed him to make a good defence." So much is certain, that the Prussian general, far from entering cordially into the views of the king, went, as he alleged himself in his official defence, "with great repugnance," to execute the hazardous commission.

After this successful enterprise, Daun returned to his camp near Dresden, and detached general Beck to the

right bank of the Elbe, against the corps of general Dierecke. To avoid the fate of Finck, the latter quitted his advantageous position on the Fürstenberg, not far from Meissen, and resolved to cross in the night to the other side of the river. The great quantity of floating ice obstructed the attempt; part of the troops only escaped, while the rest, 1,500 in number, were made prisoners of war.

Frederick's force in Saxony was now reduced to 24,000 men; he, nevertheless, maintained his position from Wilsdruf to Freiberg against Daun, to the astonishment of the world. With the exception of Dresden and an inconsiderable portion of the circle of Meissen, he kept possession of the whole electorate of Saxony, to secure which he drew 12,000 men, under the hereditary prince of Brunswick, from the army of duke Ferdinand, and detained them till the end of January, when he had recruited his army. Thus both parties rested upon their arms, in the close vicinity of each other, during the winter, which was unusually severe, and carried off a great number of men. Four battalions of the army in daily succession occupied the camp, where the tents were frozen as hard as boards. Here the soldiers lay huddled close together, for their mutual protection against the intense cold. The rest of the army was cantoned in the surrounding villages, where the officers sought accommodation in the houses; and the men built huts, and lay night and day about the fires which they kept up in them. Daun, who durst not stir a step in advance, was obliged to expose his troops to the like inconveniences. At length, on the 10th of January, 1760, the Prussians went into winter-quarters.

Frederick, whose position was not rendered much worse by so many reverses, resided at Freiberg from the beginning of December till the end of March, occupied with public business and his usual recreations. He never represented his melancholy circumstances in a too favourable light, or encouraged the over-sanguine notions of his friends. His grand aim was to stand his ground and to terminate the struggle with honour. Under his arduous efforts to accomplish this object, both body and mind suffered. On the 28th of May, he wrote to d'Argens: "I see clearly, my dear marquis, that you are as much dazzled as the public. At a distance my situation may be surrounded with a certain splendour: but, if you were to come nearer, you would find only an impenetrable mist. I scarcely know whether there is yet a Sans Souci in the world; but, be the place where it will, the name is no longer suitable for me. In short, I am old, gloomy, and peevish; if some flashes of my former good-humour burst forth, they quickly expire, because there is nothing to keep them up. I deal frankly with you. If you were to see me again, you would scarcely know me to be the same person, but take me for an old man, who is already grown gray, has lost half his teeth, and whose cheerfulness, animation, and fancy are gone. All these are effects not so much of years as of cares, and the first melancholy forerunners of that decay which the autumn of life infallibly brings with it. These considerations place me precisely in the state in which a man ought to be who has to fight for life and death. With this indifference to life, one fights with more courage and quits the world with less regret." Again, on the 16th of August, immediately after the

battle of Kunersdorf: "I will throw myself in the way of the enemy, and be cut in pieces or save the capital. This, I should think, cannot be considered as any want of firmness. If I had more than one life, I would sacrifice it for my country. If this attempt fails, I think the country will not have a right to require more of me. Every thing has its measure. I endure my misfortune without losing courage. But I am firmly resolved, immediately after this effort, if it miscarries, to seek a way to escape, that I may no longer be the sport of chance." Again, on the 22d of August: "No, the tortures of Tantalus, the pains of Prometheus, the punishment of Sisyphus, are nothing in comparison with what I have suffered for these two days—to such a life death is sweet." In October he writes: "I have lost the use of all my limbs, except my right hand, which I employ to request you to come to Glogau. The gout has knocked me up; grief is consuming me; and I am without society;" and again: "I am crippled in the left arm, both legs, and the right knee. When you consider the many disasters, disappointments, and illnesses, the frequent loss of friends, and my inability to move, you will easily conceive that I cannot be very cheerful."

At Wilsdruf on the 22d of November he complains: "The misfortune which has befallen general Finck has so stupified me that I have not yet recovered from the shock. It deranges all my plans and pierces me to the heart. Adversity, which persecutes my age, has accompanied me ever since my march into Silesia; but I will combat it while I am able. I write to you in the first moment of sorrow; mortification, grief, rage, are gnawing all at once at my soul. Pity my condition, but say

nothing about it; for bad news spreads fast enough of itself. When will my torments end!" Six days later he says: "In the course of this year I have exhausted all my philosophy. Not a day passes in which I am not obliged to have recourse to Zeno's insensibility. In the long run, this becomes difficult, I must confess. For these four years I have been in purgatory. If there is a future life, the Almighty must certainly give me credit for what I have endured in this world." On the 22d of December he writes: "I have lost all confidence in my good luck. The future holds out to me the most gloomy prospects. Never was I so weary of life as at this moment. Call this hypochondria, or what you please—I see every thing black; but my sorrows belong to myself alone; I must bear them." On the 16th of January, 1760, he is still in the same strain: "My mind is too much afflicted, agitated, and depressed, to be able to produce any thing tolerable. A tinge of melancholy pervades all I write and all I do. And though I grapple firmly with reverses, still I can neither bring back Fortune nor diminish the number of my enemies. Indeed life becomes quite unendurable: when one is for ever beset with mortal cares and afflictions, it ceases to be a boon of Heaven, becomes an object of abhorrence, and is like the most cruel revenge that tyrants can wreak upon their miserable victims."

I have already had occasion to notice the duplicity and diabolical spirit of Voltaire towards his royal correspondent. This spirit was more especially manifested at the time of Frederick's severest trials, though he had not the courage or the frankness to express his enmity to the king himself. On the 17th of August, 1759, he

writes to d'Argental. "I do not like Luc; I shall never forgive his unworthy treatment of my niece, nor his impudence in writing to me twice a month the most flattering things, without ever making amends for his injustice. I long exceedingly for his deep humiliation, for the chastisement of the sinner — nay, I am not sure that I do not wish for his eternal damnation." On the 22d of December, after expressing his desire for peace, he says to the same person: "Still I should be glad to see Luc punished before this happy peace. If the route through Lusatia to Berlin should be opened through the recent advantage of general Beck, some Haddik or other might pay a visit to Berlin. You see that in tragedy I am always for punishing guilt."

Sir Andrew Mitchell, writing to the earl of Holdernesse in July, 1760, observes: "I believe the court of France makes use of the artful pen of Voltaire to draw secrets from the king of Prussia; and when that prince writes as a wit and to a wit, he is capable of great indiscretions. But what surprises me still more is that, whenever Voltaire's name is mentioned, his Prussian majesty never fails to give him the epithets he may deserve, which are the worst heart and the greatest rascal now living; yet with all this, he corresponds with him! Such, in this prince, is the lust of praise from a great and elegant writer, in which however he will at last be the dupe; for, by what I hear from good authority of Voltaire's character, he may dissemble, but never can nor never will forgive the king of Prussia for what has passed between them."

All the private letters written by Voltaire about this time prove how correct was our countryman's estimate

of the character of the vindictive poet. In the very same month in which the above remarks were penned, Voltaire, writing to Choiseul, the French minister, strives to place the policy of Brandenburg towards France in the most odious light, and expresses his joy at the prospect of Frederick's just destruction. "Now," he adds, "if any one would choose to bet, he ought, according to the rule of probabilities, to lay three to one that Luc will be ruined with his verses and his pleasantries, and his abuse and his politics, all these being equally bad."

While the double-faced Voltaire was thus communicating his real sentiments to his own countrymen, the king was transmitting to him his beautiful Ode to the Germans, the epistle to d'Alembert, an Epistle on the Opening of the Campaign of 1760, and a Story. "All these things," he says, in the letter which accompanied them, "served to amuse me, but I again repeat, they are good for nothing else."

Another production of the winter leisure of Frederick, while the world threatened his destruction, was his "Reflexions on the Character and Military Talents of Charles XII. of Sweden"—a short but instructive and interesting performance, suggested by his encampment on the spot over which Schulenburg fled before that king.

As a piracy of the Works of the Philosopher of Sans Souci, with all the satirical sallies against Russian, French, and other high personages, which he had not intended for the public eye, but communicated to intimate friends alone, was published about this time in France, Frederick was under the necessity of preparing in March and April, 1760, while his army was recruit-

ing its losses and completing its equipments, a new edition of his poems for sale under the title of "Poesies Diverses." There is but too good reason to believe that the French publication was got up by Voltaire, for the purpose of increasing the animosities of the king's enemies and gratifying the spirit of revenge which he harboured against Frederick; for which purpose he had introduced into it all the satirical passages against French, Russian, and other great personages, which the royal author himself thought fit to exclude from the edition destined for general circulation.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Frederick endeavours to raise enemies against Austria in Italy—He communicates his desire for Peace to the hostile Powers—His Resources for prosecuting the War—Plans of the Allies for the Campaign of 1760—Loudon foiled in an Attack on a Prussian Detachment—He attacks and destroys Fouqué's Corps near Landeshut—Pillage of that Town by the Austrians—Loudon surprises Glatz—Hard case of Father Faulhaber—Loudon bombards Breslau, which is relieved by Prince Henry—The King marches for Silesia; but turns off to Dresden and bombards it—On hearing of the Disasters in Silesia, he again sets out for that Province—Severity of the King to the Regiment of Anhalt-Bernburg—His critical situation—Despondency of Prince Henry—Battle of Liegnitz—The Regiment of Bernburg retrieves its character—The King's Account of his Difficulties—He marches to join Prince Henry.

On the 10th of August, 1759, Ferdinand of Spain died a lunatic, leaving no issue. His half-brother Charles, king of Naples, succeeded to his throne, placing upon that which he had quitted his third son, Ferdinand, then only eight years old. The crown of Naples ought by right to have devolved to the duke of Parma, and, agreeably to the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, should have reverted to Austria. Maria Theresa was too intent on the recovery of Silesia to prosecute these just claims in Italy. Sardinia too waved its rights without remonstrance. The king of Prussia hoped on this occasion to raise new enemies against the empress. He sent lord Marischal from Neufchatel to Spain, to interest the court of Madrid in his favour. At the same time, a person in the character of a Saxon merchant introduced himself to Mr. Mackenzie, the English ambassador at Turin, with a letter from Sir Andrew Mitchell, intimating that "the bearer, baron

Cocceji, aide-de-camp to the king, was instructed to propose to the king of Sardinia to march troops into the countries which had devolved to him by virtue of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, to take possession of the Milanese, the Mantuan, and the Bolognese, and to proclaim himself king of Lombardy." Naples was urged to do the same in regard to Tuscany and the States of the Church, while Prussia, on her part, would find Austria and France so much employment in Germany and Flanders, that it should not be possible for them to oppose Sardinia and Naples in these enterprises.

Both sovereigns declined the proposal. The king of Sardinia confessed that since the alliance between France and Austria his head was, as it were, in a vice, which threatened every moment to close and crush it. Besides, Mackenzie, a brother of lord Bute's, was adverse to the object of the Prussian envoy, the English government being apprehensive lest the balance of power might be disturbed by Frederick's negotiations. At Madrid, lord Marischal discovered the grand family compact of Aranjuez, which was then in progress, and was intended to bind the Bourbons at Versailles, at the Escurial, in Parma, and in Naples, for ever in an offensive and defensive alliance: of course nothing was to be effected in that quarter. It was for the communication of this discovery to the English government, as I have mentioned in the brief account of lord Marischal in the second volume of this work, that his lordship received a pardon for his former active efforts in the cause of the Stuarts. This drew from Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, the following remark: "I forgot to tell you that the king has granted my lord

Marischal's pardon at the request of M. de Knyphausen [the Prussian ambassador.] I believe the Pretender himself could get his attainder reversed if he would apply to the king of Prussia."

Frederick now had recourse to other means. He joined England in communicating to all the powers, through their ambassadors at the Hague, the desire of both for peace. The Bailly de Troulay, ambassador of Malta to the court of France, called upon the duke de Choiseul and shewed him a letter which he had just received from the king of Prussia. In this letter the king recommended to him an accomplished young gentleman, named Edelsheim, of Hanau, and requested that he would introduce him to the French minister, adding that he was commissioned to make overtures for peace to France. Choiseul was base enough to order Edelsheim to be apprehended, in expectation of making important discoveries among his papers, but he was completely disappointed.

While the king was thus making known his pacific sentiments, his adversaries breathed nothing but war. They even refused, on account of Prussia, to exchange the prisoners; and on the 21st of March, 1760, the courts of Petersburg and Vienna renewed the treaty, concluded in 1746, for twenty years longer. They agreed to persevere in their efforts for confining the king within such narrow limits that he should no longer have it in his power to endanger the peace of his neighbours and of Europe. It was stipulated that Austria should have all Silesia and Glatz, while Russia was to retain East Prussia. Frederick had therefore no alternative: he was obliged to prepare for a new campaign.

The king excelled his adversaries in the art of raising pecuniary resources. In this respect, Saxony suffered most severely. For the year 1760, the circle of Leipzig alone was obliged to pay two million dollars; Thuringia nearly fourteen tons of gold, or 1,400,000 dollars; and the other provinces in proportion. The electorate was likewise obliged to furnish thousands of horses, and a prodigious quantity of corn and fat cattle. The best woods were cut down, and the timber was sold to wealthy capitalists. The farmers of the domains were required to pay their rent a year before hand. The reduction of the coin was still continued, so that a ducat was worth more than eight dollars.

In a letter of the 30th of March to Algarotti, Frederick himself feelingly deplores the state of Saxony at this period. "The wandering Jew," he says, "if he ever existed, did not lead such a vagrant life as mine. We shall be at last like the strolling players who have neither house nor home: we run about the world to perform our bloody tragedies wherever our enemies permit us to set up our stage.... The last campaign has brought Saxony to the brink of ruin. I spared that fine country as long as Fortune allowed me — now the devastation is general. And to say nothing of the moral evils which will attend this war, the physical evils will not be inferior, and we may congratulate ourselves if they do not bring the plague in their train. We silly creatures, that have but a moment to live, we make this moment as grievous for ourselves as we can; we delight in destroying the finest works that time and industry have produced, and leaving nothing behind us

but the hateful remembrance of our devastations and of the misery which they have caused."

His remarkable "Ode to the Germans," likewise written in the month of March, breathes precisely the same spirit. In emphatic terms he there reproves the various tribes of Germany, "children of one common mother," for their insanity in mangling one another, in bringing foreigners into their homes, and in thus opening for them a way to the heart of their native country. He then points out the course in which they may acquire glory, and concludes with exhorting his Prussians to unflinching perseverance.

Return we now to Frederick's *military preparations*. Recruits were raised chiefly in Saxony, Mecklenburg, and Pomerania. Thus the circle of Leipzig had to furnish 10,000. Prisoners of war were forced to exchange their uniform for the Prussian, and recruiting officers traversed the empire in all directions. By these means the disposable force was again augmented in the course of the spring to 90,000 men, but, as the king himself admits, these were not serviceable troops, but only fit for show, and led by officers who were accepted for want of better. The corps of his brother Henry was superior in this respect to the rest of the army. There still lived the spirit of Frederick's troops, as manifested at the commencement of the war; there were still to be found those old and tried warriors who had chained victory to their colours, and who soon communicated the sentiments by which they were animated to the sturdy young recruits from Pomerania and the Marks.

It was the object of the Russians to reduce Silesia, while Daun was to detain the king in Saxony, and Loudon to keep prince Henry from joining his brother. Frederick, on his part, was desirous of preventing the junction of the Austrians and Russians; and he determined, while Henry collected 35,000 men at Frankfurt against the Russians, and Fouqué defended Silesia with 14,000, to make head himself with 40,000 against the main Austrian army in Saxony. The rest of his force—5000 men—under the command of Jung-Stutterheim, was to oppose the Swedes.

Loudon, who had passed the winter in Moravia and Upper Silesia, had concluded a truce till the 14th of March with the Prussian generals opposed to him. As soon as it had expired, he opened the campaign in Upper Silesia. A small detachment under general von der Golz was obliged to fall back at his approach. The Pomeranian infantry regiment of Manteuffel and a squadron of Bayreuth dragoons had been left behind at Neustadt to protect a convoy. Loudon by a forced march got before the Prussians, and was waiting for them beyond Neustadt. He had with him four regiments of cavalry; and, no sooner had Golz left the town and commenced his march *en pelotons* for the protection of more than a hundred waggons, than the Löwenstein dragoons, one of the bravest regiments in the Austrian service, attacked the advanced guard, while the Palffy cuirassiers fell upon the rear, and two regiments of hussars upon the flanks. Their efforts were unavailing. Loudon sent an officer to summon the Prussians to surrender, in which case they should be allowed to keep all their baggage, but threatening that if they made any further

resistance they should be all cut in pieces. Golz led the imperial officer before the front and acquainted them with Loudon's message. "We'll ..... upon him," unanimously cried the brave Pomeranians in the vulgar dialect of their province. The 5000 Austrians now rushed upon this single regiment and were repulsed. Golz continued his march, and though Loudon repeated his attacks with increased fury, he was at length obliged to desist with the loss of more than 300 killed and 500 wounded: that of the Prussians amounted to 140. Golz took up his quarters in the vicinity of Neisse.

To Fouqué, with scarcely 14,000 men, was assigned the task of covering Silesia against Loudon's army amounting to 50,000, while prince Henry was to prevent the junction of the latter with the Russians. Fouqué was still in cantonments near Landeshut, when, in the beginning of May, Loudon concentrated himself at Skalitz, and, pushing forward light troops towards the fortress of Glatz, seemed to threaten Schweidnitz and Breslau. Fouqué considered the rescue of these places as the most important point; but, while he was directing his attention to that, his artful adversary marched upon Glatz and summoned the commandant. Fouqué, alarmed for the safety of Schweidnitz, from which he derived supplies, and which was threatened by Beck's corps, retired under the guns of that fortress. The king, irritated by the representations of Schlaberndorf, the minister, who solicited protection for the weavers and mountaineers against the enemy's marauders, wrote to his old friend, the grand-master of the order of Bayard: "I am devilishly obliged to you for abandoning my mountains. Get me my mountains again,

cost what it will." Fouqué, devoting himself to almost certain destruction, returned to Landeshut, drove out an Austrian force which had occupied the place, and regained possession of the mountains.

Loudon, on receiving this intelligence, advanced with the greatest part of his corps, 38,000 men, from Glatz, and, at two in the morning of the 23d of June, attacked Fouqué's entrenched position on the heights near Landeshut. The Prussian corps amounted to no more than 10,400, but was defended by 68 pieces of cannon. The unequal conflict lasted the whole day: the Prussians, though they fought with an intrepidity worthy of their leader and their name, were driven from position to position. Part of the cavalry, forcing their way through the enemy, escaped to Neumark. At nine in the evening, when Fouqué had but few men left capable of defending his last redoubt, it was found that these had expended all their ammunition. He then resolved to retreat with half his remaining force beyond the Bober, reached the height on the left bank, formed a square, and attempted to fight his way through the enemy's cavalry, when he was attacked by it on all sides. Fouqué's horse was shot; he sank to the ground, and the Austrians, inflamed with fury, fell upon him and his brave fellows, and slaughtered them without mercy. The general himself received two sabre-wounds on the head and one on the shoulder, and must have experienced the same fate but for the unparalleled attachment manifested by Trautschke, his groom, whom the king called the "wonder of Silesia." Covering his master with his own body, he received thirteen wounds from the sabres of the Löwenstein dragoons, while he cried

out to them in vain: "Do you mean to murder the commanding general?" At length he was heard by colonel Voit, who drove back the infuriated soldiers, raised the general, covered with blood and dust, from the ground, ordered his spare horse to be brought, and offered it to Fouqué. The latter delivered his sword to the colonel, but declined mounting the horse, "because the handsome saddle-cloth would be spoiled by his blood." "My saddle-cloth," replied Voit, "will be infinitely more valuable when it is decorated with the blood of a hero." He insisted on his mounting, and conducted him to Loudon.

Meanwhile, general Schenkendorf, who had been left behind with the other portion of the Prussian troops, experienced the like fate. They were surrounded, partly slaughtered, and partly taken. Colonel Below, with the first battalion of Braun's fusileers, forming a square, succeeded, like Fouqué, in crossing the Bober, but was also surrounded and overpowered. The Austrians, exasperated at such resistance, gave no quarter. Very few, among whom was Below himself, recovered from their severe wounds. The faithful Trautschke also recovered, after being trepanned, and survived his master; he was at his death an excise-officer at Brandenburg.

From six to seven thousand Prussians were killed or wounded in this desperate fight; the rest were taken prisoners: 68 pieces of cannon, 34 pair of colours, and 2 standards fell into the hands of the Austrians, whose victory cost them 5000 men.

The open, industrious town of Landeshut was cruelly treated by the Imperialists. The soldiers were drunk, so that Loudon himself, when he attempted to stop the

pillage, could scarcely control their fury. Twelve persons lost their lives, 43 were severely wounded, and upwards of 300 were dreadfully maltreated. The loss sustained by the inhabitants was estimated at 635,000 dollars; and the king made compensation for it to the amount of half a million. On the first tidings of Fouqué's fate, he said to his generals: "Fouqué is taken; but he has defended himself like a hero;" and in his works he compares his defence with that of Leonidas.

As prince Henry had gone to the New Mark to observe the Russians, and there were no Prussian troops in Silesia, excepting the weak garrisons in the fortresses, Loudon, after his victory at Landeshut, ordered general Harsch to lay siege to the fortress of Glatz.

Glatz is composed of the old and the new fortress, separated by the river Neisse. It was defended by lieutenant-colonel d'O, vice-commandant, who had only five weak battalions, composed of men not at all to be depended on. Harsch opened the trenches before the old fortress on the 20th of July, and the batteries were completed, when Loudon himself arrived on the 25th. At five on the following morning, the besiegers opened their fire, which was returned with spirit. The attack on the outworks by 400 picked Croats and grenadiers took place at seven. It was kept up with the utmost intrepidity on the one part, and met by obstinate resistance on the other, till eleven o'clock; about which time the Austrians scaled the principal works, rushed into the fortress along with the men whom they had driven out of them, and forced the garrison, thus taken by surprise, to surrender at discretion. The new fortress immediately submitted.

The king, who viewed this event in too unfavourable a light, says that it was brought about through the medium of Jesuits, monks, and Catholic priests, and that through them Loudon had succeeded in bribing some of the officers and many of the soldiers of the garrison. It is possible that d'O may have been inadequate to the important post entrusted to him, but he was not a traitor; he was esteemed by Fouqué. Neither had priests any hand in producing the disaster; and, as for Jesuits, there was not one in Glatz. Frederick cashiered all the officers of the garrison: the commandant, on his return after the peace, was tried and condemned to die; but at the place of execution he received a commutation of his sentence to confinement in a fortress.

The hard fate of father Faulhaber, a Franciscan at Glatz, tended to embitter the Catholic clergy and population of the town against the Prussians. Some time before the blockade, a soldier belonging to the Prussian garrison acquainted this Franciscan at confession with his intention to desert, and asked for absolution on account of the perjury which he should commit in doing so. Faulhaber strove to dissuade him from his purpose, but without effect, on which he refused him the desired absolution. According to the doctrines of his church, he did not consider himself authorised to do more and to inform the authorities of the circumstance. The soldier deserted, was caught, and in his examination he made mention of that confession. Faulhaber was apprehended, and, agreeably to the tenor of the articles of war, hanged by command of general Fouqué. In the eyes of the people, he died a martyr: they deemed it a miracle that his body showed no signs of putrefaction, and this tended

to inflame their revenge against his murderers. It was probably on this circumstance that the king founded his notion that Catholic priests had contributed to the loss of the fortress.

Loudon now hastened to Breslau, where he hoped to be equally successful. Tauentzien, the commandant of that capital, was a man of firmness and resolution. On being summoned by Loudon, who threatened that "even the child unborn should not be spared," he replied: "I am not with child, neither are my soldiers," and swore, with the officers of the guard stationed at Breslau of which he was commander, rather to perish to the last man than surrender the city. Lessing, who was then secretary to this high-spirited general, was accustomed to say of him: "If the king were to be so unfortunate as to be able to assemble his army under one tree, Tauentzien would certainly be there." On the evening of the 1st of August, Loudon commenced the bombardment of the place; but prince Henry came from the New Mark to its relief, and the imperial general raised the siege on the morning of the 4th.

Before Frederick received tidings of Fouqué's disaster, he had determined to hasten to his assistance, to fall upon Lascy, who was keeping watch on the right bank of the Elbe, even to fight Daun himself, who he hoped would follow him. He therefore left Hülsen to oppose the army of the Empire, crossed the Elbe on the 14th of June at Zadel, and waited in expectation that Daun would follow him. He hoped, but in vain, to bring the campaign to a close at once; for Daun continued in his strong position near Reichenberg, merely sending Lascy to bar the route to Silesia against the king. But, when Frederick

seemed to show a serious intention of marching to Silesia, Daun hastened to anticipate him, and, on the 6th of July, had reached Reichenbach, while the Prussians, wearied out with fatigue, were obliged to halt. The Austrians had marched along the cord, the Prussians along the arc of the bow. So oppressive was the heat in these marches that, on the 5th, more than a hundred Prussians dropped down dead. When the unfortunate soldiers came to a stream, a spring, a pond, or a pool, they rushed to the water, and took it up with their hats, regardless of blows and of the word of command till they had quenched their burning thirst.

While the Prussians were resting, Daun hurried forward on the 7th to Görlitz, on the 8th to Naumburg, and here, behind the Queis, prepared to encounter an enemy where there was none. Frederick suddenly changed his plan, and threw himself upon Lascy, hoping to annihilate him. In a cavalry action near Gödau, on the 7th of July, in which Frederick led the attack in person, his life was in imminent danger. Retzow relates that two imperial Hulans, who had pushed on very far, were preparing to cut him down, when his page, galloping up, cried in Polish, "Where the devil are you driving to?" Disconcerted at the question, conceiving that the page, who did not wear the Prussian uniform, was an Austrian officer, they excused themselves by saying that their horses had run away with them, and rode back. Lascy pursued the most prudent course; he fled towards Dresden, and joined the army of the Empire beyond that city, while Frederick, now master of the right bank of the Elbe, advanced unmolested upon the Saxon capital.

So rapid and so unexpected was this movement, that

the troops of the Empire, when they found themselves abandoned by Daun, and Lascy sought refuge with them near Plauen, fell back in alarm to Dohna. Macguire occupied Dresden with 14,000 men. The prince of Holstein was posted before the New Town, and the king himself before the Old Town. But he had not much time to spare, for he had reason to apprehend that Daun would return: hence the horrors of war were renewed in this quarter, and the greater part of Dresden was converted into a heap of rubbish by an unsparing bombardment from the 14th to the 27th of July. The picture of the sufferings and distresses of the Saxons on this occasion furnishes a companion to that of the bombardment of Cüstrin; but the mischief done to Dresden far surpassed the other, as well in magnitude as in the inhuman tyranny of the Austrian garrison. Splendid palaces, whole streets, and the church of the Holy Cross to begin with, were destroyed by the flames. The Prussians directed their guns chiefly against the lofty edifices, churches, and steeples. On the 19th of July, upwards of 1,400 bombs were thrown into the city; many of the inhabitants were killed by them in the streets, and others buried by the falling houses. Add to these disasters the pillage of the Austrians, whom Macguire was continually hanging by dozens, without rendering the property of the unfortunate inhabitants the more secure.

Daun was now returning. Macguire, who had re-established his communication with him on the 20th, on which day the Prussians were obliged to quit the right bank of the Elbe, obstinately defended himself, made sorties, and was incessantly annoying the besiegers. Daun, nevertheless, made scarcely any preparations for

crossing the Elbe till the 27th; and the army of the Empire, united with Lascy's corps, continued nearly inactive. But when part of the siege artillery brought from Magdeburg was intercepted by the Austrians, and the king at the same time received intelligence that Glatz was lost, and that a hostile corps had marched by Freiberg to Nossen, he fell back to Meissen, and crossed the Elbe on the 1st of August below that town, to make a second attempt to reach Silesia, and to form a junction with prince Henry.

It was during the siege of Dresden that the king exhibited an instance of extraordinary severity towards the regiment of Anhalt-Bernburg. This was nearly the oldest regiment in the army of Brandenburg: by its military reputation under the old Dessauer, who commanded it from 1693 to 1747, it had first gained a name for the Prussian soldiers, and ever since that time there was scarcely a battle in which the brave grenadiers had not spilt their blood. In a sally, in the night of the 22nd of July, their piquets had been surprised by the enemy, whose attack was thereby facilitated. They defended themselves, it is true, with great intrepidity in the breaching battery and in the trenches; captain Kaufberg even took 200 prisoners, with general Nugent: but the increasing force of the Austrians compelled the little band of Prussians to leave their cannon behind them, and to fall back. Though the battalions hastening to their succour recovered the batteries, repulsed the enemy, and wiped away the stain arising from the negligence of a few, still the king punished the regiment with excessive rigour, by disgracing it before the whole army. The nature of this punishment was as remarkable as it was new.

Extraordinary importance was at that time attached to certain distinctions in the uniform, and no regiment was more conspicuous in this respect than that of the old Dessauer. Frederick deprived the officers of the gold lace upon their hats, and the men of their side-arms, while the drummers were forbidden to beat the Grenadiers' March—a disgrace the more mortifying because unmerited. The brave fellows swore to seize the first opportunity of regaining the honour of which they were thus deprived, and well did they redeem the vow, as we shall presently see. It is right, however, to add that Frederick's rewards were as well calculated to operate upon the common men as the punishments which he adjudged. Thus he offered a premium of 100 ducats for every piece of cannon, 50 for every pair of colours, and 40 for every standard that should be taken — sums sufficient to stimulate soldiers eager after booty to the most daring efforts, and which were punctually paid.

Frederick's situation was at this time peculiarly critical. His march to Silesia was rendered not less arduous by the devastations of the Austrians than dangerous by the proximity of Daun and Lascy; the former, having quitted Dresden, was preceding him on the road to Breslau, while the latter was following at his heels. But for the actions that daily took place, all three armies might have been supposed to belong to one and the same master. The progress of the Prussians was considerably impeded also by a thousand waggons which were required to convey provisions for the troops. The king, nevertheless, reached the Katzbach in six days, but his situation was by no means improved. To his 30,000 men were opposed 90,000 Austrians, for Loudon had formed

a junction with Daun. Frederick had supplies for a few days only; he was therefore obliged to direct his course to Breslau or Glogau, as the route to Schweidnitz was barred against him. The direction upon Breslau was to be preferred, as he might then form a junction with prince Henry, otherwise the latter would be exposed not only to the attack of the Austrians, but also to that of the Russians, who were nearly as numerous.

Not only had the king at this critical moment to contend with the vast superiority of his enemies in the field, but also with the discouragement and despondency of his friends, and even of his own brother. Henry, whose courage and military talents had been displayed on numberless occasions, found the whole posture of affairs so unpropitious, that he gave way to the most gloomy ideas, and, on the 5th of August, wrote to the king from his head-quarters at Lissa, begging that he would allow him to resign a command to which he felt himself inadequate. Frederick's answer, on the 9th, from the camp near Höhendorf, on the Katzbach, was as follows: "It is not difficult, my dear brother, to find people to serve the state when it is flourishing and prosperous. Those are good citizens who serve it in times of peril and disaster. Solid glory is acquired by the performance of arduous tasks; the more arduous the more honourable. I cannot, therefore, think that you are in earnest in what you have written. It is certain that neither you nor I can be answerable for what may happen in our present situation; but our consciences and the public will acquit us if we do all that lies in our power. As for the present state of my affairs, they will, according to all appearance be decided in a few days. We shall fight for ho-

nour and for our country, and every one will do the impossible to conquer. Superior numbers do not frighten me — still I cannot answer for the result." After receiving this letter, the prince relinquished his intention of retiring from the army.

Nothing but Frederick's vigilance and his military genius preserved him during these days from a repetition of the surprise which he had experienced at Hochkirch. More than once he was forced to take the most dangerous positions, but the celerity with which he changed them always baffled the plans of the dilatory Daun. The king himself calls his mode of proceeding in this predicament that of a partisan who is obliged to risk every thing to get at the enemy; but all his attempts either to turn Daun's flank or to force his enemies to fight him singly proved abortive, and, on the 13th of August, he was again on the left bank of the Katzbach between Liegnitz and Schimmelwitz. Daun was posted opposite to him, Loudon and Beck on his flanks, and Lascy in the rear.

The Austrians now conceived that the lion was in their toils, and that the moment had arrived for striking a decisive blow; but, not deeming themselves strong enough with their own treble number to crush their formidable foe, they applied to the sulky Soltikof for a reinforcement. "The sack is opened for the Prussians," said they; "let us drive them into it, and tie it up." Frederick was informed of this expression, and observed at table: "They are not far wrong; but I think to make a hole in their sack, which they shall have some trouble to mend." Soltikof was actually induced by Daun's representations to send Czernitschef with 24,000 men across

the Oder on the 13th of August. From this circumstance, as well as from the appearance of Daun and his generals on the 14th upon the hills, whence they carefully reconnoitred the position of the Prussians, the king concluded that they contemplated a surprise. He therefore made immediate dispositions for crossing the Schwarzwasser, and occupying the heights of Pfaffendorf. He purposed to break up in the night, and, that the enemy might not be aware of his departure, he intended to have the watch-fires kept up in the deserted camp, and to employ peasants to repeat to one another the usual call of the patroles.

The accuracy of Frederick's conjectures was more than sufficiently confirmed during the day. At four in the afternoon, an Austrian officer, named Wiese, was brought in quite drunk, and crying incessantly that he had a great secret to tell. Cold water and emetics were employed to sober him the sooner; he was then taken to the king, and informed him that the Prussian army was to be attacked next day by Daun in the right flank, and by Lascy in the rear. As for Loudon, he knew nothing about him. Frederick once more reconnoitred the country in company with the deserter, but saw no reason to change his dispositions. At ten at night he set his army in motion, and, while one division marched through Liegnitz, the other crossed the Schwarzwasser near that town. The left wing occupied the Wolfsberg, and the right wing the Glasberg; and here the king purposed to wait till morning, when he intended to proceed to Morschwitz, and there pitch his camp.

Accurately as the dispositions for the march were carried into effect, still the troops had in the night be-

come intermixed, and, while they were getting into order again, the king halted them on the heights between Hümeln, Pfaffendorf, and Panten. The men meanwhile seated themselves on the ground with their firelocks on their arms, and chatted together in an under-tone, as singing was forbidden. It was a starlight summer night. From the Wolfsberg the Prussians overlooked the enemy's camp, with its blazing watch-fires; and the hoary warriors told their younger comrades about the hard battles which they had fought with that same foe, about the exploits of their "Fritz," and about Schwerin, Keith, Maurice, Seydlitz, and other commanders, whom they had so often followed to certain victory.

Frederick himself was on the right wing of his army, and sat down by a fire which Zieten's hussars had lighted, and which Rathenow's grenadiers kept up when the hussars had gone forward. He had wrapped himself in his cloak, and seemed to be dozing; and those who were next to him kept off others, lest they should disturb the king. Day began to dawn, when major Hundt of Zieten's hussars, who had been sent out towards Pohlschildern to reconnoitre, suddenly came galloping up. "Where is the king? where is the king?" cried he, hurriedly, dashing among the grenadiers, who started upon their feet. "What is it?" rejoined the king himself. "Your majesty," replied Hundt, "the enemy is here: he has already driven in all my vedettes, and is not 400 paces off." The king would not at first believe the report, and nothing but Hundt's most emphatic assurances could induce him to make dispositions against this unexpected attack. At length the answers to his further inquiries led him to conjecture that Loudon

might be coming in that direction, and his resolution was soon formed. "Stop the enemy as long as possible," said he to Hundt; and, collecting the two nearest battalions, he led them on in person, leaving orders for the other battalions of the left wing to follow, so that a strong front might be presented to the enemy. But no sooner had these commenced their movement, than the flank patroles fell in with the enemy, and the engagement began.

Before I enter upon the details of this battle, it may not be amiss to advert to the circumstances under which Loudon, for he was the assailant, involved himself in it. The Prussian camp between Liegnitz and Schimmelwitz, which Daun minutely reconnoitred on the 14th, offered to the Austrians an occasion too alluring for attacking the king. When, in compliance with Loudon's personal solicitation, Soltikof had sent 24,000 Russians to cross the Oder at Auras, Daun had projected the following plan. The Russians were to cut off Frederick's retreat upon Breslau; Loudon, with 35,000 men, was to cross the Katzbach, about five miles below Liegnitz, to bar in like manner the route to Glogau; Lascy was to fall upon the rear of the Prussians, and Daun himself intended to cross the Katzbach with his whole army near Kroitsch and Hohendorf, and, while Beck and Ried detained the king near Liegnitz, to advance through Wiltsch and Rothkirch, and take him in his right flank. This plan was duly carried into effect in the night of the 15th; but Daun marched upon the camp which Frederick had just quitted, while Loudon unexpectedly found himself upon the left wing of the Prussians, and involved in a decisive engagement.

The Austrians had purposely marched without advanced guard, that they might make themselves masters of the baggage of the Prussians, and now came suddenly, with the bulk of their corps, upon the battalions led by Frederick in person. Both parties hastened to form their troops for the attack. The Austrians lay under a great disadvantage, owing as well to the circumscribed extent of the ground, as to the tardiness of their motions. Loudon, nevertheless, hesitated not a moment; ordered a few cannon-shot to be discharged at random, and drew up his troops in four lines.

Meanwhile the heavy field-pieces usually attached to the Prussian infantry brigades had been formed into a battery on the Wolfsberg, and opened their fire upon the close ranks of the Austrians, at the same moment that the battalions, headed by the king, commenced their fire of small arms. This brought the enemy to a dead stand, and facilitated the advance of the Prussian troops. Frederick is related to have himself directed the formation of the above-mentioned battery.

An eyewitness, who had occasion to observe the king in these moments, records the following particulars. After riding along general Schenkendorf's brigade, his majesty immediately turned back to its left wing, and, stooping from his horse, pointed to a small eminence, the outline of which was defined against the twilight sky. This height Schenkendorf was to take with his battery. "How will it go, my dear Schenkendorf?" said the king.—"I will just ask my lads," replied the general.—"Well, grenadiers, what say you? Will you fight like brave fellows?"—"O, yes, if you lead us, we'll send them to the devil!" was the unanimous ex-

clamation. At that moment commenced the enemy's fire of small arms, and the balls began to strike the caps of the grenadiers. "Now, Schenkendorf, it is time to march," said the king.—"Shall I order the general march to be beat?"—"In God's name," answered Frederick, and the whole left wing wheeled to make front against Loudon.

In fact, the king found himself obliged to make head against the enemy on two sides. Without hesitating a moment how to act, he resolved to advance with the troops first formed upon the nearest foe, while Zieten, with the right wing of his little army, was to face the Katzbach and the Schwarzwasser, and to defend the passage against Daun.

It was three in the morning when the battle commenced. By the brisk fire of canister from the Wolfsberg, on which Loudon meant to form, he found himself suddenly thrown back upon the columns that were following him, and was some time in arranging his army: he then attacked the Prussians with equal skill and intrepidity. His cavalry on the extreme right wing was first ready, and rushed in far superior force upon the Prussian regiment of Krokow's dragoons, which had advanced for the purpose of facilitating the drawing up of the Prussian infantry in order of battle. The dragoons were repulsed, and margrave Frederick's cuirassiers, who came to their succour, were hard pressed. General Bülow, who had already arranged five battalions at this point, went with them to meet the Austrian cavalry. Among these was the Anhalt regiment, which had been disgraced at Dresden, and was bent on regaining its honour. The Prussians rushed with such irresistible im-

petuosity upon the enemy's horse, that they were forced to wheel about, and, as at this moment the 15 squadrons of the Prussian left wing passed Bülow's battalions, in pursuit of the fugitive Austrian cavalry, they totally dispersed and drove it into the morasses of Schönborn. Bülow then fell back, and stationed himself near the great battery, while the king was engaged in arranging the right wing of his division of the army for the fight.

As Loudon sought to gain ground on the right, so did the Prussians on the left; but the rapidity and valour of the latter gave them the advantage, and Loudon was not able even to deploy his troops. The whole line of the Prussians advanced victoriously. The fresh troops brought into the fight by Loudon were beaten the moment they appeared, and, when the decimated Austrians betook themselves to flight, the Prussian cavalry dashed in among them, making the greater part of them prisoners. Such was the invariable result of four successive attempts, as the Austrian cavalry never ventured upon the ground.

By these repeated efforts, however, the ranks of the Prussians were considerably thinned, and Frederick had only four battalions of reserve. These were now marched forward into the line of battle, and, to strengthen it still more, four battalions and five squadrons were fetched from Zieten's division. Loudon, on the other hand, had relieved his weary troops, and brought up fresh forces, and for the fifth time the columns renewed the sanguinary fray.

The Austrian cavalry now seized a favourable moment for supporting their infantry, and falling upon that of the Prussians. For a moment success seemed to crown

this attack: the Austrian horse broke into the ranks, making prisoners, and taking colours and cannon. But the brave grenadiers of Anhalt-Bernburg turned the tide. Stimulated by the idea of wiping away the disgrace of Dresden, they charged the cavalry with fixed bayonets, killed many, and drove back several regiments in the utmost confusion upon the rest of the enemy's troops. The Prussian cavalry now advanced just at the seasonable moment. They not only recovered the prisoners and the booty taken by the Austrians, but annihilated their cavalry a second time, and thus decided the fortune of the day. After a battle of three hours, Loudon retreated across the Katzbach. Frederick had brought into the field only 14,000 men against his adversary's 32,000. Pursuit was out of the question, as Daun's army of 60,000 men was already in sight and threatening the Prussian right wing, while their left was driving the enemy from the field. The trophies of the conquerors, however, were not inconsiderable. Two generals, 86 other officers, 5,000 men, 82 pieces of cannon, and 23 pair of colours, fell into the hands of the Prussians. The enemy left, moreover, 2,500 dead and wounded on the field, while the loss of the victors is said to have amounted to no more than 1186. The king himself had been struck by a ball in the loins, but not wounded.

Daun had marched with the intention of falling at daybreak upon the left flank of the king, whom he supposed to be still in his former camp, with his left wing upon Liegnitz; but at two in the morning he received intelligence that the camp was deserted. He then purposed to cross the Katzbach, and to pursue the enemy.

About five o'clock Ziefen first perceived the heads of the columns of Daun's advanced guard, and prevented any serious attempt to cross the Schwarzwasser.

Lascy also had at nightfall broken up from Siechau, crossed the Katzbach, and advanced upon Waldau, with the intention of falling upon the rear of the king; but he could not cross the Schwarzwasser, owing to the swampy nature of its banks.

The army was ordered to form a line on the field of battle; and the king, riding along it from left to right, stopped before the regiment of Bernburg, which was at the head of the right wing. "My lads," said he, in the kindest tone, "I thank you. You have behaved bravely, very bravely. You shall have every thing again—every thing." The flugelman of the life company, a hoary veteran, named Fauser, stepping of his own accord out of the ranks, went up to the king: "I thank your majesty," said he, "in the name of my comrades, for having done us justice. Is not your majesty again our gracious king?" Frederick, pleased with the manliness and warmth of this address, patted the brave spokesman on the shoulder, and replied: "All is forgotten and forgiven, but your services this day I shall never forget." He then dismounted, and said to the commander of the regiment: "Let this old man be made sergeant." By this time several of the privates, having collected round the king, began to exculpate themselves for their behaviour at Dresden: the king replied, and the men argued and demonstrated with such familiarity and strength of lungs that the commander, fearful lest the king might be angry, would have driven them back. "No, no, let them alone," said he with a good-natured smile, and put

an end to the dispute by repeating that they were brave fellows, and had that day nobly upheld the glory of Prussia. Fauser was living in 1789 as messenger to the deputation of the Chamber of Halle, where the regiment of Old Anhalt was in garrison.

Zieten, who had on this day displayed great military talent, was promoted on the field to general of cavalry. One of Frederick's first inquiries was after the brave Schenkendorf, and he learned that the general's lower jaw had been shattered by a canister-shot.

The impression made by this victory in England may be estimated from a letter of Mr. Pitt's to Mitchell, in which he writes: "I cannot let a messenger go away without conveying some expressions at least of all my heart feels on the glorious and stupendous successes with which Providence has at last crowned the heroic constancy of spirit and unexampled activity of mind of that truly great king you are so fortunate to contemplate nearly. Never was joy more sincere and universal than that which Mr. Cocceji's arrival confirmed to us; and, amidst a whole nation's joy, none can surpass, if any can equal, mine." Cocceji was the bearer of the intelligence of the victory at Liegnitz.

The victory at Liegnitz gave a different complexion to the cause of the king, but no positive security or confidence. "Formerly," he writes to d'Argens, "the affair of the 15th would have decided much; now that battle is a mere bagatelle. It requires a great victory to decide our fate. In all probability, such a one will soon take place; and then we will rejoice if the issue is favourable to us. I thank you, nevertheless, for the interest that you take in this event. No little skill was

required to bring matters to this point. Say nothing about danger: the last battle has cost me only a coat and a horse; that is purchasing victory at a cheap rate. I have not received the letter to which you allude. Our correspondence is blockaded, as it were; for the Russians are on one side of the Oder, the Austrians on the other. A petty action had to be fought in order to clear the way for Cocceji. I hope he has delivered my letter to you. Never in my life have I been in so critical a position as in this campaign. Be assured that a sort of miracle is requisite to surmount all the difficulties I foresee. I will not fail to do my duty; but bear in mind, my dear marquis, that I cannot control Fortune, and that I am obliged in my plans to reckon a good deal upon chance, as my means are too scanty for me to trust entirely to myself. They are herculean labours which I have to finish, and that too at an age when my powers are forsaking me, when the infirmity of my body is increasing, and when, to confess the truth, even hope, the only consolation of the unfortunate, begins to fail. You are not sufficiently acquainted with matters to have a clear conception of all the dangers that threaten the State.—I know and keep them to myself. If the stroke that I am meditating succeeds, then, my dear marquis, it will be time to give ourselves up to joy. I lead here the life of a military Carthusian. My affairs occupy my mind not a little. The rest of my time I devote to the liberal sciences, which are a comfort to me, as they were to that great consul, the father of his country and of eloquence. I know not whether I shall survive this war: if I should, I am firmly resolved to pass the rest of my days aloof from troubles, in the bo-

som of philosophy and friendship. I know not yet where we shall have our winter-quarters. My house in Breslau was burnt to ashes in the last bombardment. Our enemies grudge us the very daylight and the air we breathe; still they must leave us some spot or other, and, so it is but a safe one, I shall be glad to see you there."

Frederick had now no time to lose if he would profit by the advantage which he had gained. His object was to form a junction with his brother Henry. By nine o'clock in the morning of the 16th he set out, with part of the left wing of his army, for Parchwitz, whither he was followed by the rest of it under the margrave Charles, after these troops had celebrated the victory by firing their guns on the field of battle. Zieten, who still occupied the heights of Pfaffendorf with the right wing, attended to the wounded, buried the dead, collected the trophies, and made the necessary preparations for rejoining the other division. The horses were taken from the empty provision waggons and harnessed to the captured cannon; the superfluous waggons, chests, and boxes, were broken in pieces; the wounded were placed, some in carriages, others on horseback; all the vehicles of luxury and even the king's equipages were pressed into the service; and thus the Prussians cleared the field the same day, not leaving a single wounded man or any of the trophies of their victory behind them.

The king contrived by a military stratagem to open the route to Breslau. He wrote to his brother Henry that he had beaten Loudon, and was now preparing to join him and to march against the Russians. This letter he sent by a peasant, that it might fall into the hands of the Russians; and no sooner had Czernitschef read

it than he hastily quitted the left bank of the Oder, and the same day rejoined Soltikof. Frederick thereupon rested for two days in a camp near Neumarkt, and there drew to him the greater part of the Silesian army.

Daun had meanwhile taken the road to Schweidnitz, and Frederick was obliged to follow him, lest he should be cut off from that fortress. He took a position near Dittmansdorf, where the two hostile camps nearly touched, and daily skirmishes took place. To be fixed here while his presence was urgently required in other places was intolerable to the king. His situation was daily getting worse. "I am slowly wasting away," he wrote on the 18th of September to d'Argens; "I am like a body, from which some of its limbs are daily lopped. Heaven send us help! we need it exceedingly. You are continually reminding me of my own person. You must know that it is not necessary for me to live, but that it is absolutely necessary for me to do my duty, to fight for my country, and to save it if possible. You can form no conception of the dreadful hardships we endure. This campaign is worse than any of the preceding. Sometimes I know not which way to turn. My gaiety is buried with the dear and worthy persons to whom my heart was so firmly attached. The conclusion of my life is painful and melancholy. Forget not your old friend, my dear marquis."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Campaign of 1760 continued — Expedition of the Russians and Austrians against Berlin—The City capitulates to the Russian General Count Tottleben—Disinterested Conduct of Bachmann, the Russian Commandant—Patriotic Services of Gotzkowski — Unpleasant situation of the Berlin Newspaper-editors—Frederick hastens to the Relief of his Capital—Retreat of the Enemy—The Russians retire for the Winter beyond the Vistula—Frederick's Operations for recovering possession of Saxony—His determination to conquer or perish—Reflections on the King's resolution to put an end to his Life rather than submit to disgrace—Battle of Torgau—Imminent personal Danger of the King—The Spent Ball—Blucher —De l'Homme Courbière—Death of George II.—Frederick passes the Winter at Leipzig—His Occupations and Amusements — Extracts from Letters to the Countess de Camas—The King and his Dogs.

While Frederick was detained near Schweidnitz, and part of his army was observing the Russians, Saxony was completely abandoned to the troops of the Empire. Leipzig was taken without difficulty, and the little corps of general Hülsen had been forced to quit Torgau and Wittenberg. Duke Charles of Wirtemberg was laying waste and levying contributions in the country of Magdeburg. At length Daun, who was as ill at ease in the camp at Dittmannsdorf as Frederick himself, after great solicitation prevailed upon count Fermor, who had assumed the chief command of the Russian army on account of the illness of Soltikof, to send 20,000 Russians, supported by 15,000 Austrians, to Berlin. While general Golz was detained near Glogau by Fermor, a Russian corps of 5000 men, under general Tottleben, hastened by way of Guben, Beeskow, and Wusterhausen, to the capital, and took post before the Cottbus-gate.

The division of general Czernitschef followed, and encamped near Fürstenwalde; while the main body of the Russians approached by way of Frankfurt. The Austrian corps under Lascy arrived before Berlin on the 8th of October.

Berlin was at this time surrounded partly by a weak wall, and partly by palisades only. The military force in the city, amounting to 15000 men, consisted of two battalions of an invalid regiment and provincial militia, and was commanded chiefly by wounded officers; so that any efficient defence was out of the question. The members of the royal family had removed in the preceding year for safety to Magdeburg, and were still residing there. Of the proceedings consequent on the arrival of the enemy, d'Argens gives the following report to the king, dated the 19th of October.

"General Tottleben summoned Berlin, but, as he had only irregular troops, it was resolved to defend it. From five in the evening of the 3d of October till three next morning he threw balls and bombs into the city, and attacked several of the gates, but was everywhere repulsed with loss by our garrison battalions. I must do generals Seydlitz and Knobloch that justice which the citizens of Berlin owe them. These officers, both wounded [the former in the battle of Kunersdorf], passed the night at the batteries of the gates that were attacked, and saved your capital; old marshal Lehwald also did every thing that his advanced age permitted. On the day after the bombardment, the prince of Wirtemberg came with his corps from Pasewalk; but he was so fatigued that the Russians could not be attacked till the next day. Having learned, however, that the enemy had been re-

inforced by the corps of Lascy and Czernitschef, he thought it best to retire and to leave the city to capitulate, otherwise it would have been infallibly attacked and plundered by the Austrians, while our army was fighting the Russians. The corps of the prince of Wirtemberg and that of general Hülsen, who advanced from Koswig, after Lascy had reached Potsdam and Charlottenburg, passed through the city in the night, on their way to Spandau." At four in the morning of the 8th of October, general Rochow brought the capitulation to bear with count Tottleben exclusively. The most important of its conditions were these:—The garrison, as well as all the military persons in the city, are prisoners of war; all military stores, and all the property of the state, are placed at the disposal of the conqueror; security of persons and property is assured to the inhabitants; the contribution and all other supplies shall be fixed by a special convention with the municipal authorities.

At eight the same morning, count Tottleben, at the head of two regiments of grenadiers and one of dragoons, made his entry into Berlin. The troops bivouacked before the palace and in the neighbouring streets. Brigadier Bachmann was appointed commandant. From the city the sum of four million dollars was at first demanded; but it was at length agreed that it should pay a contribution of 1,500,000 and 200,000 for douceur-money, the latter and one-third of the contribution in specie, and the other two-thirds in bills at two months. On the other hand, this convention again guaranteed safety of persons and property; the free exercise of public worship, trades, and manufactures; the unmo-

lested operation of the police and the posting department; while all the royal as well as municipal officers were to retain their functions, and to be left in full enjoyment of their salaries.

Count Tottleben, a native of Thuringia, maintained the most laudable discipline. He was particularly attached to the Prussians, among whom he had himself served; and his son, educated in Berlin, belonged at this time to the regiment of Dohna. Bachmann behaved very nobly. He refused a present of 12,000 dollars, saying—"If the city thinks that its situation is more tolerable through our discipline than it might have been, it has to thank the express orders of our empress for this. I, for my part, am sufficiently rewarded by the honour of having been for three days commandant of Berlin." He did at last accept a gold snuff-box, that he might bequeath it to his family as a token of the satisfaction of the city of Berlin with his conduct.

The Austrian general, prince Esterhazy, likewise displayed great humanity in Potsdam, and spared Sans-Souci, as well as the royal palace and the treasures of art which it contained; out of respect and admiration for the royal owner: he took only a single picture—a portrait of the king, considered an excellent likeness—from the palace of Potsdam, as a memorial. But at Charlottenburg, Schönhausen, and Friedrichsfelde, the Imperialists under Lascy, a native of Ireland, Daun's friend and adviser, committed the most wanton excesses, especially in the palace, the chapel, and the Polignac collection of antiques at Charlottenburg. Among other outrages, these troops, many of whom were Saxons who had been made prisoners at Pirna, stripped the keeper of

the palace and his wife naked, beat them with rods, and pinched them with heated pincers to make them confess where treasures which had no existence were concealed. In Berlin, also, where the foundry, the mint, the powder-mills, and the manufactures of articles for the supply of the army were destroyed, Lascy's troops conducted themselves so infamously that Tottleben was obliged to send for reinforcements to reduce them to order.

It was not long before the tidings of the king's approach scared the enemy from his capital: nay, it is a fact that even on the 8th, before they entered Berlin, they had resolved in a council of war to retreat, but were diverted from this determination by the marquis de Montalembert, the French military commissioner with the Russians, who prevailed on Czernitschef and Lascy to seek the supplies they needed not in their rear but before them. Still they had no notion of gaining a firm footing in the country, and of turning the capture of Berlin to that account which they might have done. It was a mere incursion for levying contributions, and led to no results.

Justice requires the mention here of a citizen of Berlin, to whose patriotic exertions during its occupation by the enemy that capital was deeply indebted. This was John Ernest Gotzkowski, whose name has been already mentioned in the course of this work. Born in 1710, at Konitz, he was placed when very young in Berlin, and brought up to trade. He became acquainted with Frederick, when prince-royal, at Rheinsberg; and, after his accession, was employed by him to draw artists, manufacturers, and useful artisans of all sorts into the country. He himself founded in Berlin, by desire of the

king, considerable manufactories; established in 1745, with 30,000 dollars, the first velvet manufactory in the kingdom, and, as foreign velvets were prohibited, he soon had 120 looms at work. In 1753 he undertook a silk manufactory with the assistance of the king, employed in both these establishments 250 looms, and exported goods to the amount of 100,000 dollars per annum. In 1755 he went to Italy, Holland, and France, and bought a number of valuable pictures, which were to form the new gallery of Sans-Souci. Thus Gotzkowski was already distinguished by his services, when the invasion of the country placed him in a new position, in which he risked property and life. He had paid humane attentions to the Russian generals who had been taken prisoners, and especially to general Sievers, who recommended him to Bachmann, the commandant; through the latter he became acquainted with captain Brink, aide-de-camp to Tottleben. Brink lodged in the house of Gotzkowski, who acquired such influence that he prevailed upon Tottleben to reduce the demand of four million dollars, old money, to one and a half, and to be content with the current, that is to say, light coin. He saved several public and private establishments from destruction, and effected the relief of the Jews from a special contribution demanded from them. It is impossible to state all that he did for private individuals, as he was ever ready to render service and to show kindness. Thus, too, the editors of the Berlin newspapers were not a little indebted to his interposition.

Ever since the commencement of hostilities, a paper-war had been waged with not less acrimony than that which was sacrificing so many victims in the field. We

have seen how the editor of the Erlangen gazette was treated in the preceding year by a Prussian officer; it was now the turn of those Prussian writers whose zeal had outrun their discretion to suffer the like punishment. Tottleben ordered all the pamphlets in which he was mentioned to be taken from the booksellers, likewise the works of professor Justi against a defender of the cause of the house of Austria, the Life of count Brühl, and every thing that had been printed during the war against the two imperial courts, and publicly burned in the New Market by the hand of the executioner. The editors of the two Berlin newspapers, who had indulged in personalities against the Russian commander, were led forth at eight in the morning of the 12th of October to the New Market, where one hundred Russian soldiers were drawn up and provided with switches, as when an offender is about to run the gauntlet. Krause, the editor of Haude and Spener's paper, then 68 years old, was stripped, but, when he fell upon his knees and begged pardon, at the same time taking off his wig and showing his gray head, he was forgiven. Kretschmer, editor of Voss's paper, escaped with the fright and a few slight stripes.

Gotzkowski's philanthropic services were gratefully acknowledged by the magistrates of Berlin. On the 4th of March they thus wrote to him: "It is an unexampled instance of a man having undertaken and performed for his fellow-creatures what you have done, without any self-interest whatever." In like manner, Leipzig was indebted to his mediation with his own sovereign in the winter of 1760 and 1761, for an essential alleviation of the burdens imposed upon it.

In 1761 Gotzkowski established in Berlin by desire of the king a porcelain manufactory, which, in the following year, employed 150 persons, and which Frederick took into his own hands, on payment of 225,000 dollars. It produced better porcelain than the famous manufactory at Meissen, and is still carried on upon the king's account. In 1766 Gotzkowski had the misfortune, through no fault of his own, it is said, to become insolvent. Two years afterwards he published his Life by the title of "History of a patriotic Tradesman," the first edition of which was prohibited. When I find it recorded that such a man was suffered to die in poverty in 1775, that circumstance, unexplained as it is, seems to me to involve a most severe reflexion, not only upon the sovereign, but also upon that city which he had so essentially benefited.

The marquis d'Argens, who bestowed such high encomiums on the generals in Berlin, expressed himself in his letters to the king with not less warmth concerning the patriotic virtues of the citizens. In one of them he says, "I saw here, after the battle near Frankfurt, twenty, nay, I dare say a hundred citizens, far surpassing those citizens of Rome, whose resolution and patriotism Livy has immortalized." This the king bore in mind, says Preuss, and secretly paid the heavy contribution, nobody rightly knew when, having first by a cabinet order directed that the bills given on account of it should not be honoured.

Frederick had received intelligence of the march of the enemy upon Berlin, but imagined that the affair was not so serious as it turned out. When he heard of the result, he reinforced the garrisons of Schweidnitz and

Breslau, left his camp, and hastened with the disposable troops to Guben, hoping there to cut off the hostile corps which had penetrated to the capital and to annihilate them. For four days his enemies had occupied Berlin, when the cry: "Frederick is coming!" chased them away on the 12th of October. Their march was like a flight. Tottleben and Czernitschef retired to Frankfurt with such precipitation that they proceeded upwards of 52 miles in two days; while Loudon marched straight forward, without resting, to Torgau. Both Russians and Austrians ravaged the country most barbarously, but the latter plundered the very dead in their graves. The king was at Guben when he heard of their retreat: he was too late to execute his design, and turned off to Lübben. Here he wrote on the 16th of October to the Chamber of the Electorate, desiring a report of all the mischief done by the enemy, and on the 18th promised, as soon as the military operations would permit, "to do, as an honest and faithful father of his country, every thing in the world that could be done for the relief and comfort of his loyal subjects who had suffered by the invasion."

As soon as the two Russian corps from Berlin had reached Fermor's camp near Lossow, not far from Frankfurt on the Oder, the whole army broke up on the 14th of October, with the intention of taking cantonments in Pomerania and the New Mark; but marshal Buturlin, the new commander-in-chief, who joined it on the 6th of November at Regenwalde, found those provinces so devastated, that he was under the necessity of retiring towards the Vistula.

From Lübben the king marched to Dessau, where he

could draw supplies from Magdeburg. He could not suffer the year to close without reconquering Saxony. Daun followed him through Lusatia to Torgau, to maintain possession of that country. Loudon remained at Löwenberg, and general Golz was left to watch him. Frederick arrived on the 22d at Jessen, drove the duke of Deuxponts out of Wittenberg, scared the troops of the Empire across the Pleisse and the Elster to Zeiz, out of communication with Daun, who had already drawn to him Lascy's corps near Torgau, and again took possession of Leipzig, which had to suffer severely for its attachment to the enemies of the king.

Daun, with an army of 65,000 men, occupied the heights of Süptitz, near Torgau. Frederick's object was to wrest Saxony from him. The heights of Süptitz, the most considerable in that part of the country, form, to the north of the village from which they are named, a continuous ridge, the north-western extremity of which is most elevated, and bordered by the two sheep-ponds, that are supplied by swampy springs in the neighbourhood. The king had the ground examined by some officers, and concluded from their report that an attack upon the Austrian position from the south would be too difficult: he therefore purposed to turn the enemy by crossing the heath of Dommitsch, and, advancing from Neiden, to attack him in the rear.

Daun's position was so strong, and so abundantly provided with means of defence, a numerous army and a powerful artillery, that there was reason to dread a repetition of the scene at Kunersdorf. Frederick, however, had evidently made up his mind to accomplish his object, that is, to recover Saxony by a decisive stroke,

or to perish. On the 28th of October, he wrote to d'Argens: "Judge as you please of my way of thinking, my dear marquis. I perceive that we shall never agree in our ideas, that we set out with different principles. You are fond of life as a Sybarite; I consider death as a stoic. Never will I see the moment that shall compel me to conclude a dishonourable peace; no eloquence shall seduce me to subscribe my disgrace. I will either bury myself beneath the ruins of my country, or, if this consolation shall appear too sweet for that Fate which persecutes me, I will put an end to my misery when I can endure it no longer. I have ever acted according to an inward feeling and the principles of honour; and my *last* steps shall be consistent with those principles. After sacrificing my youth to my father, and the years of manhood to my country, I think that I have a right to dispose of my old age as I please. Once more—never shall my hand sign a humiliating peace. I mean to close this campaign with a bold stroke, and either to conquer or to find a glorious death. There are people who are content to follow Fortune: I am not one of them. If I have lived for others, I am resolved to die for myself. What may be said on this subject is indifferent to me; nay, I can assure you that it will never reach my ears. Brandenburg existed before me, and will exist after me. States subsist by the propagation of the human species, and, so long as this is the case, the multitude will be led by ministers or by sovereigns. This comes to the same thing, and a little more folly or wisdom forms so slight a gradation as not to be perceived by the great mass. Do not imagine then that prejudices of self-love or vanity can change

my sentiments. To put an end to disastrous days is not an act of weakness; a very just policy tells us that *that* condition is to be preferred in which none can injure us, none disturb our repose. Indeed, if you were in my situation, you would be less disposed to condemn my resolution. I have lost my friends and my dearest relatives; I am unfortunate, let me consider myself on what side I will; I have nothing to hope for. My enemies treat me with scorn, and their pride would like to trample me under foot. No, my dear marquis—

"'When all is lost, and Hope itself forsakes us,
Life is dishonour, and to die a duty.'"*

Here the king expresses without reserve his determination to put an end to his life if he cannot keep it without honour. It is an established fact that during the whole of the seven years' war he carried poison about him, to be used in case he should fall into the hands of his enemies: and, after the disastrous days of Kollin, Kunersdorf, and Hochkirch, it is well known that his mind was much occupied with thoughts of death. Fortunately for his country, the necessity for exerting all his energies in repairing his misfortunes diverted him from the gloomy contemplation of suicide, and gleams of better fortune soon restored his wonted serenity and self-assurance.

Let me not be taken for an advocate of suicide if I venture to confess that the right royal sentiments expressed by Frederick in the letter just quoted convince me that a monarch like him is not to be measured upon

* A quotation from Voltaire's Merope:

"Quand on a tout perdu, quand on n'a plus d'espoir,
La vie est un opprobre, et la mort est un devoir."

this point by the same standard as ordinary men in humbler stations, and that self-murder may be in some rare cases not only an excusable but even a commendable act, nay, an act of the highest public virtue. Had the fortune of war thrown the hero, who was infinitely more concerned for the welfare and glory of his country than for his own person, into the hands of his implacable enemies, it is evident that, if he had consented to live, he could never have regained his liberty without either renouncing his throne altogether, or at least submitting to such a sacrifice of territory as would have reduced him to plain margrave of Brandenburg. If, after considering this his position, any man of high, generous, and patriotic feeling, can declare that the noble-minded king is to be condemned for having resolved to escape either of these humiliating alternatives, let him cast the first stone—I cannot.

In a conversation with a Prussian in 1809, Napoleon put this question: "But what would Frederick have done, had he been surrounded, and escape impossible? Would he, as we are told, have poisoned himself?" The Prussian replied in the affirmative, and quoted Frederick's well known lines: *Pour moi menacé du naufrage*, &c. "He was right," rejoined Napoleon, "he was right. When a man has once stood on the pinnacle of glory, it would be contemptible to live like a beggar." It is admitted that, after his first abdication, Napoleon himself actually took poison, but that the sickness which it induced counteracted the effect.

The Russians were at Landsberg on the Warthe, intending, if the Austrians were successful against Frederick, or Daun was able to maintain his ground near Tor-

gau, to penetrate further into electoral Brandenburg, and to take up their quarters along the Elbe. In this case the king would have been cut off from Silesia, from Pomerania, and from Berlin. To draw Daun from Torgau was impossible; Frederick resolved therefore to fight him. Marching on the 2d of November from Eilenburg, he encamped the same day with 44,000 men near Schilda, which lay in front of the right wing, as did Probsthain in the rear of the curving centre, and Wildschütz, on the left wing. Ten battalions of grenadiers and 26 squadrons were pushed forward with the king's head-quarters beyond Langen-Reichenbach.

On the 2d of November, when the generals repaired to the head-quarters to receive his orders, the king addressed them, saying that he did not want the opinion of any one of them; he had only to tell them that Daun would be attacked on the morrow; that he was certainly in an excellent position; but, if he should be beaten, his army must, according to the dispositions formed, either be driven into the Elbe, or taken; and thus the war, of which every body was heartily tired, would be terminated at once. He thereupon gave verbal instructions to the generals who were to lead the left wing under himself; and afterwards communicated to Zieten alone his orders relative to the right wing. These were to advance upon Torgau by the Eilenburg road, and, if the battle turned out favourably, to fall upon the rear of the Austrians, and to cut off their retreat. The king placed 21 battalions and 54 squadrons under Zieten's command: he intended to attack the enemy himself with 41 battalions and 48 squadrons; if the enemy were driven from the heights, the heavy battery was to be immediately

moved to that point, and the battalions were to form again; if cavalry should be required, no more were to come forward than the ground would admit of.

At seven in the morning of the 3d of November, the army, in four columns, quitted its camp at Langen-Reichenbach. The enemy's advanced guard fell back, and Daun changed his position, so that his left wing was posted on the heights of Süptitz, the right, chiefly cavalry, in the environs of Zinna; while the reserve continued to occupy the heights near Groswig. The king too made an alteration in his plan, as, on reconnoitring the ground about Zinna, he found it too much intersected, and resolved to attack his adversary's left wing. While the first two columns were marching up, a cannonade was heard from the vicinity of Süptitz. Zieten, in the way to his position, had met with the light troops of general Brentano, and been obliged to bring up heavy cannon to drive them away. He then quietly continued his march, and formed opposite to Lascy's corps, with his right wing upon the great pond. Both kept up a brisk cannonade, but at too great a distance to do much injury. The king, however, conceiving that Zieten had involved himself in a regular engagement, ordered about two o'clock ten grenadier battalions to march up expeditiously, and to advance at first towards the right, under a most tremendous fire from the enemy's artillery. The brave grenadiers suffered very severely, and were obliged to fall back about three o'clock. The pursuing Austrians were attacked by Ramin's and Gablenz's brigades, which even pushed on to the height of Süptitz. Against these fresh Prussian troops, Daun put himself at the head of fresh Austrian: the combat was warm

without being decisive, till the imperial cavalry fell upon the front and left flank of the thinned Prussian infantry, drove it from the heights, and took many prisoners.

The infantry of the second column, consisting of eleven battalions, now advanced to the third attack. Both parties fought bravely till half-past four, when the Austrian cavalry again pushed forward before the foot, broke the Prussians, and made them prisoners. At length, the duke of Holstein came up with the Prussian cavalry from the heath of Dommitsch; and colonel Dalwig, at the head of Spän's regiment, signalized himself by charging the Austrians with such success as to make prisoners of the greater part of two regiments. Dragoons and other horse followed him; by repeated attacks the Austrian cavalry was thrown into confusion, and the four first regiments of the right wing were almost entirely taken: but Daun's regimental artillery played so briskly upon the Prussian horse, that they fell back upon Neiden.

Night came on. Hülsen rallied the infantry, which was in great confusion, and drew it up afresh. To the order for this Frederick added: "The enemy has likewise sustained very great loss, and, as general Zieten is still in his rear, he will not venture to remain in his position, but retreat in the night across the Elbe; in this case we shall have gained the battle." At six o'clock the king, who was slightly wounded, left the command of the left wing to Hülsen, and retired for the night to Elsnig, and took up his quarters in the little church of that village. Seated on the lowest step of the altar, he was there occupied in writing despatches for his couriers. It was

an anxious night, and often did the king send out to see if there were any signs of daybreak.

Zieten had retained his position near the Great Pond till towards evening, in hopes that the king would dislodge the enemy; but when the firing gradually became more distant, he followed the advice of his generals, Wied, Platen, Saldern, and colonel Möllendorf, and ordered four battalions out of the first line of his left wing to advance under general Tettenborn and attack Säptitz; while his own corps marched to the left upon the sheep-ponds. Tettenborn took the village, which the retreating enemy set on fire. It was impossible to push on further; but the flames threw a light upon the movements of the Austrians on the heights; and Saldern perceived that the enemy had concentrated himself in the centre of his main position, and abandoned the entrenchments towards the sheep-ponds. Marching with his brigade over a dyke between the ponds, he gained the heights in the flank of the enemy, and attacked him, while major Lestwitz, with the reserve of the left wing, followed by the same route. The fight and firing were brisk, the enemy having drawn up instantaneously to meet Saldern's attack. About half-past eight, Hülsen, hearing the fire, hastened to the spot with four fresh battalions. Coming unobserved upon the flank of the new Austrian line, he attacked it with spirit. The affair was soon decided; by nine o'clock, the Prussians were masters of the field of battle.

In the second attack, Daun was wounded in the leg by a musket-ball, and, when the king's last attack was foiled, he retired to Torgau. There he was informed that the Prussians had gained possession of the height of Süptitz,

on which he relinquished the chief command of the army and the dispositions for the retreat to general O'Donnel. This was the last time that Daun met Frederick in the field; and O'Donnel and Lascy had to bear the blame of throwing away the victory which the Austrians had already won.

In this battle the king exposed himself to the greatest personal danger. He had two horses killed under him. He saw his grenadiers, the flower of his army, falling fast around him; and, on being informed of the death of lieutenant-colonel count Anhalt, for whom he had a great regard, he turned to count Frederick Anhalt, his flugel aide-de-camp, and said: "All goes wrong to-day; my friends are leaving me: I have just been told of the death of your brother."

In the attack of the Austrian position, he was riding in the hottest of the fire, attended by the same count Frederick Anhalt and captain Berenhorst, who besought him to be more careful of his valuable life. Regardless of their representations, he was advancing at the head of a fresh battalion, when a ball struck him on the breast, pierced through cloak, coat, and waistcoat, but there became so spent as not to do him the least harm. The king was falling, with the exclamation, "I am a dead man!" when Berenhorst caught him in his arms and stopped his horse. Presently, Frederick raised himself in the saddle, angrily pushed his attendants from him, turned his horse about, and rode towards the enemy's batteries, which he coolly reconnoitred, and directed the advancing battalions to the point of attack. We are assured that from this time both the above-mentioned officers were in disgrace with the king; for Frederick,

through one of those foibles from which even the strongest minds have no exemption, was accustomed to conceive a decided dislike of those who chanced to witness any exhibition of weakness on his part.

Küster, in his work on the preservations of the king, relates that he had on this day another narrow escape from destruction, from the fall of a large limb of an oak tree, which killed two men and an officer of Stutterheim's regiment, who were just before him. "Had the king been but a step in advance," says Küster, "he must have been killed or severely wounded."

The fire of the artillery in this battle was so tremendous, that the king said to general Syburg: "Did you ever hear so violent a cannonade? At least, I never did;" and, many years after the peace, when adverting to the same subject at table, he observed, smiling, "It was a platoon fire of cannon; why, they fairly shot the words away from my lips."

We have seen that the battle with Zieten's division of the Prussian army was not over till near nine o'clock at night. Owing to the darkness, whole Austrian battalions, having lost their way in the retreat, were taken prisoners, and the Prussians even fired upon one another. At length, as no distinction could be made between friend and foe, both parties encamped together upon the heath of Domnitsch, and there passed the night in good fellowship, as though belonging to one and the same army.

The king was planning at Elsnig the renewal of the conflict on the following day, when tidings were brought of the retreat of the Austrians. By daybreak he quitted the village, and at a distance perceived horsemen in white cloaks. It was Zieten, who, in the tone of an officer

making his report, greeted him with the words: "Your majesty, the enemy is beaten and retreating." At the same moment, both dismounted. Frederick threw himself into the arms of Zieten, who, overpowered by his feelings, wept aloud, without being able to utter a word. Then, turning back to his men, he cried: "My lads, our king has won the victory; the enemy is beaten; long live our great king!" The cry was cheerfully re-echoed, but they added: "And father Zieten, our hussar-king, too!"

Frederick rode from the left wing along the right. On coming to the regiment of the guard, he dismounted, and stopped before a blazing watch-fire, around which several grenadiers were sitting. He spoke affably to them, and they approached nearer and nearer to the king, and began to talk about the battle. At last, one of them, named Rebiak, to whom he had often given money, had the boldness to ask him where he had been during the fight, adding that he used always to be at their head and to lead them into the fire, but this time they had seen nothing of him. With the utmost condescension, Frederick told the grenadier that he had been with the left wing, and therefore could not head his regiment. Amidst this conversation, he unbuttoned his coat, as if too warm, and the grenadiers observed a ball drop to the ground, while the holes in his cloak and uniform attested the danger to which he had been exposed. Rebiak eagerly picked up the ball, which passed from hand to hand, exciting the warmest admiration and enthusiasm. "Indeed, thou art still our old Fritz!" cried the grenadiers, as with one accord. "Thou sharest every danger with us. Cheerfully will we die for thee! Long live the king!"

In speaking of this ball in later years, the king would jocosely observe: "It durst not come any nearer." It is still preserved in the Museum in Berlin.

While O'Donnel retreated with the Austrian army along the right bank of the Elbe, and Lascy, with his corps, proceeded along the left bank towards Dresden, general Hülsen, the day after the battle, took possession of Torgau without striking a blow. Frederick hastened to anticipate the fleeing enemy, but they reached the advantageous position in the plain of Plauen before him, and there the forces of the two Austrian generals again united. The duke of Deuxponts, who commanded the troops of the Empire, hastened to cover Dresden, while the Russians continued their retreat across the Vistula.

The prince of Wirtemberg marched from Saxony with Werner and Belling to clear Pomerania of the Swedes, whose service Blucher, at a much later period the pride of the Prussian army, quitted in September, 1760, to become a cornet in Belling's hussars. He had entered in the preceding year among the Swedish hussars, and been made prisoner near Spantikow in Pomerania by Landeck, a private in Belling's regiment, who took him before him upon his horse, and carried him to his colonel. The latter obtained his release from the Swedish service, and placed him in his own regiment.

Another of the heroes of the Prussian army at a later period, baron de l'Homme Courbière, was already acquiring distinction in the same quarter. The son of a Dutch major, and born at Gröningen in 1733, he entered at the age of fourteen into the Prussian service, displayed much ability as captain of engineers at the siege of Schweidnitz in 1758, and in 1759 commanded as major a partisan

battalion, with which he was so active and successful in Farther Pomerania and before Dresden, that the king conferred on him the order of Merit. After the peace, he was in garrison in East Friesland. In 1780, he was promoted to be major-general, and afterwards general of infantry. So late as 1807, in that war so disastrous to the Prussian arms, the veteran general proved himself a worthy pupil of the great Frederick's. When the French marshal Victor summoned him to surrender Graudenz, adding that the Russians were driven back beyond the Niemen, and that the king and queen had fled to Memel, Courbière replied: "And if my king has lost his whole dominions, I will try how long I can remain king of Graudenz." After his death, in 1811, his majesty caused a monument to be erected for him on the glacis of the fortress.

The reigning duke of Wirtemberg, who was termed in derision king of Swabia, was so offended with the imperial generals for suffering themselves to be beaten at Torgau, that he withdrew from the ranks of Frederick's active enemies, and went home with his troops. For the same reason, the duke of Deuxponts relinquished the command of the army of the Empire, which was transferred to count Stolberg.

In the course of this year, nothing of consequence occurred between the allied army and the French; but, just before the action, which the hereditary prince of Brunswick commenced with the marquis de Castries near Campen, between Guelders, Wesel, and Meurs, a French sergeant of the regiment of Auvergne, named Dubois, distinguished himself by a rare instance of devotedness to his duty. Being surrounded by himself in a wood, he chose rather

to expire under the bayonets of his enemies than not rouse his comrades sleeping under arms. He fell, therefore, shouting, "Help, Auvergne! here is the enemy!"

On the 25th of October, Frederick lost his most efficient ally, George II. He had lived to see the whole of Canada conquered by the capture of Quebec, which had cost the generals on both sides, the gallant Wolf and Moncalm, their lives. The king had expended so much of his private property in defraying the expenses of the war, and alleviating the distresses consequent upon it, that he died comparatively poor. Mr. Wright, under-secretary of state, writes in November to Mitchell: "The king's will is so variously reported, that I do not pretend to vouch for any one of them. That of the most authority I have is that he left only £35,000, to be equally divided between the duke [of Cumberland], princess Amelia, and the landgravine of Hesse. A small parcel of bank-notes, about £6000, were found in his drawer, with a desire of their being sent to the countess [of Kendal], which, with two thousand guineas the king [George III.] found loose, were sent immediately, and I hear was all he left: that the great distresses in Germany since this war began had run away with all that he might otherwise have left." His grandson and successor, George III., had no voice for Frederick, as he was entirely influenced by his mother and Lord Bute, who were long extremely unpopular on that account. Once more, however, the treaty with Prussia was renewed on the 12th of December, 1760, on the same footing as before; for Pitt, the enthusiastic admirer of Frederick, was still in office, and the nation, even after the court deserted his

cause, manifested the same warm sympathy as ever for the "Protestant hero."

The king took up his winter-quarters in Leipzig. In order to provide for the ensuing campaign, it was necessary to have recourse to violent measures. Saxony was completely drained; the timber in the forests was sold; the farmers of the electoral domains were obliged to pay their rent a year beforehand. To complete the regiments, neither mere boys nor the scum of society were refused. Men were pressed in Saxony, Mecklenburg, the Anhalt principalities, and Swedish Pomerania; and even Austrian prisoners were put into the Prussian uniform, because the court of Vienna would not exchange any prisoners of war after the affairs of Maxen and Meissen. The partisan corps had many of them behaved extremely well: new ones were therefore raised. The few cadets, children in years, heroes in sentiments, were inadequate to supply the deficiency of officers; but the king hoped even with such an army to tire out the united forces of all his enemies and to do his duty.

As for himself personally, Frederick was at all times alike—the same in calamity oppressed by the weight of care as in the most prosperous circumstances; the philosopher in the camp, as he had been in his Potsdam hermitage. Leipzig was during this winter his Sans-Souci, for, while forging arms and thunderbolts against his foes, he filled up his leisure with music, poetry, correspondence, and sought the acquaintance of some of the most eminent writers and professors of the university of that city. In Gottsched, Ernesti, and Winkler he found too much of the stiffness and pedantry of Ger-

man scholars, but conceived a very high opinion of the modest Gellert from a conversation of two hours to which he invited him. In this interview, the professor recited from memory one of his beautiful fables, "The Painter of Athens," and at parting the king begged him to come again soon, to come often, and to bring his Fables along with him. Gellert, however, followed, as he wrote to Rabener, the advice of the son of Sirach: "Have no fellowship with one that is mightier than thyself," and went no more. After he was gone, Frederick observed: "That is a totally different man from Gottsched;" and next day at dinner he said, "Gellert is the most rational of all the German scholars." To Garve at Breslau, the king afterwards remarked that Gellert was the only German of his day who would descend to posterity, because, though he had confined himself to one small department of literature, he had laboured in it most successfully. He encouraged Pauli, the bookseller of Berlin, to print Gellert's Fables as a schoolbook, and granted him an exclusive privilege for the sale of it in his dominions. While at Leipzig, the king is reported to have said jocosely in conversation with professor Ernesti: "But Cicero's cook must have spoken better Latin than you."—"Yes," replied the professor, "just as a French marquis speaks French more elegantly than your majesty, but is incapable of writing a line equal in beauty to your majesty's compositions."

Among the members of the Berlin orchestra who were summoned to Leipzig was Fasch. He found his master much altered by the fatigues, cares, and sorrows of the last five years, with a tincture of melancholy and gloomy reserve, which formed a striking contrast with

his former disposition, and was not natural to his years. The king had music daily, but it was a trouble to him to play himself.

In his letters written about this time to the countess Camas, the king gives some particulars concerning his person and habits. On the 11th of November, he says: "For these four years, I have given up suppers, because they will not agree with the trade that I am obliged to follow; and in marches my dinner consists of a cup of chocolate. Immediately after our victory [at Torgau] we ran like madmen, to try if we could drive the Austrians out of Dresden; but they laughed at us from the tops of their hills. I turned back directly, and went like a boy to hide my vexation in one of the cursed Saxon villages. I assure you, I lead a real dog's life, such a one as nobody but Don Quixote ever did. This irregularity has made me so old that you would scarcely know me. On the right side of my head my hair has turned quite gray; my teeth break and drop out; my face is wrinkled like the furbelow of a woman's gown, and my back arched like that of a monk of La Trappe. My heart alone remains unchanged, and while I breathe will cherish the sentiments of esteem and the tenderest friendship for you, my dear mamma."

Again, on the 27th of November, he writes: "We are getting our winter-quarters into order. I purpose taking a little journey, and then I shall go to Leipzig to rest myself, if rest is to be found there: for me indeed that is only a metaphysical word, without reality."

The following, dated the 3d of December, though on a very different subject, will, I trust, not be uninteresting. "I congratulate you, my dear mamma, upon your

skill in regard to dropsy. The circumstance is one of daily occurrence: there is not a court, nay, a convent, where such things do not happen. I, who am very indulgent towards the foibles of our species, shall not stone the ladies of the court for having children. They propagate their kind, while those gloomy politicians destroy by their mischievous wars. I must confess that I like these too tender temperaments better than those dragons of chastity who fall unmercifully upon their frail sisters, or quarrelsome women who are really malicious and wicked. Take care to let the child be brought up well and not disgrace the family. Let the poor girl be removed without noise from the court, and her good name be spared as much as possible."

Lastly, from Meissen, the seat of the celebrated porcelain manufacture, he writes in December. "Herewith I send you, my good mamma, a trifle to put you in mind of me. You may use this box either for paint, or patches, or snuff, or bonbons, or pills; but, to whatever use you put it, believe at least when you look at this dog, the emblem of fidelity, that he who sends it surpasses in fidelity to you all the dogs in the whole world; and that his attachment to your person has nothing in common with the brittle material which is manufactured at this place. I have ordered porcelain here for every body; for Schönhausen, [that is for the queen] for my sisters-in-law—in short, I am now rich in this frail material. I hope those to whom it will be sent will accept it instead of hard cash. For we are poor devils, dear mamma: we have nothing left but honour, our swords, and porcelain."

To the marquis d'Argens, who took the warmest in-

terest in the events of the war, and sometimes employed his pen anonymously against the king's enemies, for instance, in the "Letters of a Protestant Clergyman;" Frederick wrote: "Go to Sans Souci, my dear friend; you know that my house and whatever fortune has left me are entirely at your service. Instead of rent, I only ask you to write me word in what state you have found the gallery. Farewell, my dear marquis; drink mineral waters, take your walks, write in behalf of the good cause; and, above all, don't forget your old friends, upon whom God has no doubt laid a curse, because they are forced to wage incessant war."

The marquis went in December to see the king at Leipzig. Here he found the monarch for whose destruction half Europe was banded, and who appeared to have been long engaged in a hopeless struggle for existence, quietly seated on the bare floor, having before him a dish containing a fricassee, out of which he was serving his dogs with their supper. In his hand he had a little stick, with which he kept them in order, and picked out the best bits for the favourite. The marquis started back, clasped his hands in amazement, and exclaimed: "How it would puzzle the five great powers of Europe who are leagued against the marquis de Brandenbourg to guess what he is doing at this moment! They would, no doubt, suppose that he is forming some plan for beating them in the next campaign, that he is collecting funds to defray the expences of it, or providing magazines for man and horse, or meditating negociations for separating his enemies and gaining new allies. Nothing of the sort! There he is, sitting quietly in his room, and feeding his dogs!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Campaign of 1761—Noble Spirit of General Saldern—Plunder of the Palace of Hubertsburg, by command of Frederick—Quintus Icilius—Operations in Western Germany—State of the Hostile Armies in Silesia—Prussian Camp at Bunzelwitz—Inactivity of the Russians and Austrians—Loudon surprises Schweidnitz—Treacherous plot of Baron Warkotsch, for delivering Frederick into the hands of the Austrians—Embassy to the King from the Khan of Crim Tartary—His Negociations with the Porte—Reduction of Colberg by the Russians—Change in the English Administration; Bute, as Prime Minister, declines renewing the Subsidiary Treaty with Prussia—Gloomy Prospects of Frederick—Anecdote illustrative of the Enthusiasm of his Subjects in his Cause.

During the inactivity of the winter, Frederick inflicted on one of his foes a chastisement which some would consider as an act of just retaliation, while stricter moralists may, perhaps, condemn it as a piece of revenge unworthy of his noble and exalted mind. I shall state the fact, and leave the reader to adopt which of these opinions he pleases. Great allowance should undoubtedly be made for the provocations which he had received, in the wanton devastations committed by the Saxons at Charlottenburg, in the cruelties practised by his enemies at that time, when the highest officers were doomed to expiate the misfortune of captivity in the jails of criminals, while defenceless citizens were seized because they were Prussians, and consigned for years to damp, noisome dungeons,* and when all means were

* Plesmann, privy councillor of legation, who was supposed to have given Frederick information of the great coalition formed against him, was suddenly seized by Austrian soldiers, in 1757, at Hoff in Voigtland,

approved so they but tended to the one grand object—the humiliation and overthrow of the Prussian monarch.

Frederick knew that the excesses of the Saxons at Charlottenburg were approved by their sovereign and his minister, and resolved to repay his foe in the like coin, by stripping Hubertsburg, the favourite hunting-seat of king Augustus. On the 17th of February, 1761, he therefore sent for major-general Saldern, and said: "You will go to-morrow, as quietly as possible, with a detachment of infantry and cavalry, to Hubertsburg, take possession of the palace, make an inventory of all the moveables that will sell for any price, and pack them up. The money which they produce is to be applied to the use of the military hospital, and I will not forget you."

"Begging your majesty's pardon," replied the general, "that is contrary to my honour and my oath."

"You would be quite right," calmly rejoined the king, "if I did not mean to make this desperate measure subservient to a good purpose. But, hark you, the heads of sovereigns feel nothing when the hair of their subjects is torn up by the roots; one must

where he served as the channel of communication between the king and the margravine of Bayreuth, carried to Vienna, and thrown into a dungeon. The king demanded his release, but was assured that no such person was there. At length, Plesmann's family at Magdeburg ascertained that he had been languishing for three years in the prison called the Stockhaus, in Vienna, in a cell exposed to a noisome stench and infested with vermin. Frederick immediately ordered two Austrian officers, prisoners of war, and favourites of the emperor Francis, to be put under arrest, and threatened to confine them in a place of the same sort, if Plesmann, his councillor of legation, was not immediately set at liberty. The unfortunate victim of political animosity was accordingly released; but it was not long before he died in consequence of the sufferings which he had undergone. A faithful servant had voluntarily shared his imprisonment, in order to alleviate the lot of his unfortunate master.

touch them where they will themselves be pained. For this reason I expect you to execute my orders."

"Your majesty," answered the high-spirited and inflexible warrior, "may send me this instant to attack the enemy and his most formidable batteries: I will obey without hesitation and without flinching. But I cannot, dare not, act contrary to honour, oath, and duty."

"Well, well, but what I command cannot dishonour you. Go and execute my commission."

"Your majesty will easily find some other officer for this commission; my honour, oath, and duty, I repeat, forbid me to undertake it."

"Saldern," exclaimed the king, turning from him with a look of displeasure, "you don't want to be rich!"

In this dilemma, the king selected Quintus Icilius for the expedition. More complaisant and less scrupulous than Saldern, he proceeded with his partisan battalion to Hubertsburg and executed the commission. The greater part of the booty went into the pockets of the plunderers, who were required to pay only 100,000 dollars to the military hospitals. But neither the commander nor his corps could ever rid themselves of the stain which this act attached to their character—nay, Frederick very often rallied his favourite companion, Quintus, most unmercifully on the subject. When, after the war was over, he applied in 1764 to his majesty to reimburse his officers for recruiting expences which they had paid out of their own pockets, the king's pithy reply, written with his own hand, was: "Your officers have thieved like ravens. They shall get nothing."

Years afterwards he said to their commander: "Whenever I speak to you, my dear Quintus Icilius, I cannot help recollecting Hubertsburg and mechanically clapping my hands to my pockets." I must confess that to me it seems rather ungenerous to reproach an officer, whose duty, according to the military code, was implicit obedience, for the execution of a peremptory order issued by himself.

Sulzer, in the "Letters of the Swiss," has thus explained the motives of Frederick for an act which one of his own generals refused to commit as dishonourable. "As for the affair of Hubertsburg, I certainly wish that it had not happened; still it may be easily justified. You know that the troops not only gutted completely the royal palace of Charlottenburg, but polluted it besides with filth that needs no describing. The king made a formal complaint on this subject, and waited nearly three months to see whether the king of Poland would offer a word of excuse through the English minister at Warsaw. A pretty strong threat was thrown out about Hubertsburg; but not a syllable was tendered in excuse, according to the usage on such occasions. After this long delay, the king, seeing how uncourteously he was treated, determined to execute his threat. Such was the explanation given by Frederick himself to the marquis d'Argens."

In France, where prince and people were alike the slaves of Fashion, the league with the house of Habsburg had long lost the charm of novelty; the enthusiasm in behalf of Catholic enterprises had subsided; the nation groaned under the burdens of a war in favour of its hereditary foe; and in March, 1761, the court of

Versailles proposed to the kings of England and Prussia a congress for a general peace to be held in the city of Augsburg. The ministers were already appointed, but difficulties and disagreements arose; and the family compact of the Bourbon sovereigns for the mutual guarantee of all their possessions, concluded in August, 1761, had the effect of spreading the flames of war wider than ever. The immediate consequence was a stroke for Prussia. Pitt, the great champion of Frederick, resigned his office, because England hesitated to declare war against Spain. The hostilities which soon followed between those powers, and in which Portugal was involved, are foreign to my present purpose.

The new campaign against Prussia presents a remarkable spectacle. Bent on annihilating the king, his leagued foes strained all their powers, so that, as Frederick himself observes, "with fewer of his own people and allies, Alexander overturned the Persian monarchy." He too was prepared, but no battle was fought. The awfully superior hosts of his foes were afraid to attack the hero whose prudence and perseverance were invincible. Napoleon justly remarked: "It was not the Prussian army that for seven years defended Prussia against the three mightiest powers of Europe, but Frederick the Great."

Let us first take a rapid glance at the operations of the allies against the French in western Germany. The army of the latter, though under as incompetent commanders, was very different from that which had been beaten at Rossbach. Marshal Broglio was in Hesse, and pushed forward from Göttingen a corps of Saxons under count Solms, and of French under count Stainville, into

Thuringia. The king encouraged duke Ferdinand to enter Hesse, promising to send general Sydow with 7000 Prussians to join him. These fell in, on the 15th of February, with the enemy at Langensalza, put the French cavalry to flight on the right bank of the Salza, and thereby obliged the Saxon infantry to retreat to the other bank: 3000 prisoners, 6 pair of colours, and 4 pieces of cannon, were the trophies of the day. Ferdinand himself, whose private letters express great weariness of the war, spent all March in besieging Cassel, but without success. At Stangerode, Broglio's superior force triumphed on the 21st over the hereditary prince; but in an action with the French at Vellinghausen on the 16th of July the duke had the advantage. Nothing of greater consequence occurred in this quarter.

Turn we now to Silesia, the principal theatre of the war. Here Frederick himself commanded against the Austrians and Russians, while his brother Henry opposed Daun in Saxony. Loudon headed this year a separate army of 60,000 men in Silesia, which was intended to unite with the Russians in order to make sure of victory. The force of the latter under Buturlin amounted to 70,000. Against both Frederick could not muster more than 50,000; and, with all his efforts to keep back the Russians from the Oder, he could not prevent Buturlin from crossing that river on the 12th of August at Leubus, and forming a junction five days afterwards with his allies at Striegau.

The king was now impelled to adopt a new system of defence—to occupy a camp where he could protect both himself and the fortress of Schweidnitz. With this view he chose the position of Bunzelwitz, not far from

that town, and with unexampled despatch surrounded himself, before the enemy was aware, with fortifications which could not easily be attacked. This camp has excited the universal admiration of military men as a master-piece of art, exhibiting a happy combination of the principles of tactics with those of field-fortification. It resembled a fortress, of which the hill of Würben might be considered as the citadel. From this height to the village of Bunzelwitz, the camp was covered by a morass. The outlets of the villages of Bunzelwitz and Jauernick were fortified, and great batteries constructed. By the cross-fire of these, the front, on which Loudon might have attacked the king, was so defended, that the Austrians must have taken both villages before they could come at the army. Between the villages, and a little further back, was the front of the army, covered by entrenchments, provided with a numerous artillery; and from one to the other were passages to afford the cavalry scope to act in case of necessity. Beyond Jauernick were four entrenched hills, which commanded the whole ground; before these was a muddy ditch, which might have been defended with small arms, if the enemy had thrown bridges across. Further to the right, the wood called the Nonnenbusch was obstructed by an abattis, defended by jägers and partisan corps. At the extreme right commenced the flank, which, running parallel to the Striegauwater, terminated in a wood, covered by a ravine coming from Peterwitz. In this wood was a disguised battery, connected behind an abattis with a second battery, at the extremity of the same wood, towards Neuendorf, covering an entrenchment connected with the works on the height of Würben.

The entrenchments were all 16 feet across; the ditches 16 feet wide and 12 deep: the front was enclosed with strong palisades, and all the salient parts of the works were undermined. Before the mines were trous de loup, and before them chevaux de frise. This camp was defended by 480 pieces of cannon, and 182 mines were ready for exploding. The king, Zieten, and Ramin each undertook the defence of one of the points of attack which the camp presented; and, to guard against surprise, the soldiers slept in the day-time, and were under arms at night.

Cooped up in this position for five weeks, without any tidings from the other divisions of his army, so active a mind as the king's could not help indulging the most gloomy forebodings. At the same time he shared all hardships with the common soldiers, staying in the outermost trenches, and sometimes sleeping on the bare ground. "Take a truss of straw with you," said he one day to his attendants, "that I may not have to lie on the ground again, as I did last night." At another time he was sleeping under a small tent, when a violent thunder-storm took place in the night. "I never yet had such convenient quarters," said he next morning to Zieten. "How so?" replied the general. "I should have thought otherwise."—"Why the water ran in a stream under my camp-bed. I had it at first hand, both for drinking and washing."

Zieten, whose simple way of thinking pleased the king, was frequently his comforter during this period of compulsory inactivity. One moonlight night, impelled by uneasiness, Frederick went to the hut of the general. "This will not do! it cannot do!" exclaimed the king,

several times. "And yet all will end well," replied his old comrade. Frederick looked at him incredulously, and asked, in a somewhat sarcastic tone, if he had gained some new ally. "Not exactly," answered Zieten. "I rely upon Him above: He will not forsake us."—"But He has ceased to perform miracles," sighed the king. "Nor do we need any; still He fights for us, and will not let us sink." The event justified Zieten's confidence.

The enemy's commanders, though at the head of 130,000 men, were afraid to attack the lion in his lair, either separately or jointly. Buturlin was unwilling to risk his reputation in so hazardous an enterprise; Loudon strove to conquer his scruples, and over the bottle the Russian marshal promised to assist him in storming the Prussian camp on the 1st of September. On cooler consideration, however, he changed his mind. For several days longer he remained inactive, and then broke up on the 10th of September, and retired towards Jauer, because the Austrians could not supply him with provisions. Loudon, now considering himself unsafe, fell back also into the mountains, and re-occupied his old camp near Kunzendorf. Thus was Frederick's army released from a position in which, from the 20th of August to the 25th of September, it had endured famine and inexpressible hardships.

Frederick, conceiving that it might be Buturlin's intention to proceed to Pomerania or Brandenburg, with a view to divert him from such a purpose, ordered general Platen, who had gone with 7000 men to cover Breslau, to march to Posen, and to destroy the Russian magazines there. This rather hazardous expedition

was ably executed. At Gostyn, beyond Polish Lissa, Platen fell in, on the 11th of September, with a convoy of 5000 waggons, which he took, as well as half the escort of 4000 men, and destroyed three of the largest Russian magazines. This brought Buturlin back across the Oder on the 13th.

Loudon, meanwhile, remained quietly in his strong camp. To draw him, if possible, out of Silesia, Frederick quitted his camp at Bunzelwitz, and marched into the country of Münsterberg, as though he purposed to penetrate into the county of Glatz or Moravia. When the Prussian army was two days' march from Schweidnitz, Loudon resolved to take advantage of its absence, and to surprise that fortress. Circumstances favoured his design. Czernitschef, who, with a corps of 20,000 men, still continued with him, was ready to lend his assistance; many of the Austrian officers were acquainted with the localities of the fortress; Loudon learned from deserters that Zastrow, the commandant, was accustomed to pass the night at balls and other diversions; and lastly an Italian, named Rocca, who was a prisoner of war there, and had contrived to insinuate himself into the confidence of the commandant, is said to have gained the imperial general an opportunity for the attack. In the night of the 1st of October, Loudon suddenly appeared before Schweidnitz, and attacked all the outworks at one and the same time. All were carried after more or less resistance. The Russian grenadiers then scaled the wall of the town and opened the gates to the Austrians. Zastrow surrendered at discretion.

For this success, achieved with the loss of 68 officers and 1280 men, Loudon had well nigh earned punishment

instead of thanks, because he had not consulted the Aulic Council in Vienna; and the empress was vexed at receiving the first news of the event from her consort, whom she excluded from all participation in public affairs. Some patrons of Loudon's, however, had sufficient influence to pacify Maria Theresa so far, that she did at least thank her general, and ordered a gratuity of 13 florins to be paid to each of his soldiers. Loudon himself was never forgiven for the exploit. In the following year, a less important command was allotted to him; and he was in such disgrace at court that, for seventeen years, that is to say, while the empress lived, he obtained no promotion.

Zastrow, the Prussian commandant, on his return from captivity after the peace, was tried by a court-martial, sentenced to imprisonment in a fortress, and deprived of his regiment. He then entered into the service of the elector of Hesse, in which he held the rank of lieutenant-general at his death.

By this unexpected disaster, Frederick lost the key of Silesia, and with it half of that important province. His object now was to cover the capital and the other fortresses, to prevent the further progress of the enemy, and to succour prince Eugene of Wirtemburg, who could scarcely maintain his ground near Colberg. He would fain have drawn Loudon into a pitched battle; bnt he remained quietly in his camp at Freiberg, which kept him in communication with Saxony, Bohemia, and Moravia. The king, therefore, put his troops into cantonments in the villages about Strehlen, while he himself had his head-quarters at Waiselwitz, whence he de-

spatched general Schenkendorf with 4000 men to Pomerania.

Frederick had need of rest after the fatigues of Bunzelwitz. Le Cat, writing to Algarotti on the 3d of October, from Strehlen, says: "You predicted that this campaign would be very harassing. His majesty, incessantly engaged in business, passed every night from the 26th of August to the 10th of September, at a redoubt." In cantonments, therefore, both the king and his troops were the more inclined to indulge in repose. His quarters, about 150 paces distant from Strehlen on the Ohlau, were guarded only by a single company of grenadiers; and this circumstance suggested a design of the blackest treachery. For six years the mightiest powers of Europe had been leagued for the overthrow of a single man, and, what they had not been able to accomplish with their united efforts, a protestant, a gentleman, a subject of Frederick's, plotted to effect by surprise.

Henry Gottlob baron Warkotsch, proprietor of the estates of Schönbrunn and Upper and Lower Rosen, nine or ten miles from Strehlen, had served till 1756 as captain in the Austrian army. He then succeeded to the above-mentioned estates of his deceased brother, and took the oath of allegiance to the king of Prussia, whose favour he enjoyed, as well as the regard of some of the high functionaries of state. He was married, and of the Lutheran confession. This man nevertheless entered into a plot with a catholic priest, named Schmidt, who lived at Siebenhuben, and colonel Wallis, commander of the Austrian regiment of Loudon, for betraying Frederick into the hands of the Imperialists.

The motive for this base treason has never been satisfactorily explained. It was not religious fanaticism, neither was it the love of lucre by which the traitor was stimulated, though some historians have stated without any foundation whatever that he was to have had a reward of 100,000 ducats. His gamekeeper or huntsman, Matthias Kappel, who, as we shall see, was expected to perform other services besides those connected with that situation, and to whom Frederick owed his preservation from the near-impending danger, alleges that Warkotsch was dissatisfied with the strict superintendence of the Prussian administrative authorities, and conceived that the Austrians, if they should regain possession of Silesia, would wink at his tyrannical treatment of his dependents.

Whatever may have been his motive, the baron appears to have harboured his base design for some time. It is related that, so early as the 15th of August, the anniversary of the battle of Liegnitz, when the king gave a ball to a regiment which chanced to lie at Schönbrunn, one of the baron's estates, he resolved to avail himself of the tumult occasioned by the festivity, and he had the more reason to anticipate a successful result, as on such days the king generally withdrew from the noisy hilarity of the scene into solitude. Warkotsch was intimately acquainted with the locality. Disguised Austrians were to surprise the king in his apartment, and to carry him off alive or to kill him. The Austrians were already waiting in ambush, in a neighbouring stone-quarry, for the signal, when Zieten, who was stationed in this quarter, shifted his position that very night, and advanced with his hussar-regiment to the environs of

the village. This circumstance saved the king for that time. It is remarkable that Zieten himself was not aware of any particular reason for changing his quarters precisely that night. The execution of the plot was deferred till a more suitable opportunity.

In the month of November, a favourable occasion seemed to present itself. The Prussian army lay in the vicinity of Strehlen, and the king had taken up his quarters in the open village of Waiselwitz, at the house of M. Brückampf, inspector of buildings, situated near the Ohlau, a stream only ten paces broad, and across which there was moreover a bridge. It might be easily approached through gardens, and a surprise by night seemed to promise the more certain success, as the guard-house was distant, and the many comers and goers to and from the head-quarters would render it an easy task to secure the two grenadiers on duty before the door. The frequent visits of the baron to the head-quarters, and the confidence which he gained by the exhibition of affected loyalty to his sovereign, enabled him to learn the strength of the post, any changes that were made in it, and what orders were given in case of an attack; while his knowledge of the country made him acquainted with the most private routes. A brisk correspondence carried on through Schmidt with colonel Wallis had settled all the details of the plan, and a last letter was to fix the time for its execution. I shall now proceed in the words of Kappel, as reported in the work of Küster, to which I have already adverted.

"About this time I had to ride every other day with the baron to head-quarters, and he was frequently permitted to pay his respects to the king. The latter had

taken up his abode in a small house at the extremity of the village towards the hills, and was guarded by only thirteen men of his guard. There were no other soldiers in the outskirts of the place, because there are very few houses there.

"Now I had to carry a letter every week to Schmidt, the catholic minister or curate of Siebenhuben, and this letter, sealed by my master, but without direction, I had to deliver into Schmidt's own hands. Though I knew not what this blind correspondence was about, yet, having to go on the same errand every week, I began to be suspicious. At last I was ordered to carry the letters to general Wallis, between Münsterberg and Kloster Henrigau, upon pretext that they were about some Hungarian wine, which my master wished general Wallis to get for him. But I never had a written answer given me by the latter, but always the verbal message that he would attend to the matter. Schmidt was entrusted with all the answers for my master, and when we were not at home, he waited till we returned.

"At length, on the 29th of November, I was with my master at the head-quarters in Strehlen, where we stayed till twelve o'clock at night, and my master visited several gentlemen of the army. Last of all he called to see Eichel, the privy cabinet councillor, and stopped two hours with him. All this time I was obliged to wait for him before Eichel's quarters, till I could no longer bear the cold, with the horses; especially as I durst not make any noise with them, because the house was close to that in which the king lodged.

"At length my master came and ordered me to bring the horses. We hastened away at the back of the king's

quarters, over the bridge near the fulling-mill, past the footpath to Treppendorf, where some of Zastrow's dragoons were posted. My master asked me if I had not observed that the king of Prussia was very much exposed in his quarters, having no other protection but about thirteen men of his guard; that no Austrian general was so ill protected as the king, and if the Austrians knew this, they might come and carry him off with the greatest ease. 'Who is to tell the Austrians that?' said I. He asked me if I did not suppose that they had spies. I answered: 'Even though they may have spies, yet, if God does not permit, they will not get hold of the king.' The baron desired me in reply not to be so silly as to imagine that God cared about the king: on the contrary, he left great personages like him to take care of themselves. I earnestly begged him not to talk so loud: somebody near, patroles, sentinels, might overhear us, and then we might get into trouble. He then ordered me to come and ride by his side, that he might not have occasion to talk so loud, and I complied. Thereupon my master said to me: 'I will convince you. How often have we rode from the headquarters at night, without having ever seen a patrole or even a sentinel on the hill!' adding that it was very cold, and they were all in their quarters, without feeling any apprehension that the Austrians would come to attack them.

"About two o'clock in the morning we arrived at Schönbrunn: my master ordered me to go to bed, as I must have been long enough in the cold. When I entered my room, my wife told me that before I went to bed I must deliver to the baron a letter left by curate

Schmidt, with a particular charge that it should be given to my master when he came home, let it be ever so late. It was another letter without address, which my wife handed to me, asking at the same time what was the meaning of it that the letter had no direction; besides, Schmidt had been half the day till late in the evening with the baroness, and might therefore have given the letter to her. The curate had said that, if we should come home late, my wife need only give me the letter, and I should know what to do with it; and that it was about a matter of great importance.

"I took the letter to my master in his bed-chamber, without knowing that the baroness was still up; but I found her sitting there, and delivered the letter to the baron with the curate Schmidt's compliments. The baroness was very angry that Schmidt should have been with her half the day and not have given her the letter. The baron ordered her to go to her chamber, as it was high time to be in bed, adding that she had nothing to do with his letters. He then desired me to go to bed. In half an hour the baron came to my door, called me, and ordered me to come to him. He had a candle and a letter in his hand: he gave me the letter, with directions to take it at four o'clock that same morning to the place of its destination. I immediately asked whether I was to wait for an answer; he replied that I had no need to wait. I then begged permission to go to Schmidt's church as I came back, because it was the day on which the Catholics celebrate the feast of St. Andrew, and he gave me leave."

Respecting the motive of his further proceedings Kappel leaves us in utter uncertainty. Whether it was, as some assert, personal revenge against his master for having sent him off again almost without rest, after a

day of severe fatigue; or whether his suspicion, excited by the conversation during the ride home, was converted into certainty by the letter left by Schmidt, and his moral feeling was sufficiently awakened to guide him amid conflicting duties into the right path — he tells us that, after tarrying two hours, when he thought that his master was asleep, he broke open the envelope, in which he found a letter, superscribed "A Monsieur Monsieur le Baron de Wallis." This letter, disclosing the nature of the plot, was as follows:

"Nothing new has occurred. The coach still stands at the door: it was, probably, removed at the time to which you allude on account of the frequent rain. There is not a piquet any where, no main-guard, no sutler. The head-quarters are not so pompous as with you. I have been there to-day. In the day-time I saw a sentry in the street, but at night I could not perceive any, so that there are at most a couple of sentinels posted at the door of the room, which is very small, and one at the house-door. You need not be afraid. Your success will be most brilliant; but if, contrary to all probability, you should fail, the worst that can befall you is to be made prisoner. Let me tell you for your information, that there are now twenty or thirty foot jägers at Pogart, to prevent desertion. Now, as you have guides, it is not at all necessary that you should go through Pogart, but you may leave it on your left. To-morrow the military chest is going off, and to-day the artillery. Monday night would, therefore, be the best; as I cannot answer for it that the bird will not have flown by Tuesday night. Adieu!"

"When I had read this letter," proceeds Kappel, "I

was seized with a violent shudder, and had great difficulty to decide what to do, as I durst not trust the secret to any body, not even to my wife.* At length, by a guidance which must have come from a higher hand, I bethought me that there was in the village a Protestant minister named Gerlach, with whom I durst not hold intercourse, because my master was his declared enemy. To him I went and begged him to do me a favour: I had a secret to communicate to him, which concerned the king of Prussia, and to ask if he would make me a copy of this letter. He was ready to do so, but made me tell him what I intended to do with it. I told the truth, that I meant to carry the baron's letter to the king, and to send the copy to general Wallis. The minister complied with my request, with many wishes that I might succeed in my errand.

"I sent off my apprentice with the copy to general Wallis, having previously sealed it with the baron's seal, and charged my apprentice, in case the baron should ask him on his return home where he had been, not to say a word that might betray me, as I ought to have delivered the letter myself. This I did that the baron might not conceive any sort of suspicion. So at eight in the morning of the 30th of November I carried the original myself to Strehlen to the king.

* From the judicial proceedings against Warkotsch, which were partially published, it appears that there are some inaccuracies in this narrative of Kappel's, which was not committed to writing till 1791, and then of course from memory. Thus, for instance, it was at the instigation of his wife that he opened the letter, the contents of which were communicated to her. It was she too who seems to have persuaded him to apply, in this most important matter, to Gerlach, the Protestant minister of the place. The letter quoted above is not given in Kappel's Narrative, but is extracted from Preuss. Though that narrative is highly interesting, its tone is evidently palliative.

"On my arrival—I had borrowed a horse by the way to get there the sooner—I found the king's carriage before the door, fastened my horse to the carriage, and went straight to the king's quarters, and would have gone into the room where he was. But I was stopped by his guard, who told me that it was not the way for people to run right in to the king. I said to the guard that I must speak with the king immediately; that I had things of importance to deliver to him. I received for answer, that the officer on duty was in the next room, that I must speak to him, and perhaps he would take my message to the king. By him I was told that he was, to be sure, the officer on duty, but not there to take messages to the king from people who looked so wild as I did; adding that I must go right across the road, where I should find adjutant-general Krusemark, whose duty it was to acquaint the king with my business. I said that I had an open letter which the king must have immediately, and, if he would not believe me, he might read it. He replied that he durst not read any letters which the king ought to have. So I was obliged to be gone to general Krusemark, and the officer sent a soldier after me to see what became of me.

"The general ordered me to be admitted forthwith. I handed him the letter, and related the whole affair, just as it had happened. Upon this the general dressed himself in haste, and locked me in his room, charging me not to go to the window, as I was well known in Strehlen, till either he or somebody else came to fetch me.

"In a quarter of an hour there came an officer, who unlocked the door, and said that I was to go immedi-

ately to the king. He brought with him a blue roquelaure and a hat with feathers: these he made me put on, and I left my laced hat in the general's room. There was not a person with the king besides general Krusemark The king came up close to me, and asked if I knew what had made my master so bitter an enemy to him. I said I knew nothing more than that he had often expressed to me how dissatisfied he was with the government of the king of Prussia, because he could not do as he pleased with the peasants on his estates. The king questioned me concerning all the circumstances that I was acquainted with. I told him every thing; how long the correspondence had been going on, and what was to have happened the very next night. The king listened to me without saying a word till I had finished. He then asked how long I had been in the service of the baron; I said eight years. The king then said I must not stay with him any longer, and asked from what country I was. I said, from Bohemia. 'From what part?' 'From Mitrowitz, near Collin.' The king answered; 'I am acquainted with that part.' He then came quite close to me, and said: — 'And so you are a Catholic?' — I answered, 'Yes, your majesty.' — 'And your master a Lutheran?' — 'Yes, your majesty.' — 'Look you, gamekeeper,' said he, 'there are honest men and scoundrels in all religions. In this matter you are not acting from your own impulse. You are not to blame. You are decidedly an instrument for my safety in the hand of a higher power.'"

The king presently ordered captain Rabenau, of Zastrow's dragoons, to take ten men and seize the two traitors, Warkotsch and Schmidt. Unacquainted with

the occasion for this order, Rabenau gave implicit credit to the story of the artful Warkotsch, who represented his arrest as the consequence of some complaint made by Schlaberndorf, the minister, on account of forage which he had neglected to supply; he allowed the baron to go to his bedroom to dress, and thence he contrived to escape by a secret door; so that before his flight was discovered he was with the Austrians in the mountains. The officer returned with a long face, and made his report. "Rabenau," said the king, "you are a stupid fellow!" And this was the only reprimand that he received. Schmidt was taken in the house of a gentleman, on whose guarantee he was suffered to go for a few moments out of sight of the soldiers, and found means to escape also through the sewer from the privies.

The regency of Breslau, after a due investigation of the case, passed the following sentence on the 22d of March, 1762—that the property of both culprits, moveable and immoveable, should be confiscated, excepting that portion of the baron's to which his wife had a claim; that Warkotsch should be quartered alive; that Schmidt should be first beheaded, and then quartered; and that, till their persons were secured, this part of the sentence should be executed upon them in effigy. Frederick, who was averse to capital punishments in general, and for high treason in particular, and was glad that the two criminals had escaped, had no hesitation to confirm this sentence. "That may be done," said he, as he signed it, "for the portraits are probably no better than the originals."

The estates of Warkotsch were sold, and, after the payment of all just claims upon them, the surplus was

applied to the benefit of the schools of Glogau and Breslau. He himself lived afterwards upon a pension assigned to him by the Austrian government, and died at Raab in Hungary. It was never known what became of Schmidt. Wallis, their accomplice, who a year before had been made prisoner of war at Neisse and exchanged, and who had materially contributed to the capture of Schweidnitz, dishonoured himself even in the eyes of his own countrymen by his participation in this plot. The family of the counts Wallis even publicly declared that the colonel (whose real name was Wallisch) was no relation of theirs.

The king was not unmindful of those to whom he owed his preservation. He gave Gerlach a good living near Brieg; and Kappel was appointed inspector of woods at Quaden-Germendorf, near Oranienburg, where he lived very comfortably upwards of thirty years, and received, as his son-in-law, professor Zelter, director of the Singing Academy in Berlin used to relate, many substantial favours from the king. Frederick had purposely "tied him to the manger," where he could help himself; and, in 1781, he gave him 4000 dollars to rebuild his house, which had been burned down. Böhmelt, Kappel's apprentice, had an appointment given to him at Bromberg. The house at Waiselwitz, where the king was to have been surprised, was preserved with great care, till it was accidentally burned in 1834.

The camp near Strehlen was remarkable for a circumstance of a different kind. Here, in the month of October, when Frederick was reduced to the greatest straits, he was visited by an ambassador from the khan of Crim Tartary. Mustapha Aga, who brought assurances of

friendship and an offer to furnish troops for a pecuniary consideration, was very graciously received. Baron Golz went back with him to lead 16,000 Tartars through Poland, along the Carpathian mountains to Kosel, where they were to arrive in the following March. The khan was at the same time to make an incursion into Russia. Golz and the ambassador set out from Breslau on the 3d of December, and arrived on the 27th of January, 1762, at Baktschiserai. The khan professed warm friendship for the king, and begged that he would send him a physician to cure him of an hemorrhoidal complaint. Golz communicated this wish by a courier, and Dr. Frese, who was sent in consequence to the Crimea, soon effected a cure. As the change of sovereign in Russia at the commencement of the following year altered the whole political system, Frederick had no further need of the assistance of the Tartars, which might otherwise have been very serviceable to him; for Kerim Gherai was a high-spirited, energetic, and enlightened prince, and disposed to all that was great and good. France subsequently sought his alliance through the celebrated baron Tott. The khan set out in January, 1769, to the assistance of Poland, but he died by the way at the age of about sixty.

With the Porte Frederick had endeavoured to establish amicable relations very soon after his accession, but to no purpose, notwithstanding the mediation of France and Sweden. After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, similar overtures were made, but with no better success. On the death of Mahmoud I., towards the end of 1754, the king sent a Latin letter of congratulation to his successor, Othman III. The bearer, whose original name was Haude, after being in the employ of M. Hübsch, merchant

of Constantinople, belonged for some time to the Austrian embassy there, then entered into the military service as cornet, and returned in 1754 to his native country, Silesia. He became known to the king, who took him into his retinue, gave him the name and arms of the extinct family of Rexin, and, regarding him as a fit person to be employed in his negociations with the Porte, he sent him, in 1755, with the title of commercial councillor, to Constantinople, to present the above-mentioned letter of congratulation to the sultan. The mufti was favourable, but the reis effendi adverse to the overtures of Prussia. Rexin was therefore dismissed with a reply from the sultan to the king; but an intimation was given in a note to the Swedish ambassador, who had warmly interested himself in Frederick's behalf, that, in order to consolidate the good understanding with the king of Prussia, another happy year must be awaited, if so it pleased Almighty God.

On the death of Othman III., in 1757, Rexin was again sent with congratulations to Mustapha III., who had used Frederick's Anti-Machiavel for his own instruction and that of his son. Raghib, who, when grand visir, had been hostile to Prussia, was now well-disposed towards the negociator, who, with captain Varenne, the king's aide-de-camp, remained at Smyrna, till they were permitted to come with great secrecy to Constantinople. The French and Austrian ambassadors, however, scented them out, and frustrated the purpose of their coming. Thus it was not till March, 1761, that the first treaty of amity was concluded between Prussia and the Porte, upon which Rexin appeared in the character of ambassador extraordinary at Constantinople. He had spared

no pains, and spent 80,000 piastres to accomplish his object; and the Russian and Austrian envoys would gladly have given 100,000 ducats to get the treaty annulled; for the sultan collected a large army near Belgrade; and, had death spared the Russian empress Elisabeth, it is possible enough that Frederick's Turkish and Tartar allies might have made such a diversion as would have given a decidedly favourable turn to his affairs.

Before the conclusion of the year, Frederick was doomed to experience another mortification in the reduction of Colberg by the Russians, who besieged that fortress for three successive years. The first siege was in 1759, after the battle of Zorndorf. The place was garrisoned by only 700 provincial militia, but, with the assistance of the townspeople, the commandant, colonel von der Heyde, made so gallant a defence for 29 days that the enemy raised the siege and evacuated all Pomerania. In August and September, 1760, the Russians laid siege to Colberg a second time, while a combined Russian and Swedish fleet of 30 sail of the line and frigates, besides smaller vessels of war and 40 transports, attacked the place by sea. In the space of four days the enemy threw into the town upwards of 700 bombs, besides red-hot balls. Heyde, however, regardless of the bombardment, which devastated the town, defended it with not less intrepidity than on the former occasion. The citizens beheld their houses burnt to ashes without a murmur; courageously awaiting the arrival of general Werner, who was hastening from Silesia to their relief. With four battalions and nine squadrons he threw himself into the fortress, after a forced march of 230 miles,

on which the enemy fled partly by land, partly on board the ships which stood out to sea, leaving behind 15 pieces of cannon, 7 mortars, provisions of all kinds, and 600 prisoners. "Indeed," said the king, "it was reserved for general Werner to put to flight a fleet with a few squadrons of hussars," and he ordered a medal to be struck in honour of the defender and the deliverer of Colberg. In August, 1761, the Russians invested the fortress, for the third time, both by sea and land. Romanzof, who commanded the enemy, remained inactive on the Göllenberg, eastward of Köslin, till the combined Russian and Swedish fleet appeared off the fortress. He then reduced the prince of Wirtemberg, who, with 6000 Prussians, occupied an entrenched camp under the guns of the fortress, to such straits that the king was obliged to send generals Schenkendorf and Anhalt to his succour; but too late to save the place. The rations of the garrison and the armed burghers were diminished, but they resolved to hold out to the last extremity. Winter came on, and the cold was intense. The Russians nevertheless persevered. Heyde defended the place with his wonted intrepidity. He ordered water to be poured down the walls, which the frost rendered as slippery as glass, and repulsed all the assaults of the besiegers. At length, when every morsel of bread was consumed, and the fortress had been summoned for the tenth time, the gallant Prussian commandant capitulated on the 16th of December, after a siege of four months. The 300 men composing the garrison were paraded in triumph, as a curiosity, through Petersburg; and the Russians now ventured to winter for the first time in Pomerania and the New Mark.

Paul Werner, born in 1707 at Raab in Hungary, was in the Austrian service from 1723 to 1750, and had made twenty-six campaigns (eight against Spain, eight against France, six against the Turks, and four against the Prussians) without attaining a higher rank than that of captain. He entered therefore into the Prussian service as sub-lieutenant, and, on the breaking out of the seven years' war, his regiment belonged to the corps under the command of marshal Schwerin, in which he so distinguished himself that in 1758 he was promoted to be major-general, and obtained the order of Merit. Entrusted, as we have seen, with the command of a separate corps, destined for the relief of Colberg, after he had accomplished that object, he drove the Swedes out of New Hither Pomerania, and was in 1761 promoted to be lieutenant-general out of his turn. On the reduction of Colberg by the Russians, he was made prisoner and carried to Königsberg, where he remained till the death of the empress Elisabeth. Peter III. endeavoured to gain him for the Russian service, but he declined his offers, assumed the command of a Prussian corps in 1763, penetrated into Moravia, and won, before the face of the king, the brilliant victory of Reichenbach. After the peace, he retired to his estate at Pitschen, where he died in 1785.

The brave governor of Colberg, von der Heyde, was a native of Lower Lusatia, but entered into the Prussian service, and while major was appointed commandant of the castle of Friedrichsburg, near Königsberg, and was afterwards sent in the same quality to the fortress which he so gallantly defended, and where he died in 1765, at the age of 62.

Against the Swedes, under general Ehrensward, the war was this year carried on by colonel Belling, at the head of 1500 hussars and four infantry battalions, with such success that before the enemy had time to attempt any thing they were obliged to seek refuge under the guns of Stralsund. Hence the king says of that officer, that a description of the deeds of this man appears very like a narrative of the adventures of Amadis.

If we consider the situation of Frederick at this period, when Dresden, Schweidnitz, Colberg, were in the hands of his enemies, and when the ground upon which he could move with freedom became more and more contracted, we feel justly apprehensive that it will not be possible for him to escape destruction. A fresh stroke nevertheless awaits him — the change of the English ministry on the 5th of October, 1761. "The welfare of England," as some of the lords alleged in their protest, "was committed to persons whose abilities there was reason to doubt." This shaft was aimed chiefly at the earl of Bute, who, in 1746, gained the intimate confidence of the prince of Wales, and, at his death, in 1751, was appointed by his widow, a princess of Saxe-Gotha, preceptor of her son, afterwards George III. On his accession to the throne, Bute acquired very great influence. The young king, in his first speech to parliament, solemnly promised indeed to fulfil the treaty with the king of Prussia, and the Commons in their address declared that they could not sufficiently admire the unconquerable firmness of Frederick, and the inexhaustible resources of his genius, and that they most cheerfully granted the subsidies for his support. Bute nevertheless prevailed upon his master not to renew the subsidiary

treaty between England and Prussia; and the narrow-minded party of the favoured minister urged the expediency of a separate peace, regardless of obligations contracted in the face of the whole world.

At the conclusion of 1761, Frederick's prospects were indeed most gloomy. Deeply depressed by the ruin of his country, he spoke very little and took his meals alone. The reader need only turn to the poems which he wrote at this period, especially the Epistle to d'Argens, of the 8th of November; the Epistle on the Wickedness of Men, of the 11th; the Stoic, of the 15th; the Emperor Otho to his Friends, after the loss of the battle of Bedriacum, of the 1st of December; Cato of Utica to his Son and his Friends, before he commits Suicide, of the 8th of December; and lastly, The Violin, a tale, of the 26th. It makes one shudder to find the king's Muse singing such subjects only as have a tendency to confirm his desponding heart in the idea that it is impossible for him to escape the fate which Vitellius brought upon Otho, and Cæsar's victory at Thapsus upon Cato. Frederick, however, persevered and—triumphed. But the poison which he carried about him at this time was found, still unpacked, after his death. It consisted of five or six pills, in a narrow glass tube.

While his great qualities awakened profound admiration and enthusiasm in the countries of his enemies, it is no wonder that the sympathies of his own subjects should have been still more strongly excited. In his armies we meet with Amazons. "I am the more certain," he writes to Voltaire, "to surmount all my difficulties, since there is in my camp a virgin heroine who is even braver than Joan of Arc. This divine damsel was born in the heart

of Westphalia, in the country of Hildesheim." Her name was Anne Sophie Detloff. She was born at Treptow, on the Rega; first served six months in the garrison of Colberg, then two years as cuirassier in prince Henry's regiment, fought at Kay and Kunersdorf, and received several wounds as grenadier, at Strehla in Saxony, on the 20th of August, 1760, and at Torgau. As a soldier, this valiant female went by the name of Charles Henry Buschmann. After serving four years she obtained her dismission, and married in 1761 a comrade of Röbel's regiment of foot, to which she had last belonged for three months.

A shepherd of the country of Halberstadt, seventy years old, prided himself on having six sons in the king's service. When, in the last years of the war, the seventh, the last prop of his age, was demanded, he said to the officer: "Tell me frankly, captain, if the king is in very great distress. If he is, take my son and me too: but if he is not, pray leave me my son."

A youth, of very promising talents for painting, on reading in Plutarch that Themistocles, who was of low birth, could not sleep all night when he heard of the victory of Miltiades, was so excited that he could not close his eyes, and for a week was profoundly thoughtful and reserved. At length his tutor found a letter which his pupil had addressed to him. "I feel," said he, "that, like Themistocles, I can form the resolution to die for my country. I am going to be a soldier."

At Brünen, near Wesel, a monument erected in 1791 by general Schlieffen records the patriotic spirit of the people of that place, who, when some of their sons had, during this war, deserted their colours and returned

home, rose, men and women, and drove the runaways out of the village. Very similar was the conduct of the people of the county of Ravensberg. When that, with the other Prussian territories in Westphalia, was declared a conquered country, and the French arms were set up instead of the Prussian, about fifty of the natives serving in the king's armies, considering themselves released from their obligations, deserted their regiments and went back to their families. These, however, refused to harbour them; the inhabitants of the country forswore all intercourse with them, and the church denied them confession and the sacraments. They were thus compelled to return to their colours; and the very enemy could not help admiring the noble spirit of the people.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

State of the Prussian Army at the close of 1761 — Change produced in the King's disposition by external circumstances — Death of the Empress Elisabeth of Russia, and Accession of Peter III. — Favourable change in Frederick's affairs — Peace between Russia and Prussia — Treacherous Policy of Lord Bute — The Emperor Peter; his enthusiastic admiration of the King — The Empress Catherine — Peace between Prussia and Sweden — Tardiness of the Austrians to recommence hostilities — Literary Occupations of the King — He is joined by Czernitschef with a Russian Corps — Dethronement of Peter III. — Czernitschef receives orders to leave the King, and return to Poland — Battle of Burkersdorf — Friendly disposition of the Empress Catherine — The King besieges and recovers Schweidnitz — Operations in Saxony and in western Germany — England concludes a separate Peace with France — Duke Ferdinand resigns the command of the allied Army — Expedition of General Kleist — Preparations for a new Campaign — Peace between Prussia and Austria — Return of the King to Berlin — Losses of the belligerent Powers.

Never were Frederick's resources so completely exhausted, never were his prospects so discouraging, during the whole of this eventful struggle for life or death, as at the close of 1761. He acknowledges himself that, at the conclusion of the campaign, the army which he commanded in person amounted to only 30,000 men, and that of prince Henry to no more; while the force opposed to the Russians in Pomerania was annihilated. Most of his provinces were laid waste, and occupied by the enemy. England refused further subsidies, and the king knew not where to procure men and horses to complete his regiments, where to find provisions, or how to effect the safe conveyance of supplies to the army. Not only from the diminution of its numerical force, but also from the nature of its composition, was the Prussian army at this time in a truly deplorable state. In the many hard-

fought battles in which it had been engaged, the veteran troops had been almost entirely swept away, and their places were supplied by deserters, vagabonds, and the scum of all nations. Orders were even issued that the sons of country gentlemen, who were at all qualified for officers, should be levied along with the recruits. Of course, the spirit which pervaded these troops and their intrinsic value had sunk proportionably; and the strictest discipline was required to keep them in any kind of order. No wonder that many instances of great demoralization should have occurred, especially among the rabble composing the partisan corps, which were augmented in preference, by way of counterpoise to the light troops of the Austrians. The mistrust of the bravery and fidelity of such troops in general was fully justified, as mutiny and desertion *en masse* were not rare occurrences, according to the History of the Seven Years' War, published by the officers of the staff. "Thus," we are told in that work, "during an engagement, the battalion of Labadie, after murdering several of their officers, went over with their arms to the enemy; an officer and upwards of 90 men of Wunsch's battalion quitted the ranks, likewise, during a battle; and it was thought necessary to shoot several subalterns and soldiers belonging to another battalion, in order to suppress the spirit of mutiny—to say nothing of minor occurrences. Of military discipline and regularity they had but very lax notions; and, as a trait of their rude licentiousness, it may be mentioned that a partisan battalion of no more than some 200 took along with it no fewer than 50 waggons, containing sutlers, women, and drunken men."

The difficulty of raising the resources requisite for the

continuation of the struggle, as well as the debased character of the soldiery with which it was to be carried on, produced in Frederick such a despondency, that the state of his mind at this time, as expressed in his letters, excites the deepest sympathy. But, in spite of his doubts of ultimate success, we find him still breathing noble defiance, and a determination to resist to the utmost, and displaying an activity indefatigably exerted alike for the general interest of the state, and in the minutest details for the equipment of a company or the drilling of a recruit.

To many of his faithful followers, however, the cause of their country appeared so desperate, that they gave it up for lost. "It is not possible," writes Möllendorf, on the 12th of December, 1761, at Breslau, "that the war can last another year. Our resources are at an end, and I fear the worst—not on account of the numbers of our enemies — no, my friend, but on account of the wretched composition of our army. Had our foes only mercenaries in their service, such phenomena would not surprise me; but, under prevailing circumstances, I cannot help being astonished, and it seems to me that many act like blind people either from interest or stupidity. One is a rogue as well as another. O my friend, how dreadful it is to be compelled to plunge into a calamity that one foresees, and that might have been prevented had one not been counteracted! It is horrible, most horrible! Honour, justice, disinterestedness — these sublime virtues of our forefathers are no longer known among us. The term 'public weal' is an empty sound: among us private interest alone is studied. People have ceased to blush at dishonour, they reconcile

themselves to it by giving it another name. Formerly the least of such acts would have merited the gallows: now the perpetrator of such infamies holds his head erect, and defies the public gaze."

I shall quote another passage from the correspondence of the same officer: "Private interests and their collisions are plunging us into ruin; still I am less afraid of the superiority of our enemies than of our own internal disorganization. The soldier cannot live; he is in want of the first necessaries; he begins to steal; he degrades himself into a thief without honour or conscience, and this want of honour stamps him a coward. This naturally relaxes the bands of discipline, the true and almost the only tie that binds armies together. The officer is in the same predicament, and has almost sunk to so low a point as to forget honour and character. He plunders the country, and ends with cheating the king: even the honourable man cannot prevent this system, because he is aware that it is impossible to subsist by any other means. The captain is obliged to pay for the clothing of the soldier twice as much as the king allows him for it. Whence is he to get the difference? Of course, by illicit means, to which it is not possible to set any bounds. This, unfortunately, is a daily increasing evil, and there appears to be no way of stopping it. Such is, in a few words, the crater on which we stand!"

A melancholy picture this of a melancholy time!—but it seems more than probable, from the close intimacy subsisting between the patriotic writer and the noble-minded general Saldern, that the colours are overcharged. The latter had, in spite of his brilliant services at the battle of Torgau, fallen into disgrace with the king, and,

mentally depressed by the state of things, was sickening in what might almost be called inactivity, so that his friends, and among them Möllendorf, were apprehensive that he would be obliged to leave the army entirely. The hearts of such men were wrung by the disgrace which the corps of officers and the army in general began to bring upon themselves, and they regarded this mode of acting as a sign of a general dissolution which nothing could prevent.

Amidst all his embarrassments, the king betrayed no signs of despondency to his troops; nay, he did not disclose all his griefs even to his friends. Hence he writes to d'Argens: "You are not sufficiently acquainted with circumstances to form a correct idea of the dangers which threaten the State. I am aware of and must conceal them: I keep all that is alarming to myself, and communicate to the public only hopes and the little good news that I am able to give it."

Care and anxiety, nevertheless, preyed upon the spirits of the hero; and he who could once control his feelings to such a degree, that not the slightest indication of the storms of passion was perceptible in his countenance, withdrew from the sight of his most devoted friends into solitude, now that the symptoms of premature age manifested themselves more decidedly, renounced all those pleasures and pursuits in which his mind had once delighted, nay, even despaired of every thing, and was ready, like Cato, to put an end to the tragedy. What wonder that, after such bitter experience, we should discover in Frederick a totally altered character!—no faith, no love, no hope! Reason, law, duty, now became the prime movers of his actions; and, in sacrificing himself and his

feelings to these, he performed most worthily the task of a monarch, and actually ascended to that height to which the love and enthusiasm of the admiring multitude had long since raised him.

From the period when he was deserted by his English ally dates his antipathy to this country and its institutions; and, in spite of the occasional influences of the political magnet, no sympathetic power ever drew the needle again towards this island; while, for a long time, it pointed invariably to that quarter whence relief came so unexpectedly in the moment of his deepest distress. To this cause is to be traced the rude shock given some years afterwards to the European balance of power; for Poland would not have been partitioned, had not Bute loosed Frederick's hand, and attempted to trample him in the dust into the bargain.

The opening of 1762, clouded by the most gloomy prospects, nevertheless brought with it an event which totally changed the aspect of Frederick's affairs, and furnishes a most striking lesson that, in all the concerns of life, nothing but fortitude and perseverance can enable men to surmount difficulties and dangers. On the 5th of January, death removed the king's mortal enemy, the empress Elisabeth, from the throne of Russia. Her successor, Peter III., son of her elder sister Anne, was born duke of Schleswig Holstein in 1728; and, while grand-duke, such was his respect for the king of Prussia, that he would never attend the council of state when any measures against him were to be discussed.

Frederick lost no time in despatching his aide-de-camp, baron Goltz, from Breslau to Petersburg, to congratulate the new sovereign of Russia on his accession; to

assure him of his entire regard and friendship, and to intimate that all the Russian prisoners of war should be released. Accordingly, the king immediately sent for brigadier Lewel, who had been taken in the course of the preceding year by Zieten near Glogau, returned him his sword, and set at liberty all the other prisoners, giving them permission to repair to the Russian army at Posen. Lewel, with several Prussian officers, dined the same day with the king, who also addressed to colonel count Haerd, then a prisoner of war in Petersburg, letters which were to be shown to the emperor, and were calculated to awaken sentiments favourable to Frederick.

Peter felt highly flattered by these attentions, and collected the Prussian prisoners, most of whom were languishing in Siberia, for the purpose of sending them back to their own country. Meanwhile, he despatched an aide-de-camp to Breslau, to compliment the king; and an armistice between Prussia and Russia was concluded at Stargard by duke Augustus William of Bevern and prince Michael Wolkonsky, as a preliminary to peace. That, however, lord Bute would fain have prevented. He strove not only to dissuade the czar from any treaty with Prussia, but even proposed that he should select any part of the Prussian dominions he pleased, provided that he would allow his troops to continue to act in conjunction with the Austrians. Peter was so indignant at this proposal that he immediately communicated the despatch of his ambassador to the king. Sir Andrew Mitchell hereupon wrote from Breslau on the 3rd of May, 1762, to lord Bute himself, that he had learned with concern that the king was accurately

informed respecting an interview which the prime minister (Bute) had had, after the death of the empress, with prince Galitzin on this subject, and that the substance of their conversation had been communicated to him (Mitchell) by count Finkenstein, in the name of the king, "who," he adds, "on first receiving the intelligence, was almost furious, and to this moment cannot talk with temper on the subject."

There is no doubt that the British nation in general, though as hearty as ever in the cause of the king of Prussia, was becoming weary of the war. Bute's object was to put an end to it; and, in his ignorance of all the bearings of foreign politics, he conceived that the most effectual method of accomplishing it would be not only to withhold the usual supplies from England, but to stimulate Frederick's enemies to renewed efforts for crushing the ally of his own sovereign. This odious treachery was thwarted by the straightforward conduct of the czar, and on the 5th of May peace was signed at Petersburg, though Elisabeth on her deathbed had extorted from the senate a promise not to treat with Prussia, unless in concert with her allies.

To prove to the world that his actions were not governed by interest, and that the present pacification originated in the pure love of peace, Peter promised within two months to restore to the king all the conquests made by his troops during the war. The province of Prussia was accordingly released on the 8th of July from its oath of allegiance to Russia, and evacuated; nay, the two powers must have been from the first united by a closer bond than was publicly acknowledged; for count Czernitschef returned at the head of 15,000 men from

Poland to Silesia, and arrived at Lissa on the 30th of June.

Frederick reviewed these auxiliaries on the day of their arrival, and, to enable them to distinguish the more readily the Prussian cavalry from the Austrian, he ordered the former to wear plumes of feathers, which have ever since been retained. To this review and to these troops the king adverted in conversation with the marquis de Bouillé, during his visit to Prussia in 1784. He praised the Russians, their hardiness, their temperance, and their firmness. "When I reviewed the Cossacks," said he, "as they rode past me, they clapped their hands to their long beards. I took this at first for a sort of salutation after their fashion, and returned it? but no such thing. Peter III. had issued orders that they should be obliged to take off their beards, and their gesture was merely intended to draw my attention to that ornament, and to express their petition that they might be allowed to retain it. I granted it most cheerfully, and they loaded me with good wishes and benedictions."

The Russian soldiers were indeed fond of the king, and even when opposed to him in the field they talked with admiration of Feodor Feodorwitz, as they called Frederick. "God grant him health!" said they. "He is a great soldier. What should not we do, if he commanded us!" Thus their sentiments coincided with those of their sovereign.

Peter never spoke of the king but in terms of the highest respect. He carried a portrait of him in the ring on his finger, and laid aside the order of St. Andrew to wear that of the Black Eagle. He was ac-

quainted with the minutest particulars of the king's campaigns, with all the Prussian military regulations, and with the uniform and strength of all Frederick's regiments. His enthusiasm went so far that he publicly declared that he would put all his troops on the same footing, and so he really did soon afterwards. All the old uniforms were changed, and the emperor was the first to throw off his own. At his request, the king gave him the infantry regiment of Itzenblitz, at the head of which the duke of Bevern fought gloriously at Lowositz, which prince Henry had led on foot into the fire at Prague, and which had displayed great gallantry throughout the whole war. This regiment, when first raised by colonel the marquis de Varennes in 1687, was composed entirely of French refugees: it had ever since been in garrison in Berlin, had its recruiting canton in the Middle and Uker Mark, and henceforward was called "the Emperor's regiment."

Frederick, who, in return, was appointed colonel of the 2d Moskowsky regiment of infantry, was thoroughly sensible of the value of Peter's attachment. "The emperor of Russia," he wrote to d'Argens, "is a divine man, to whom I must erect altars." Neither was he behindhand in demonstrations of the sincerest friendship, and he proved that he took a deep interest in the welfare of his new ally. He warned him to be upon his guard, because the people were adverse to the armaments against Denmark, because the clergy were alarmed for their property, the nobles for their consequence, and the Russian household troops complained of too great severity and of the preference given to natives of Holstein. The king, in his solicitude for the czar, went

still further: he spoke in behalf of his imperial consort, who felt herself aggrieved in various ways.

Sophia Augusta Frederica, afterwards the famous Catherine II., was born in 1729 at Stettin, where her father, prince Christian Augustus of Anhalt-Zerbst-Dornburg, resided as a general in the Prussian service, and governor. On the death of his cousin in 1742, he succeeded him in the principality. Frederick had double reason to espouse the cause of this princess, as it was through his recommendation that she had been united to Peter while grand-duke; but in this instance his conciliatory efforts proved unavailing. On the one hand, the emperor had no consideration for the feelings of his consort, and on the other she did not possess sufficient command over herself to conceal her discontent and mortification. The breach between the imperial pair seems to have become irreparable on the emperor's birthday, the 21st of February, 1762, which was celebrated with great splendour at Sarskoje-Selo, and on which the empress was obliged to confer the order of St. Catherine on countess Elisabeth Woronzow, who had the title of lady of honour, and was Peter's mistress. From that moment the empress, whose favour even then Soltikof, count Poniatowski, and Gregory Orlof, are said to have successively enjoyed, shut herself up in her apartments during the remainder of the festivities, which lasted eight days.

As soon as the peace of Petersburg was concluded, Sweden too desired repose. The queen, Frederick's sister, introduced the negociations: an armistice for three months was agreed upon, and peace was signed at Hamburg on the 22d of May. The treaty of Stockholm

in 1720 was renewed; the state of things before the war was re-established, and no indemnities were demanded on either side.

Frederick joyfully availed himself of the benefits which Providence dispensed. "This is the first gleam of sunshine that bursts upon us," he writes on the 31st of January to count Finkenstein—"God be praised! It is to be hoped that fair days will succeed the storms.—God grant it!"—When the countess Camas expressed her joy at the two treaties of peace, he answered her from his camp at Betlern near Breslau, on the 8th and 27th of June—"I am convinced that you take the warmest interest in the fortunate events which have lately happened. According to all appearance, you may soon be again quiet inhabitants of Berlin. Every thing has an end, and so it is to be hoped this odious war will have too. Since death tucked up a certain northern strumpet, our situation has been far more tolerable than before. It is to be hoped that other circumstances of the like fortunate kind may occur, of which we may profit to obtain a good peace. You talk of Berlin, but I do not wish you to sit there like the birds on the boughs, but that you may live in becoming ease; and I anxiously await the moment when I can see this security rest on a solid foundation, that I may be able to let you know that you may return."

Maria Theresa contributed to lighten Frederick's cares. In reliance upon Russia, she discharged 20,000 of her troops in December, 1761. During this winter, her army was moreover attacked by an epidemic disease, and, what those brave soldiers regarded as a great misfortune, Loudon, finding himself exposed to various

mortifications, relinquished his command as soon as Daun had recovered.

Excellent generals, Manteuffel, Werner, Knobloch, and great numbers of Prussian soldiers, began to return from captivity; and the province of Prussia, which had not sent a man to Frederick's colours since 1758, was now able to furnish a considerable number of recruits.

The consequences of the change in Frederick's prospects in the early part of 1762 were manifested in the tardiness of his enemies to resume military operations. He continued to reside at Breslau, and took advantage of this long period of repose for various purposes, and among the rest for conversing with German literati. The works with which he was chiefly occupied were De Thou's admirable History, Fleury's Ecclesiastical History, and Lucretius. He seems to have been of opinion that Lucretius had in his third canto exhausted every thing that could be said concerning the soul; and in a letter to d'Alembert, many years afterwards, he observes — "When I am depressed, I read the third book of Lucretius, and that eases me: it is only a palliative, but against diseases of the soul we have no other remedies." The new literary works which his friends transmitted to him till the spring he reserved for the next winter, as he did not pretend to read during the campaign.

He sent this year, as he had done in the preceding, for the prince of Prussia. The court was still residing at Magdeburg, whither Sack, the court-chaplain, had followed it by special command, to continue the religious instruction of the heir to the throne and his brothers and sisters. In January, 1762, that worthy divine

confirmed the prince in the queen's cabinet. Frederick wished now to initiate his nephew into the military profession, and therefore kept the prince about him from this time till the conclusion of peace.

The king proposed to himself two grand objects in the ensuing campaign — the recovery of Dresden and that of Schweidnitz. Prince Henry continued to act the same part in Saxony which he had throughout the whole of the preceding year performed with such extraordinary success against the great Austrian army under Daun and the army of the Empire. In Silesia, Frederick himself prepared to increase his military renown. His force amounted to 66,000 men. Daun, who arrived on the 12th of May at his strong position near Kunzendorf, had 80,000, including 10,000 in garrison at Schweidnitz; and 8000 Austrians guarded the passes of Silberberg and Wartha. Both parties were still in cantonments, when, on the 20th of May, count Schwerin reached Breslau with the treaty of peace and alliance between Prussia and Russia. The peace was solemnly proclaimed. Hostilities were deferred till Czernitschef, who had parted from Loudon and retired to Poland, should have joined the king.

Schweidnitz had been most amply supplied by the Imperialists. It could not be besieged with any prospect of success while Daun continued in communication with the fortress and watched every motion of the Prussians. The Austrian cunctator stood like a wall on the entrenched heights of Burkersdorf, Ludwigsdorf, and Leutmannsdorf. Even diversions towards the mountains of Silesia and towards Bohemia, which were designed to alarm the enemy on account of his magazines, proved

unavailing. Frederick was therefore obliged to come to the determination to attack Daun upon his hills: but, before he could carry it into execution, news arrived that Peter III. had been dethroned by the empress on the 9th of July, at the moment when he was about to lead his army against the Danes; for which purpose the king had engaged by treaty to furnish an auxiliary corps of 6000 men.

These tidings were a thunderbolt to Frederick, when brought to him on the 19th of July by Czernitschef, who added, that the senate had ordered him to cause the army to swear allegiance to the new sovereign, and to return to Poland. At the same time, intelligence was received from Prussia and Pomerania that the Russian troops there were preparing to renew hostilities, and that the public coffers in the former province had been seized by the Russian commissaries. Frederick, however, judged that any hostile demonstrations of Catherine's were intended only to afford a security that he should not compel Czernitschef to declare himself in favour of the captive emperor. The king made no opposition whatever to the return of the Russians, but he requested their commander, as an especial favour, to defer his departure for three days. Czernitschef, overcome by the charm of Frederick's eloquence, complied with a good grace.

These three days were precious. Frederick availed himself of them, in his singular situation, for a daring enterprise. He resolved to attack the Austrians; the Russians were drawn up merely for parade to daunt the enemy, ignorant of the occurrences at Petersburg, while an attack on the hills of Burkersdorf and Leutmannsdorf

was made by general Neuwied, to whom the king had sent his aide-de-camp major William Anhalt, "to execute implicitly the highest orders." When the king was informed, and indeed could himself see, that general Möllendorf had stormed the entrenchments at Burkersdorf, and that his troops had penetrated to the enemy's positions on the hills near Leutmannsdorf, he sent for Anhalt, promoted him to lieutenant-colonel, and sent him eight orders of Merit, to be distributed as he thought proper. The Russian generals had during these attacks remained with their troops in their former position on the top of the hills, and had witnessed this heroic and admirably executed enterprise. When the victory was completely won, he sent to request Czernitschef to come down to him in the valley of Burkersdorf, which the general immediately did, and was received by the king with a cordial embrace. This action was fought on the 21st of July. Daun retreated to Tannhausen in the mountains, leaving behind a great number of prisoners and 17 pieces of cannon. On the 22d, Czernitschef reluctantly quitted his ally, whom he equally loved and admired, and who, at his departure, sent him a gold sword richly set with brilliants, worth 27,000 dollars, by the hands of count Schwerin, who was expressly charged to beg him "to accept it as a keepsake, which might serve to remind him of his ever-grateful royal friend." The Russian general presented the king with two Cossack horses and two dromedaries.

The dethroned emperor Peter III. had been conveyed to a small country-seat belonging to the Hetman Rasumowsky, and there murdered by Teplof, Alexis Orlof, brother of Gregory, Catherine's favourite, and prince

Baratinsky. The news of this event filled Frederick with the deepest sorrow. To a letter on business to prince George of Holstein-Gottorp, he added, with his own hand, "What doings there have been in Petersburg! I say nothing, but I mourn before all the world for the honest and dear emperor." To le Cat he wrote—"My dear Peter dethroned and dead! Is there any fate that is like mine!"—"This prince," he wrote to d'Argens, "had all the qualities of the heart that can be wished for, but not quite so much prudence; and a great deal of this is required to govern that nation. To-day I am told that he died of the colic." In a letter to one of his ministers on this occasion, he thus expresses himself—"The poor emperor of Russia, you see, is dethroned by his wife: no more than was expected. The empress has great abilities, no religion, and the inclinations of the late one, but cloaked at the same time by devotion. It is the second volume of the history of Zeno the Greek emperor and his wife Ariadne, and of Catherine de Medicis. The former chancellor Bestuchef was the great favourite of this princess; and, as he was wholly attached to guineas, I flatter myself that the present engagements will subsist. The poor emperor thought to imitate Peter I., but he had not genius for it. It is said that he was murdered."

So strong was the feeling of gratitude entertained by Frederick for the emperor, that, in 1779, when count Görtz was going as ambassador to Petersburg, the king said to him with tearful eyes—"I shall ever lament Peter the third; he was my only friend, my deliverer—but for him I must have been crushed."

In Russia, a notion had been too hastily conceived

that the unfortunate emperor had been instigated by Frederick to all his innovations. The empress Catherine was the more astonished to find among Peter's papers letters from the king, not only proving the very reverse, but also the warm interest which he had invariably manifested for herself. All hostile proceedings were, of course, stopped; and, on the 6th of August, marshal Lehwald arrived at Königsberg, preceded by a great number of postillions blowing horns, to take formal possession of the kingdom as Prussian governor. The new empress, indeed, had never been at heart inimically disposed towards her native country; nay, when the magistrates of her birthplace, Stettin, congratulated her on her accession to the throne, she received their letter most graciously, and sent them, in April, 1763, through the high chancellor Woronzow, the gold and silver coronation medal, together with a present of one thousand ducats for the shooting association, and a promise that the magistrates should in future be furnished with a specimen of all the commemorative medals struck in the Russian empire.

Meanwhile, the king had made all possible preparations for the siege of Schweidnitz. The place had been most abundantly provisioned and supplied. The garrison, composed of 11,000 men, was commanded by count Guasco, while the defence of the fortress was conducted by general Gribauval. The king entrusted the chief command of the besieging army to general Tauentzien, under whom major Lefebvre, a friend and countryman of Gribauval's, acted as engineer. These two officers, though pursuing different systems, had both proved themselves to be masters in their line, as well by their writings as by their

actions; so that the siege promised to furnish a most instructive school for the assault and defence of fortifications.

On the 4th of August, Tauentzien invested the town; the trenches were opened on the 7th. Two armies covered the important enterprise; the one, under the king, in the camp of Peterswalde; the other, under the duke of Bevern, on the heights of Mittelpeile, towards Gnadenfrey. Daun purposed to fall upon Bevern with a greatly superior force, to surround and take him, and thereby to raise the siege of Schweidnitz. But the duke was on his guard: he took the most judicious precautions; and, though assailed on all sides by four hostile corps at once, on the 16th of August, at Riechenbach, he defended himself with extraordinary skill and intrepidity. The king lost not a moment in sending succour, and hastened in person with Werner's hussars to the duke's assistance, while Zieten assumed the command at Peterswalde; and Daun, finding himself foiled, retired by Wartha and Glatz to Scharfeneck, where he remained, "without exhibiting any sign of life," says the king, till the conclusion of the campaign.

Schweidnitz had now nothing to hope for. Guasco opened negociations; but, as free egress for the numerous garrison was out of the question, the siege was vigorously prosecuted. Le Febvre had made but little impression, when, on the 20th of September, after the siege had lasted forty-five days, Frederick hastened to the assistance of his desponding engineer. At length, a howitzer grenade set fire to a powder-magazine in the fortress, and a whole bastion of fort Jauernick was blown up, together with two Austrian grenadier companies. The Prussians now

threatened to storm the place; and, on the 9th of October, Guasco determined to capitulate. He accordingly sent an officer, who produced a great number of articles, detailing at great length the terms on which he proposed to surrender. The king cut the matter very short. Turning to Dieskau, commander of the artillery, who happened to be with him, he said, "Hark ye, my dear Dieskau, you can settle every thing with this gentleman, but no discussion. They are all prisoners of war — that is the only condition to be made. In this case you must follow the precept of the Bible: 'Let your communication be Yea, yea, Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.'" The garrison, of course, became prisoners of war.

The populace of Vienna did not fail to express their opinion of the conduct of the Austrian general on the loss of this important fortress. The state carriage of his lady was several times assailed with a volley of nightcaps. Among the caricatures of which Daun was the subject there was one representing the siege of Schweidnitz. General Guasco was standing on the ramparts calling for help. At a great distance was seen Daun's army drawn up in parade as spectators of the siege. The marshal was seated before the front in an arm-chair, with a large nightcap on his head, holding up with both hands the consecrated sword given him by the pope, as if imparting his blessing to the troops. The sword was in the sheath, upon which were the words: "Thou shalt not kill." On the left stood Loudon, with downcast eyes, and his hands tied behind him; on the right Lascy, with a roll of parchment in his hand, inscribed: "Plan of the campaign of 1763."

Silesia being now entirely cleared of the enemy, the king

returned to his own head-quarters at Peterswalde, and thence proceeded in a few days for Saxony. The prince of Prussia was left behind at Schweidnitz till the Austrian prisoners had marched past him and laid down their arms.

While the king was recovering Schweidnitz, the fortress of Cüstrin was in imminent danger from the captive Croats, who expected Austrian succours from Cottbus, and would certainly have made themselves masters of the place but for the gallantry of lieutenant Thiele, of the provincial battalion, and the presence of mind of the chaplain to the garrison.

In Saxony, general Serbelloni was commander-in-chief of the Imperialists. His object was to form a junction with the troops of the Empire, and to beat prince Henry. The latter, however, detached Seydlitz and other generals to make diversions in Bohemia, which they did with such success, that the empress became dissatisfied with her general, who had suffered a defeat on the 12th of May, near Döbeln. He was superseded by Haddik, who, thinking to display more energy, and to gain himself a reputation, effected a junction with the troops of the Empire. On the 30th, Henry took up a camp near Freiberg. The enemy, being superior in force, began to carry his designs into execution. General Belling was driven from his position, and the Prussian army was placed in no little jeopardy. Frederick, well aware of the wholly disproportionate strength of his brother to that of the two united armies, sent general Wied to his succour. Daun observing this, despatched assistance to Haddik; but both reinforcements arrived too late. Henry had already quitted his camp, and, on the 29th of October, attacked the troops of the Empire and the

Austrians, under count Solms, in their entrenchments near Freiberg, and beaten them. Seydlitz had there another opportunity of distinguishing himself with the cavalry. General Kleist pursued the enemy to the gates of Prague. The king received intelligence of this victory while on his march from Silesia to Saxony, where he put his army into winter-quarters.

The Austrians, too, were desirous of repose. Out of all their conquests, they retained only the county of Glatz and a small district round Dresden, where general Neuwied had an action with them on the 7th of November, near Spechtshausen: this was the last fought during the seven years' war. A truce was concluded between Prussia and Austria, on the 24th of November, at Wilsdruf, but only for the electorate of Saxony and Silesia. The king placed his army in quarters, so as to form a chain from Thuringia through Saxony and Lusatia to Silesia, and, after staying himself for some time at Meissen, he went to Leipzig for the winter.

In western Germany, the French had formed great plans for the opening of this campaign. Broglio was no longer at the head of their armies. Soubise and d'Estrées commanded on the Upper, and the prince of Condé on the Lower, Rhine. Though Lord Bute failed to send the promised reinforcements, the allies were generally successful. In the action at Wilhelmsthal, on the 24th of June, duke Ferdinand triumphed over Soubise and d'Estrées, and, on the 23d of July, in that at Lutterberg, over prince Xavier. Thus the war was carried on during the summer with variable fortune, and new enterprises were planned after the duke de Nivernois had gone in September to London and the duke of Bedford to Paris

to treat for peace. Prince Frederick of Brunswick, brother of the hereditary prince, commenced the siege of Cassel. The trenches were opened on the 16th of October, and, on the 1st of November, general Diesbach was obliged to capitulate. Two days afterwards, the preliminaries of peace were signed at Fontainebleau, and, by the 13th article, neither party was to afford further aid to its former allies. This intelligence was communicated by the French commanders to duke Ferdinand, who was in camp at Kirchhain: they acquainted him also that, according to their instructions, the French were to keep possession of Cassel and Ziegenhain; but, to the article respecting Cassel, d'Estrées had annexed this remark: "The fortune of arms decides this article;" and, as no news had yet arrived from London, the siege of Ziegenhain was continued. A meeting of the generals and principal officers on both sides was appointed for the 8th of November, at the head-quarters of the French, who desired a suspension of hostilities. Ferdinand readily assented, but required the surrender of Ziegenhain. Before this point could be settled, he received intelligence from London of the signature of the preliminaries, which put an end to hostilities on the following day.

On the 23d, the duke congratulated his Britannic majesty on the peace, and solicited permission to resign the chief command. Having received, on the 3d of December, a reply signifying the king's assent to his wish, he took leave of the allied army on the 23d, and resigned to general Spörcken a command in which he had won the attachment of the leaders of the different troops composing his army, by doing justice to the merits of each, and disinterestedly studying the general welfare. After

gaining a battle, it was no uncommon thing with him to reward the officers out of his private resources. Like Frederick, he bound all by the ties of honour, and like him, too, he contrived to secure the esteem of his prisoners. When, a few days after the action at Wilhelmsthal, he invited to dinner the French officers taken on that occasion, who had lost the whole of their baggage, he opened a box, brought by way of dessert, and invited each of his guests to help himself. To their astonishment, they found that it contained a great quantity of gold watches, snuff-boxes, rings, and other articles of jewelry.

The peace between England and France could not fail to excite universal indignation. Through the genius of Pitt, Great Britain had gained a decided naval superiority over France and Spain: she had raised herself to the first maritime power in Europe, and was in a condition to prescribe terms to her exhausted and vanquished adversary. Voltaire says that, by her connexion with Austria, France was more drained of men and money in six years than she had been by all her wars with that house in the course of two centuries. The sacrifices demanded by the conqueror were, nevertheless, extremely moderate. France was merely required to cede Canada, and the British minister agreed to give up all the other conquests made during the seven years' war, at an expense of 75 millions sterling, the amount added by it to the funded debt of Great Britain. The allies of England were abandoned to the mercy of the enemy; Hesse, which had suffered so inexpressibly, obtained no compensation; and the French were allowed to retain possession of the Westphalian provinces of the king of Prussia. Frede-

rick's ambassador in London protested against this peace, so faithless in regard to his court; for, according to the 3d article of the treaty of the 11th of April, 1758, England engaged to conclude in concert only peace, truce, neutrality, or any other convention. The British nation, therefore, cried out against the peace as inconsistent with the national honour, and even talked of treason: nay, Dr. Musgrave, an English physician, practising in Paris in 1763, asserted that the dowager princess of Wales and lord Bute had received money from France for this peace; and he made the same declaration in 1770 at the bar of the House of Commons. In Junius's Letters, the whole affair is lashed most severely; and the yet unknown author of those celebrated pieces plumply charges the duke of Bedford with having sold and betrayed his country.

We must revert once more to lord Bute. This minister had made the same kind of proposals for peace to the cabinet of Vienna that he had done to Peter III., and offered to guarantee to the empress any Prussian province she pleased. Kaunitz indignantly rejected this overture, which he attributed to a wish on the part of England to separate the imperial court from that of Versailles, and intimated that the empress-queen was sufficiently powerful to enforce her own pretensions. M. de Bussi was accordingly sent to London, and Mr. Hans Stanley to Paris, to open those negociations which Nivernois and Bedford brought to a conclusion.

Frederick, who had so long maintained the conflict with honour, would not purchase peace at the price of a single village. This he had repeatedly declared to the French cabinet; for, knowing that Voltaire had always shewn an itch for dabbling in politics, he availed himself

of his letters to that writer to get his sentiments conveyed to the proper quarter. Hence Voltaire writes to count d'Argental, on the 11th of January, 1760: "As for Luc, I have merely transmitted to the duke de Choiseul the letters which he wrote to me for the purpose of being shewn; so that I have been a mere *bureau d'addresse.*" Hence, too, it is that the king thus writes in April, 1760, to Voltaire: "The conditions of peace which you mention appear to me so absurd, that I shall send them to the madhouse, for there they can be properly answered. Your ministers may depend upon it that I will defend myself with desperation, and not subscribe any peace but upon conditions consistent with the honour of my nation. What logic! You say I ought to cede Cleves, because its inhabitants are a stupid race. What would your ministers say, if any one were to demand Champagne from you, because it is a common saying that 99 sheep and 1 Champagner make 100 head of cattle! Away with all such ridiculous projects!"

But the king felt the necessity of devising new and bold strokes, in order to produce a more general and sincere outcry for peace by means of new alarms. He increased the corps of general Kleist to 6000 men, and ordered him to march into Franconia, to penetrate into the empire, and to levy all the military contributions that he was able. On the 13th of November, Kleist set out with 6000 men from Oederau in the Erzgebirge on his remarkable expedition, laid Bamberg, Würzburg, Windsheim, and other towns, under contribution, and appeared before Nürnberg, which gave him 12 new pieces of cannon and a million and a half of dollars. His troops scoured the country to the gates of Ratisbon, so that

terror pervaded the banks of the Danube, and the Diet solicited protection from baron Plotho. The princes of the empire, spiritual and temporal, now cried out for peace, to the great satisfaction of the king. In December, Mecklenburg made its peace with Prussia, and borrowed of Denmark 120,000 dollars, to pay up the arrears of its contribution. The Palatinate and Bavaria recalled their contingents; and, on the 19th of January, 1763, the emperor declined the further aid of the army of the Empire, which was dissolved on the 11th of February.

General Kleist, who was instrumental in producing these important results, was a native of Stavenow, in Pomerania. In 1758, he was, as we have seen, a colonel and commander of the regiment of green hussars; but, in 1760, his patriotism impelled him to raise five squadrons of partisan dragoons, and a battalion of green Croats, as they were called. His noble conduct towards those under his command, as well as the fame of his achievements, soon filled the ranks of these troops; and, with this certainly select corps, he executed the most brilliant enterprises, so that he soon became a terror to his enemies, and acquired the character of one of the first partisans—nay, even of a rival to the great Seydlitz. Kleist died in 1767, at the early age of 42, at Zeschkendorf, in Silesia, of the small-pox, which he caught from the horror he felt at the sight of the corpse of a person who had died of that disease.

Frederick availed himself of the period of repose to muster all his strength for a new campaign, which should bring the conflict to an issue. As he had now Austria only to contend with, he could henceforth concentrate all his force at one point. He purposed, by enlisting troops,

disbanded by other powers, to augment his army to 200,000 men; and, to enable him to accomplish this object, Saxony was required to sacrifice her last resources. An extraordinary war-contribution of 400,000 ducats was demanded of the city of Leipzig; but the intercession of Gotzkowski induced the king to be content with a smaller sum. The other cities and circles of the electorate were obliged to pay similar contributions; and it was therefore no wonder that the Saxon court should be desirous of peace before the country was completely drained. The king wished for it with equal sincerity; but he was too good a politician not to perceive that the first overtures ought not to proceed from him.

Maria Theresa, forsaken by her allies, had little reason to expect that Fortune would prove more favourable to her unaided exertions against her heroic adversary. She was burdened with debt; her ministers and generals were at variance, and the Empire was anxious for peace. An army of 100,000 Turks was, moreover, assembled on the Hungarian frontiers. In this untoward state of affairs, her proud heart yielded to necessity, and she took the first step towards conciliation. The agent whom she employed for this purpose was Frederick Christian Leopold, electoral prince of Saxony.

During the king's stay at Meissen, baron Fritsch, a privy councillor, brought him a letter from this prince, in which, apparently of his own accord, he inquired on what terms Frederick would be disposed to treat. The king was at first shy; but, on learning that this correspondence was opened at the instigation of the cabinet of Vienna, he thanked the prince for the trouble which he had taken to reconcile the belligerent powers, and

assured him that, for his part, he was ready to do every thing consistent with his dignity for the restoration of peace. A few days afterwards, the king left Meissen to inspect his cordon on the frontiers of Bohemia and the Empire; and then he established himself in Leipzig for the winter. Here baron Fritsch soon arrived with an answer from Vienna relative to the bases of the negociations for peace.

The king now sent for Hertzberg, privy councillor of legation, and directed him to proceed to Hubertsburg and negociate with the imperial plenipotentiary, aulic councillor Collenbach, and baron Fritsch, the Saxon ambassador. For this important business, Hertzberg received very short verbal instructions; but a day was fixed by which the negociations should terminate. The conferences commenced on the 31st of December, and peace was actually concluded by the specified time, the 15th of February.

Frederick insisted, as the fundamental condition of peace, on the *status quo ante bellum*, and promised on his part to restore the electorate of Saxony to the king of Poland. In vain did the court of Vienna seek to enforce its ancient prerogatives in regard to the princes of the Empire, and insist on retaining the county of Glatz; Frederick, who was not to be conquered in the field, would not be foiled upon paper. His demand was at length assented to without qualification; nay, the imperial plenipotentiary even promised not to destroy the new fortifications erected by the Austrians at Glatz, but to give them up with the place. Frederick engaged to vote for the archduke Joseph at the approaching election of king of the Romans. With Saxony things were

replaced on the same footing as by the peace of Dresden; and the 9th article ensured to the elector a free passage through Silesia to Poland.

The king was perfectly satisfied with his plenipotentiary. When he went to Hubertsburg, he called upon Hertzberg, and said: "You have made a good peace, much in the same way as I made war—one against three." He had previously appointed him second minister of state, in the place of count Finkenstein, on his promotion to the post of first minister, vacant by the death of count Podewils.

No separate peace was concluded between France and Prussia, because, after the treaty of Hubertsburg, there was nothing to settle between the two powers. I must not omit mentioning, however, that the king had to resort to a military threat before he could carry his point with the court of Versailles. When the Anglo-German army was broken up, the British legion, 3000 strong, was disbanded. Frederick immediately took it into his service, and reinforced it by 800 dragoons, under colonel Bawr, and as many volunteers from Brunswick. This corps of between five and six thousand men proceeded straight to the frontiers of Cleves, with orders to take Wesel. France, apprehensive of a renewal of the war, made overtures for an amicable adjustment of the affair, when the treaty of Hubertsburg put an end to its alarm. The restoration of the fortresses in the country of Cleves, previously occupied by the French, was effected by means of a convention, concluded on the 11th of March, 1763, in Wesel, between the marquis de Langeron, the commandant, and colonel Bawr, upon which

that officer and Meyen, director of the chamber of Cleves, took possession of the duchy in the name of the king.

France and Spain had concluded their peace with England and Portugal in Paris five days before that of Hubertsburg was signed. Great Britain was the only power that gained an increase of territory. Louis XV. declined congratulations on the peace, as his celebrated predecessor had suffered that of Utrecht to pass without rejoicings.

What were Frederick's feelings on the ardently desired return of peace may be inferred from his letters to old and intimate friends from Dahlen, in which village he resided during the negociations at Hubertsburg. On the 6th of March, he says to the countess Camas: "I shall at last see you again, my dear mamma, and I hope at the end of this or the beginning of next month. You will find me grown old, almost in my dotage, gray as an ass—a man who is losing a tooth almost every day, and is half a cripple with the gout. There is our good margrave of Bayreuth gone, and that grieves me much. We lose our friends; but our enemies seem as if they would live for ever." To d'Argens he writes: "Here is peace at last, in good earnest, my dear marquis; this time you will be sure to have postillions and the whole train that accompanies them. And so, God be praised, this will be the end of my military doings! You ask what I am about here at Dahlen. Cicero is daily delivering orations before me: that against Verres I finished some time since, and now I am at that for Muræna. I have besides been reading the

whole of Batteux.* So you see that I am not idle. And what are you about, my friend? You must not be impatient: the river is already navigable, and you will have plenty of time to get your things to Potsdam before I arrive there. Till the 13th, I shall be either here or at Torgau. My journey to Silesia will take from 15 to 17 days, so that I cannot be in Berlin before the 31st of this month or the second of April. I will not come to you on the 1st, or the wags would not fail to play off their jokes about me. I am quietly engaged here upon the internal arrangements for the provinces: the principal of those relating to the army are already fixed. I long for mental repose and for a little relief from business, to enjoy myself, now that my passions are calm, to reflect upon myself, to shut myself up in the recesses of my soul, and to keep myself aloof from all pomp, which, I must confess, is growing daily more and more intolerable to me."

Such was the disposition in which the king arrived at eight in the evening of the 30th of March, quite unobserved, after dark, in Berlin, declining the triumph which the citizens, headed by the marquis d'Argens, had prepared for him, after so many trials and tribulations, at the Frankfurt gate. Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick and general Lentulus were in the carriage with him. As it was known that the king would arrive on that day, the streets were thronged, and, for two miles

* Charles Batteux, a French writer, whose opinions on art were long held in high estimation, was born in 1713 at Allond'hui, a village in the diocese of Rheims, became a member of the French Academy of Sciences in 1761, and died in 1780. His inquiries were directed chiefly to poetry. His principal works were: "Les beaux Arts reduit à un même principe," and "Cours de Belles Lettres, ou Principes de la Litterature." It was probably to the first of these that the king refers.

and a half beyond the city wall to the palace, the burghers, in their best clothes had lined the way by which he was to come. At nightfall most of them provided themselves with torches, and, when the sound of distant carriages at length announced the approach of the sovereign, he was hailed with prodigious shouts of "Long live the king!"

The queen had returned to the capital on the 16th of February, amidst great rejoicing, and the first troops, the brave regiment of Forcade, made their entry on the 24th, when the provincial battalion was broken up. On the 5th of March peace was proclaimed in the capital by Schirrmeister, secretary of state, as herald; and the same ceremony was performed at Breslau by Lessing, the celebrated writer. On the 4th of April, the important event was celebrated with great rejoicings and illuminations throughout the whole kingdom. The state was saved. Frederick had shed fresh glory on the country; the lowest of his subjects, to whom the war had left absolutely nothing, prided himself on being a Prussian; and the father of his country, with affectionate solicitude, set about healing the wounds which had diminished its population by half a million.

"Perhaps," emphatically remarked Mr. Pitt, after his resignation of office, in reference to Frederick — "perhaps that wonderful man would have extricated himself from his difficulties without our assistance: he possesses talents which, so far as the powers of man extend, do honour to the human mind." Whatever may be thought of the first of these propositions of the illustrious statesman, it is impossible that there can be any difference of opinion on the second.

The king calculates that the war cost him 180,000 soldiers and upwards of 1500 officers; 31 generals and 161 staff-officers had either fallen in battle or died of their wounds. In the whole, the Prussian army lost during the war about 4000 officers, for accidents and disease carried off about the same number as the sword.

The Russians, who had fought four great battles, reckoned their total loss at 120,000 men. That power had not gained any extension of territory, but it had acquired a military reputation in the West, and, what was still more, it had established its authority in Poland. Many of its officers who distinguished themselves at a later period were initiated into the military career during the war against Frederick; Romanzof, the Turk-tamer, and his able quarter-master-general Bawr, who received his training under duke Ferdinand against the French and under Frederick himself, and likewise Suworof-Rymnikski, who joined the army shortly before the battle of Kunersdorf, and distinguished himself against the advanced-guard of general Platen, under Courbière.

The Austrians, who had been engaged in ten battles, had sustained a total loss of 140,000 men, including the garrisons of Breslau and Schweidnitz. The French, by their own calculation, had lost 200,000; the allied English and Germans, 160,000; the Swedes, 25,000; the princes of the empire, 28,000. Thus, Frederick computed the loss of the belligerent powers at 853,000 dead.

The finances of the several countries had likewise suffered severely, but those of Russia the least. The empress Elisabeth, notwithstanding her great profusion, left no debts, but 40 pood or 1320 Hamburg pounds' weight of gold in her treasury. Great Britain, which contracted

no public debts till her commerce began to flourish, had, in 1755, a funded debt somewhat exceeding 72 millions sterling, which was doubled by the war, independently of the considerable sums advanced out of his private property by George II. France had a debt of 2000 million livres. So early as 1759, the king's revenues for the following year, amounting at that time to 236 million livres, were levied beforehand. Silhouette, the finance-minister, nevertheless contrived, in spite of a deficit of 217 million, to restore credit and to raise money for the prosecution of the war; and, as anticipations were no longer practicable, he proposed various taxes, which affected the wealthy classes only, for augmenting the revenue; for instance, an increased stamp-duty on silver-plate and jewelry; a tax on servants, carriages, saddle-horses, &c.: but by these means he accelerated his fall. Austria had a debt of 500 million florins, and Sweden was on the verge of bankruptcy.

Unfortunate Saxony calculated her loss at 90,000 men and 70 million dollars in contributions and supplies, besides contracting a debt of 29 million in bills of the Steuer, 9 million more in debts of the chamber and court, and 2½ million still payable to Prussia as contribution. In 1807, upwards of 15 million dollars of the state debt contracted during the war, and 12 million in debts of the chamber, remained unpaid.

Frederick, in his History of the Seven Years' War, declares that in the first year of peace he satisfied all the creditors of the state, and that the expenses of the war were paid to the last farthing. Thus, Prussia had not contracted any debt, but the specie of the country was quite exhausted; the silver plate in the palace of

Potsdam, together with the diamond buttons and other decorations of Frederick I., were gone; and the whole kingdom, especially the margravate of Brandenburg, was dreadfully devastated. All the king's enemies had drained his dominions, and levied moreover contributions to the amount of 125 millions of dollars. The fields lay uncultivated for want of cattle and seed-corn, and partly also for want of hands to till them. But the king had it in his power to take immediate steps for the relief of his subjects. To Pomerania alone he gave 12,327 horses, 7440 sacks of flour, 21,520 quarters of rye, 80,000 of barley, and 29,000 of oats; and in like manner he assisted the other provinces. As the regiments of the line contained more natives than foreigners, 40 men out of the 162 composing each company were sent to their homes. The garrison regiments were completed out of the partisan corps, and the natives belonging to the latter were dismissed. In the cavalry, 150 men in every regiment were disbanded, and 400 in the hussars. In this manner, the provinces gained more than 30,000 hands for the purposes of agriculture, and the army was still kept up to the complement of 151,000 men. Out of the money already provided for the next campaign, the king assigned 3 million dollars for the relief of Silesia, 1,400,000 for Pomerania and the New Mark, 800,000 for Prussia, 800,000 for the Electoral Mark, 100,000 for Cleves: and in the countries of Halberstadt, Hohenstein, and Crossen, the taxes were reduced one-half.

Archenholtz, the historian of the war, and an eye-witness of the miseries which it inflicted, draws a picture so deplorable of the state in which it left Germany

in general as almost to exceed belief. "The sufferings of great part of Germany," he says, "had been immense. Whole provinces had been laid waste; and even in those that were not, internal commerce and industry were almost annihilated; and this too in spite of the large sums which France, England, Russia, and Sweden, had scattered over them, either through their armies or by means of subsidies. The amount of these sums is calculated at 500 million dollars. Great part of Pomerania and Brandenburg was converted into a desert. There were provinces in which scarcely any men were to be found, and where the women were therefore obliged to guide the plough. In others, women were as scarce as men. At every step appeared extensive tracts of uncultivated land, and the most fertile plains in Germany, on the banks of the Oder and the Wesel, looked like the wilds of the Ohio and Oronoko. An officer affirmed that he passed through seven villages in the Hessian dominions, and met with only a single individual—the pastor of one of them."

Such were the only results of a contest that left all the parties precisely at the point from which they set out; that confirmed to Frederick his undiminished possessions; and that baffled every object for which his enemies had leagued against him.

END OF VOL. III.

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